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REPUBLICAN POLICY AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH DURING MONSIEUR COMBES' MINISTRY.

I could not help observing during my two and a half years' premiership, that the religious policy of my Government bewildered a considerable section of Liberal opinion in England and was not appreciated with all the equity which might be desired. I confess to having observed this with regret. For it could not be a matter of indifference to any public man as to whether his action enjoyed the approval of so enlightened a community as that of Great Britain, where every social question is discussed with the utmost freedom, and is judged as a general rule with considerable impartiality. I frankly recognize that it was only as regards our religious policy that a section of the British nation seemed disinclined to do justice to the Government of the Republic. In every other sphere, notably in the field of foreign policy, there was little or no criticism of my Administration, while the manner in which French diplomacy, directed with so much ability by my colleague, M. Delcassé, handled the various questions arising between the two Governments, earned warm and

widespread eulogy for the Cabinet of which I had the honor to be the President.

Our religious policy was less clearly understood and less impartially judged, because British critics allowed their opinions to be swayed by British principles and British practices without making due allowance for the different social conditions and political necessities of the two countries. In England the Catholic Church does not contemplate, and has no reason to contemplate, challenging the national institutions, and would be unable, even were she willing, to utilize the complete liberty she enjoys for the purpose of destroying them. Moreover she is confined to her proper province and denied opportunities of encroaching on the rights of others. In France, on the other hand, the Catholic Church is in open revolt against the Government, and wages ceaseless war upon every legislative effort to escape from the toils of the theocratic theory. When it is also remembered that France, unlike England, is rent by conflicting political factions, Bonapartists, Royal-

ists, Nationalists and Plebiscitaires, jointly and severally conspiring to destroy Parliamentary Government, very effectively seconded by the Church Party, the Clericals, surely the least impartial of men will be prepared to admit that it is not surprising that the French Government should regard the Catholic Church with different eyes from the English Government, which has no such political difficulties to cope with. Liberty may be regarded as the common right of all parties claiming it; but it ceases to be the absolute right of those who claim it merely for the purpose of oppressing others. In France the Catholic Church is not content to claim liberty. She aspires to domination. To her liberty is the means of securing supremacy over other religious communions, and of coercing civil society in a manner incompatible with the fundamental ideas of our Republican Constitution. This is the first criticism to be made upon the hostile judgment pronounced on our policy by a section of the British nation. There is a second consideration, which still further justifies the policy perseveringly pursued by my Ministry towards the Clerical Party.

In France the Catholic Church is united to the State by a secular Convention called the Concordat, which, while conferring certain privileges on the Church, likewise imposes certain specific obligations. It limits the Church's liberty of action, while guaranteeing her substantial material and moral advantages. Now, the Catholic Church is prepared to enjoy all the advantages without discharging any of the corresponding obligations. It is both the right and the duty of the Government to compel the Church by all available legal means to observe the Concordat whenever it is violated. Englishmen must not imagine that these breaches are either rare or accidental. They are constant, and they

are deliberate. The entire Catholic clergy, from the Pope to the *cure*, are permeated by a determination to evade the restrictions of the Concordat. It is alleged as a justification for these persistent aggressions that successive French Governments have arbitrarily confounded, under the name of Concordat, the diplomatic Convention signed by the Papal plenipotentiary and the French plenipotentiary with the Organic Articles constituting the Law of *18 germinal an 10*, to which the Holy See was not a party. But as the text of the diplomatic Convention clearly provides for and authorizes the Organic Articles, which are merely the regulations for giving effect to the compact; and as it was always acknowledged that the Concordat would never have been ratified by the French Chambers without the Organic Articles, it is worse than puerile because it is dishonest, to endeavor to separate the Convention from the Organic Articles, which alone enable it to acquire the force of law. Both the Convention and the Organic Articles appear in our legal code—as they appeared in the *exposé des motifs* originally presented to the Chambers by the Consular Government—under the common heading "*Loi du 18 germinal an 10*." The attempt of the Catholic clergy to bisect the Concordat has been continuously rejected with more or less emphasis by successive French Governments. On the other hand, the Popes, bishops and priests have been no less persistent in maintaining their view, and as a consequence the relations between Church and State for the last century have been one long series of controversies as to the interpretation and operation of the Concordat.

Under the present Republic there have been countless violations of the Concordat which have become progressively audacious. There is not a single article imposing an obligation on the

Church which has not been transgressed at every turn either by the Pope or by the clergy. Is it unnatural that such conduct should have provoked the French Government to increasing severity, or that the growth of Republican principles should have found expression in further legislation? The Republic has been compelled to defend itself more vigorously than the Monarchy against clerical attack, for the simple reason that the clerical attack on the Republic has been more vigorous than against the Monarchy.

The supremacy of civil authority and its absolute independence of religion and dogma, which is one of the fundamental conceptions of the Republican Constitution, challenges the Catholic doctrine, especially as emphasized in the encyclicals of Pius X., and in the decrees of the Vatican Council. An irreconcilable antagonism between the civil and the religious powers inevitably arose in proportion as the Republican régime became consolidated and declared its determination to escape from dogmatic custody.

The part played by the French clergy during the violent reactionary movement which distinguished Marshal Mac-Mahon's Presidency is no longer disputed. Their action roused Gambetta to the danger threatening the Republic, and evoked his immortal phrase "*Le Clericalisme, voilà l'ennemi.*" Clericalism is in fact to be found at the bottom of every agitation and every intrigue from which Republican France has suffered during the last five and thirty years; and it is because politicians trained in the Gambetta school grasped this fact that all their efforts have been directed to a common end, viz., the emancipation of civil society from clerical influence by confining the priest to his proper province—his church.

This was no easy undertaking. It involved both legislative reform and so-

cial change. Thanks to the weakness of Monarchical Governments, especially the Empire, the Clerical Party had captured every sphere of public activity. Its nominees occupied the most conspicuous positions throughout the country. Under cover of the famous *Loi Falloux*, which had substituted the liberty of teaching for the University monopoly, clericalism had founded schools in competition with the State schools in all our country towns and chief rural communes. At the time Gambetta revealed the danger to anxious Republicans, clericalism had already enrolled the *bourgeoisie* among its *clientèle*, and was thus able to capture the liberal professions. Under the Empire, thanks to the Law of May 24, 1815, aggravated as it was by an arbitrary decree of 1852, female religious Orders had greatly multiplied. The Law of 1825 had vainly insisted on a special authorization on the formation of each religious institution. In proclaiming the general liberty of teaching without mentioning the Monastic Orders, the *Loi Falloux* enabled them to build schools to their hearts' content. They even succeeded in invading the public schools, owing to the liberty enjoyed by the Communes to decide whether education should be under lay or clerical schoolmasters.

Such was the situation when Republican France first awoke to the peril threatening the national institutions. It was idle to attempt to revive the Revolutionary legislation against the Orders. It was out of the question to apply it even to those that were unauthorized, though not one of the repressive laws had been repealed. Public opinion was not yet prepared for such drastic action; and the Chambers, which represent the mood of the moment, would not have endorsed such a policy, as Jules Ferry learnt when he proposed his famous Article 7. This courageous and energetic statesman,

finding himself unable to deal directly with the Orders, proceeded to secularize the curriculum of the public schools, and to restore to the State the granting of degrees, of which it had been partially deprived in 1875. It was not until 1886 that there was a majority of the two Chambers in favor of secularizing the *personnel* of our public schools. Even then the Legislature was compelled, owing to the lack of lay schoolmasters and the want of money, to accord a delay of ten years to this reform. This term expired more than ten years ago, but active as I have been in continuing the process, there are several hundred schools still to be secularized. This will be the work of the present year.

Unfortunately, as fast as the Orders were expelled from the State schools, they developed their own schools, and year by year increased the number of their pupils. Gradually they succeeded in killing lay competition, while they competed with the State in the number of pupils receiving secondary education. Their influence grew with the growth of the rising generation, which had become impregnated with their spirit. It had become urgent for the Republic to defend itself. Ten years later, as Waldeck-Rousseau said, it would have been too late.

We owe this great statesman unbounded gratitude for the incomparable service he rendered the country in opening even the most incredulous eyes to our imminent peril, as also for providing the means of obviating it. By the constitution of the High Court he preserved the Republic from a formidable Nationalist conspiracy. By the Law of Associations, as also by his great speech at Toulouse on the two nations (*les deux jeunesse*) growing up side by side in France, which was an eloquent commentary on that Law, and has been the lodestar of my Government, he definitely committed France

to the sound policy which enables us to foresee the moral emancipation of the youth of the country.

I have had the honor, and I esteem it an unrivalled honor, of continuing his policy, and of being his disciple. My claim to this designation has been disputed. Several members of the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet accuse me of perverting his legislation and of exaggerating its object. I repudiate this reproach. My accusers conveniently forget my predecessor's pronouncement at Toulouse, which I have sought to translate into action. In this respect my policy has been his policy, apart from certain minor differences due to the personal equation or to the special circumstances of the moment. I do not deny that in another respect I have gone further than Waldeck-Rousseau may have intended to go—i.e., as regards the Catholic Church. But I would hazard the opinion that had Waldeck-Rousseau had to carry out his own Law of Associations (the law of July 1, 1901) and had found himself confronted by the numberless difficulties created for me by the Catholic clergy, it is not inconceivable that he, with all his moderation, would have realized the impossibility of tolerating the existing régime. The policy pursued by me for the last two years and a half is simply the policy propounded by Gambetta, of whom Waldeck-Rousseau was a disciple. It is the policy of combating clericalism—the born enemy of the Republic. In the time of Gambetta it was called for by the participation of the Catholic hierarchy in the reactionary movements of May 24, 1874, and May 16, 1877, and took the form of measures restraining the higher clergy from interfering in the government of the country. Under Jules Ferry, another disciple of the same master, its principal effort was directed to the emancipation of the youth of the country from clerical guidance. Under Wal-

deck-Rousseau it aimed at liberating civil society from the parasitic Orders which sought to create a State within a State. I have been inspired by similar considerations, and governed by similar apprehensions. Like Gambetta, I have fought resolutely against the claim of the higher clergy to interfere in public affairs. Like Jules Ferry, I have once and for all withdrawn the youth of France from an educational system which is incompatible with our ideals. Finally, by the application of Waldeck-Rousseau's own law I have destroyed the chief clerical weapon, viz., the teaching, preaching, and trading Monastic Orders, which had gradually entangled civil society in the minute meshes of a net spun with extraordinary skill and patience.

This policy will be continued by others whenever their resources enable them to replace the Religious Orders, which is not the case at present. Time is required to complete this work. I leave it to my successors in a sufficiently advanced condition to entitle me to something better than the contemptible insults and calumnies of certain English religious newspapers, which have taken their cue from similar French organs. I can at any rate claim, without fear of contradiction, that this Republican work has been achieved by strictly legal means. Concordat in hand I have combated clericalism in its two principal strongholds, viz., the Religious Orders and the secular clergy. I have not proposed any exceptional or special legislation. It has not been necessary to step outside the religious legislation of the last hundred years.

The Opposition vainly invoked the Concordat to protect the Religious Orders against further legislation. But it so happens that the Concordat is silent as regards Religious Orders. It is impossible to discover a single phrase in that document, however liberally in-

terpreted, which can be used as a weapon against our recent Law of Associations. Let me reiterate that in France's eyes the Concordat contains the constitution of the Catholic Church as officially recognized by the State. The Church is outside the law directly it leaves the four corners of that compact and of the Organic Articles which give legal effect to it.

This is conclusively established by the fact that whenever the Church has deemed the moment propitious to a modification of its legal status, it has endeavored to negotiate a new and more favorable Concordat with the State. This occurred in the time of Louis XVIII., at a time when the clerical reaction against the Revolution was in full swing. But this rash effort to secure better terms for the Church excited such general public disapproval that it had to be abandoned. It only resulted in the creation of certain new bishoprics which the Chambers ought not to have agreed to, and which on many subsequent occasions it has been sought to abolish, so that we might recur to the original figure of the Concordat. The great compact of 1801 thus remains the fundamental statute of the Catholic Church, and as it takes no cognizance of the Orders, we are entitled to claim that these exist outside the Concordat, and consequently outside the Catholic Church as officially recognized in France.

There is an even stronger argument in support of this hypothesis. The silence of the Concordat regarding the Monastic Orders was not due to forgetfulness. That their exclusion was pre-meditated is clear from the negotiations between the two Governments. At the outset of the exchange of views which ultimately resulted in the Concordat, the Pope counted on obtaining from the First Consul a public recognition, not to say a re-establishment, of various religious institutions abolished by the

Revolution. He expressed this desire in explicit terms. The French Government made no reply to this suggestion, which was frequently repeated during the negotiations without faring any better, as is shown by the letters of Cardinal Spina, the Papal plenipotentiary. Therefore the silence of the Concordat regarding the Orders cannot be regarded as involuntary. On the contrary, the Catholic Church in France was deliberately limited by the text of the Concordat.

The First Consul fully realized that neither public opinion nor the Legislature would have tolerated a revival of the Monastic Orders which had left such hateful souvenirs in the public mind. If he was able some years later, when at the very height of his power and glory, when he deemed himself above criticism, to authorize certain religious institutions, he was, at any rate, careful to limit them to special objects which could not be otherwise achieved, and which he regarded as not incompatible with the order of things established by the Revolution. Thus he found a place in his University for the *Frères des Ecoles chrétiennes*, whom he allowed to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic. Similarly he proposed to entrust to the Sulpicians the training of the recently restored Catholic clergy, who lacked men capable of discharging this duty. The special authorization conceded to four or five Orders constitutes a further proof that the author of the Concordat deliberately excluded the remaining Orders from the legal organization of the French Church; and their champions of to-day are therefore trifling with the public in pretending that their existence is not contrary to the Concordat, simply because they are not proscribed in terms. It is true that they are not prohibited, but, on the other hand, they are not sanctioned. The result is identical in either case. The excluded Orders remained

subject to the Revolutionary laws suppressing them, which have never been abrogated, and they could not claim any right to exist from the moment of the adoption of the Law of July 1, 1901, which was applicable to them. Is it necessary for me to still further labor the point, that the Orders did not form an integral part of the Church of France? Let me recall the fact that during my tenure of office certain bishops suggested to the Government that there should be a Concordat concerning the Religious Orders. They argued that on a matter in which Church and State were equally interested, there should be no modification of existing arrangements without a preliminary understanding between the parties. This appeal was necessarily rejected. The suggestion of a Concordat concerning the Religious Orders served to remind Republicans, who indeed had not forgotten it, that their existence was a violation of the Concordat. Nevertheless, the proposal is noteworthy as a striking proof that the Religious Orders had no legal status, and that they required special legislation in order to be regularized.

Can such an intention be attributed to the Law of Associations of July 1, 1901? Can it even be maintained with any semblance of reason that the author of that law merely sought to legalize existing Orders by prescribing certain formalities? No one in France ever thought so or ever said so until the moment my Government announced its intention of inviting Parliament to reject the applications of the teaching and preaching Orders for authorization. It was only when it had become apparent that the Ministry refused to recognize these Orders, and that it would propose their dissolution to the Chamber of Deputies, that their friends conceived the idea of taking refuge behind the Law of 1901, and of representing that Act as a mere formality.

Such a theory would have been regarded as a joke, had not M. Waldeck-Rousseau on a memorable occasion lent it all the authority of his support. This episode occurred during the discussion of a proposal to simplify the formalities required for the construction of schools. The ex-Premier appeared in the Tribune of the Senate as the result of a preconcerted incident, and proceeded to expound his own Law of Associations, which he described as a measure for conferring a civil status on the Religious Orders as on other associations, provided they could demonstrate their utility. He certainly did not go, as some of the friends of these institutions have pretended, to the length of declaring that as all these associations had enjoyed a *de facto* existence during many years, they could not be fairly suppressed except for serious social offences. But it was permissible to infer from his speech that he would have shown himself far more accommodating than his successor towards the demands of the Orders.

Far be it from me to cast the slightest imputation upon the sincerity of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's pronouncement. But it is open to doubt whether it tallied exactly with the views he had held when, as Prime Minister, he sought the necessary Parliamentary authority to defend the Republic against the reactionary attacks of the Religious Orders. I fully acknowledge the intrinsic differences of temperament between myself and M. Waldeck-Rousseau which necessarily influence our action. But if on voluntarily relinquishing office, he had cherished that goodwill and indulgence towards the Orders which colored his speech in the Senate, would he have confided the execution of his law to the present writer, whom he recommended as his successor, to the President of the Republic?

M. Waldeck-Rousseau was fully cog-

nizant of my work on the Senatorial Commission appointed to examine the Law of Associations, and during the Parliamentary debates, where my intervention had a very marked effect upon Article 14, which dealt with the question of teaching by members of unauthorized Orders. In the presence of the whole Senate he loudly applauded my exposition of the political and moral reasons for totally prohibiting teaching by the Religious Orders. When I resumed my seat he publicly congratulated me on having maintained the debate at such a high level. Hitherto I have kept to myself the conversations which I had with M. Waldeck-Rousseau on this question. If necessary I shall produce them at my own time. For the moment I confine myself to public facts; and the two facts which should put Republican opinion on its guard against misleading interpretations of Waldeck-Rousseau's opinions are on the one hand his cordial and open approval of my speech on Article 14 of his own Law and, on the other hand, my explicit declarations as to the application of that Law to the teaching Orders, which were published in the *Figaro* of March 18, 1902, i.e., more than two months before I became Prime Minister.

In order to dispose finally of the suggestion that the Law of Associations was intended to be a matter of form, I would remind the reader that neither the Senatorial Commission nor its President, nor the majority of either House of Parliament, would ever have consented to pass such a measure had there existed a doubt as to its thorough execution. In the eyes of the Republican majority it involved the expulsion of the teaching, preaching and commercial Orders, and was in fact a law of social defence. The first were regarded as unfit trainers of free citizens. The second not only deprived the secular clergy of one of their principal func-

tions, but moreover, on the pretext of preaching, they conducted a veritable crusade against Liberalism, while the commercial Orders were regarded as degrading the religious idea by their ignoble and huckstering spirit.

In applying the Law of Associations M. Waldeck-Rousseau's successor merely translated into action the aspirations of the Republican party, as also the private convictions of Waldeck-Rousseau himself. It would have been an abandonment of the traditional policy of the Republic and a treason to the party, not to have achieved the same salutary work as had been accomplished by the Revolution 110 years before. The Religious Orders had so developed, in spite of the laws suppressing them, as to have become a menace to the State. Indeed, their activity made them more than a menace. They openly conspired with the Monarchical factions to compass the ruin of our institutions. Having escaped from the authority of the bishops by their own statutes, they had constituted themselves into a sort of papal militia, which oppressed both bishops and secular clergy. Woe betide the prelate who should attempt to limit their independence or supervise their proceedings! The Archbishop of Paris, Darbois, who inspected a Jesuit house within his diocese, learnt to his cost, through a humiliating Papal censure, that the Religious Orders received no orders except from Rome. The Second Empire had swallowed this and many similar affronts, which were aimed quite as much at the civil Government as at the Episcopacy. The Republic was not prepared to follow the Imperial example, having no need to conciliate the goodwill of the Vatican by abandoning her own rights. In our eyes the Orders are not only superfluous excrescences on a self-sufficing faith; they are also pernicious instruments of that monstrous theocratic doctrine which is

fatal to our whole social and political conception, of which the fundamental axiom is the absolute independence of the State of all dogma, and its recognized supremacy over every religious communion. Such is the doctrine of the French Revolution, of which the French Republic glories in being the heir. The expulsion of the Orders was a re-affirmation of that independence, which will be finally completed by the future separation of Church and State.

When I formed my Cabinet in June 1902, we deliberately took our stand on the basis of the Concordat. Not that I personally was opposed to the separation of Church and State. On the contrary, I professed that principle, as did likewise the majority of my colleagues; and on this point we were in harmony with the Republican party, which has always regarded this divorce as the logical completion of the work of emancipating lay society from clerical control. But we all felt that it would be inopportune and imprudent to include so momentous a measure in the Ministerial programme, as public opinion had not been adequately prepared for it. Nevertheless I intended to pave the way for this great reform; and though ready to recognize the privileges enjoyed by the Church under the Concordat, I was no less determined to compel the Church to observe those clauses which secured the supremacy of the State.

On examining the text of the Concordat, it was borne in upon me that the rights of the State were incompatible with the Catholic dogma as solemnly promulgated in the Papal encyclicals—hence the perpetual wrangling between the Papacy and the Republic. In my opinion there was nothing to be done at the moment except to take note of these inevitable differences as they arose, and gradually to educate the country to regard separation as the one serious remedy for a constitutional and

chronic evil which could not be cured by any other means. Subsequent events confirmed my anticipations. The Church did not show any greater respect for the Concordat during my Ministry than in the time of my predecessors. On the contrary, its aggressions increased in number and gravity, as the Republican policy of the Government acquired a more anti-clerical hue and met clerical encroachment in a determined and combative spirit. In attacking the most active sections of the clerical party—viz., the monks engaged in the liqueur traffic and in other commercial enterprises, as also the whole *posse comitatus* of priests and nuns who daily penetrate into family life under the pretext of good works—we succeeded in depriving the Papacy of its most powerful weapons. If left to themselves, the parochial clergy would in all probability have viewed the expulsion of the Monastic Orders with equanimity, seeing how the latter had deprived them of their richest parishioners, thus reducing them to a casual and precarious livelihood. Under the Concordat, however, the lower clergy are entirely dependent on the bishops, and the bishops were terrified of displeasing the all-powerful heads of the Orders in Rome. Moreover, they had been deprived of all individual initiative by the decree of Papal infallibility, and the majority vied with one another in showing an unctuous and servile obsequiousness towards the Religious Orders. On the announcement of the dissolution of unauthorized associations, the Episcopacy raised the standard of revolt. The Cardinals gave the signal, and were followed by the mass of archbishops and bishops, with the exception of a handful who either courageously refused to take part in the struggle, or sought various means of evading the issue. In defiance of the Concordat which forbids concerted action without

the leave of the Government, the Episcopacy addressed to the President of the Republic a collective declaration urging him to repudiate his Ministry. From every pulpit the faithful were summoned to stand by the Orders. Riots were engineered in the remoter country places by the *curés* and reactionary leaders, who excited the peasantry and organized them into armed bands to forcibly resist the closing of monastic institutions. Troops were called in to vindicate the law. That there was no bloodshed is entirely due to the admirable self-restraint of the civil and military authorities. The saddest feature of these deplorable incidents was the success of the clergy in inducing a few officers to commit unheard-of acts of insubordination.

It would take too long, and it is moreover superfluous, to describe these disturbances. I mention them because they were the handiwork of the clergy, who aroused credulous and fanatical rustics by their inflammatory appeals. The reader may infer from such conduct as to how likely were the clergy to respect the terms of the Concordat. It is no exaggeration to say that the majority of Catholic pulpits during the last two years have been so many centres of sedition against the Republican Government. Vainly did the latter endeavor to induce the religious authority to carry out the Concordat. The Catholic Church absolutely refused to recognize the compact uniting it to the State. Apart from the Organic Articles which secure them their salaries and the use of the churches, it may be said that there is not one single obligation contracted by the clergy which has not been systematically violated.

Without going into details I will cite the article of the Concordat dealing with the nomination of bishops as an instance of the encroachment of the religious authority. The pre-eminence

of the bishop in his diocese gives a special importance to this provision. Under a spiritually minded prelate without political prejudice, the clergy devote themselves entirely to their religious duties and shut their ears to factious excitement. But where the bishop is a pugnacious partisan, disorder immediately appears and spreads throughout the diocese. The Concordat explicitly secures to the Government the right to nominate the bishops. Naturally it is obliged to choose men of dignity and capacity. The Pope seeks to usurp the appointment by arbitrarily declining to invest. On the pretence of deciding as to the capacity and dignity of a candidate, he effectually annuls the right of the Government without even giving any reason for his action. Then again, according to the Concordat, archbishops possess the right of dealing with the complaints of the lower clergy against their suffragans. Here again the Pope intervenes and insists that such cases shall be decided by his own tribunals in Rome, and thus arrogates to himself a jurisdiction which legally belongs to the French archbishops. The Concordat gives the bishop the right to appoint or dismiss his parochial clergy. Again the Pope interferes, and insists that the grievances of the clergy shall be decided at the Vatican, and in effect claims the right to revise both appointments and dismissals. There would be no end to this paper were I to attempt a detailed enumeration of the Papal, Episcopal and Clerical breaches of the compact between Church and State. The only remedies at the disposal of the Government are such inadequate measures as a mere paper protest and the withdrawal of the stipend, to both of which it occasionally resorts as a matter of principle rather than to punish the offenders, who laugh at the former and are liberally indemnified by local subscriptions in the latter case. We

live, in fact, in a state of religious anarchy. The Government is powerless to prevent the clergy from perpetually trampling on the Concordat. As a result, the movement for the Separation of Church and State, which was formerly regarded as a distant ideal, has made giant strides during the last two years, having now obtained the support of a whole army of moderate Republicans who at one time dreaded the political consequences of such a step. It has thus become the common rallying-cry of all the Republican groups. It holds a first place in the Democratic programme and in the aspirations of both Houses of Parliament. I had foreseen, as I have already said, that we should rapidly reach this solution after some further experience of the disaffection of the Catholic clergy, but I had no hope for so speedy a conversion of the country, which was finally precipitated by an international incident. Needless to say, I refer to the Papal protest against the visit of the French President to the King of Italy. The Vatican must have been inspired by extraordinary *effronterie*, or by amazing ignorance of public feeling in France, to imagine that the nation would tamely submit to such an insult. We are wont to laud the diplomacy of the Holy See for its *finesse*, prudence, and tact. It would seem as though these qualities had been buried with the last Pope. We replied to this studied insult by immediately recalling our Ambassador, and we did not conceal the fact that in our opinion the breach was final.

Other incidents occurring at about the same time completed the work of conversion which this insolent protest had begun. The Bishops of Dijon and Laval were regarded by the Papacy as a blot on an Episcopacy which had with practical unanimity declared war on the Government. Both these prelates had the bad taste to advise their

clergy to obey the law and to respect established authority. They had likewise committed the unpardonable offence of distinguishing between religion and politics. Their conduct incurred the wrath of the reactionaries, who resolved to ruin them. One was accused of an amorous intrigue with a Carmelite nun, and the other of being a Free-mason. They were summoned to Rome for trial, under penalty of immediate suspension. The Papal Nuncio, misconceiving the duties of an Ambassador, and in violation of that Article of the Concordat which forbids the Papal representative to interfere in the internal affairs of the Church of France, had constituted himself the agent for conveying the menace of the Vatican to the Bishop of Dijon, whom he had enjoined on behalf of the Holy See to abstain from every episcopal function. According to the Concordat the two prelates could not repair to Rome without the leave of the Minister of Public Worship. Under the circumstances this permission was very naturally refused. The two bishops were thus placed in the disagreeable dilemma of either disobeying the orders of the Pope or of failing in their duty to the Government of their country. They hesitated for some time between these two courses. The Vatican moved heaven and earth to overcome their resistance, and eventually cowed the priestly conscience, though of the means employed the less said the better.

The two bishops went to Rome, regardless of the prohibition of their chief, the Minister of Public Worship, in the desperate hope of appeasing the wrath of the Pope by this act of submission. They were cruelly deceived. They were afforded no opportunity of meeting the allegations against them, but were at once ordered to relinquish their Sees on the promise of receiving a prebendary and a pen-

sion, and they acquiesced in their own annihilation.

No one will be astonished at the manner in which this arbitrary action of the Pope in flat defiance of the compact between Church and State, which prescribes the mode of appointing, and by implication of dismissing, bishops, was met by the French Government. His Holiness was asked to repudiate the action of the Nuncio, and to withdraw within twenty-four hours the letters addressed to the Bishops of Laval and Dijon, failing which there would be complete diplomatic rupture between the Holy See and the Republic. The time limit passed without any satisfaction being accorded to our just and moderate demands. That settled the matter. Our Secretary of Embassy, who had acted as *Charge d'Affaires* since the withdrawal of the Ambassador, was ordered to leave the Farnese Palace. Thus the French Embassy to the Holy See was virtually suppressed pending the action of the Legislature, which will undoubtedly decline to vote the sum required for its maintenance.

This series of events convinced even the most reluctant that the separation of Church and State was the only conceivable solution of the conflict. It was formally proposed to the French nation by the present writer, then President of the Council, in a speech at Auxerre in the autumn, and three months later was officially expounded in the Chamber. Finally it took shape in a measure presented to Parliament. Whether the incoming Government wishes it or not, and for my part I have every confidence in the New Minister of Public Worship, who has declared himself in that sense, the Separation must take place simply because it cannot be avoided, and when it comes it will be a great gain to public liberty and peace, and consequently of immense benefit to the Republic, provided

it be accompanied by the transitional measures suggested in the projected law so admirably amended by the Commission.

The limited length of a Review article precludes my amplifying the two essential points which form the natural conclusion of this paper. In the first place, the separation has been rendered inevitable by the fundamental conflict between the dogmatic teaching of the Catholic Church as expounded in the Syllabus and the governing principle of the French Republic. In the second place, this divorce, if regarded in its proper light, viz., as a mutual emancipation of Church and State, and executed, as it should be, with due consideration for the priesthood and the churches concerned, is eminently calculated to serve the interests of the religious community, whose liberty will be fully safeguarded. Simultaneously it will restore her liberty to the State, and will place the final seal on her lay and neutral character.

My object in writing this article for the *National Review* is to narrate for the benefit of its readers the two principal events of my Ministry—the suppression of about five hundred teaching, preaching, and commercial Orders, and the vindication of the religious rights of the State. Both events are the natural and logical consequence of the recognized Republican policy of the last thirty years. They form an integral part of the system which starts with the supremacy of the State, whose guiding principle is uniform neutrality in legislation, and which aims at the application of liberty to associations as to individuals. During the ceaseless warfare waged against clericalism and its allies during the last two years, the action of the Government has been strictly constitutional. The Catholic newspapers of England, which have lavished insults on the late Prime Minister as copiously as their

French co-religionists, charge him with being arbitrary, violent, and brutal. He is represented as a despot unable to brook contradiction. This alleged absolutism has simply consisted in saying what he means and meaning what he says. He is also regarded in the same quarters as a ferocious sectarian inspired by a hatred of all religion, and devoured by a desire to destroy it. These are inept calumnies, and are sufficiently rebutted by the opinions he has publicly expressed throughout his political life. Whatever personal abuse may be levelled at him by his enemies, he is confident of acquittal at the hands of all impartial onlookers who will give themselves the trouble of mastering the facts before they pass sentence. As an ardent Republican, he has simply worked for the prosperity and prestige of the Republic. If unable to execute his complete programme, he at any rate has the consolation, on voluntarily relinquishing power, of seeing it confirmed by the majority of the Chamber, and of bequeathing it intact to his successors.

N.B.—An extraordinarily interesting and curious situation has arisen at Dijon, of which I gladly give the details to the readers of the *National Review*. The bishop (Monsignor Le Nordez), as we have seen, resigned his spiritual functions into the hands of the Pope. But the French Government, being firmly resolved to uphold the Concordat, refused to take cognizance of his surrender. In their eyes Monsignor Le Nordez remains Bishop of Dijon. During his absence, his duly nominated delegates, the *Vicaires-Généraux*, have administered the diocese according to precedent. Learning, however, that these clerics were doing their utmost to prejudice the clergy against him, Monsignor Le Nordez suddenly remembered that he was still a bishop in the eyes of the Government,

though he was no longer one in the eyes of the Pope, and in accordance with his rights he revoked the authority of his deputies. Simultaneously he wrote to the Minister of Public Worship, asking that the official recognition of their nomination should be withdrawn. This letter reached the President of the Council, who was also Minister of Public Worship, on the eve of his resignation. He at once assented to the bishop's request, and the President of the Republic forthwith signed a decree revoking the authority of the two vicars. It follows from this that, in the event of Monsignor Le Nordez being again bullied into submission by the Papacy, the diocese of Dijon would be deprived of official ecclesiastical administration. It would be impossible to appoint fresh priests or to pay the parochial clergy unless the Government departed from the prescribed course, which requires a

certificate signed by the bishop or his delegate, the vicar-general, before any sums are paid to the clergy. The separation of the Catholic Church and the State would thus become an accomplished fact in this particular corner of France. If, in order to escape from such an amazing situation, Monsignor Le Nordez should resume the administration of his diocese, either the Pope would be compelled to accept the situation, which would be a surrender on his part, or he would be obliged to excommunicate this audacious prelate, and we should see the beginning of a schism. The people of Dijon, who are more or less Voltafran, greatly enjoy this grotesque and apparently insoluble situation; and yet the solution is obvious, and is, I hope, at hand, viz., the adoption by Parliament of the necessary legislation to separate Church and State.

Emile Combes.

The National Review.

MILLIONAIRE ENDOWMENTS.

It is now beginning to be recognized, that national efficiency requires (among other things) a very large expenditure of money upon the building and equipment of colleges and other apparatus of higher education. It is not possible that the great capital and current expenditure involved in this work can be supported by a system of voluntary fees. In Great Britain, as indeed elsewhere, a large part of the cost of higher education has always been defrayed out of charitable endowments, with the effect of depressing the commercial value of the commodity far below its "natural" rate. So long as higher education remained a virtual monopoly of the possessing classes, the full significance of this dependence did not appear: it was not felt to be un-

reasonable that an aristocracy resting on inherited wealth and the profitable control of political machinery, should absorb the use of the quasi-public property devoted to purposes of an intellectual culture which seemed out of keeping with the life of the trading and working classes. This feeling was not deeply disturbed by the part played by culture in the education of the learned professions, so long as those professions were in some sense an appanage of aristocracy, and were in their own structure close corporations, enjoying privileges in official salaries and other emoluments based in no wise upon equivalence of service or the higgling of the market. To classes living so largely upon unearned incomes and privileges, it could seem no matter of

surprise, still less of ignominy, that they should get their education out of charity. But, now that higher education is deemed no longer the decoration of a leisured class, or merely a tool for certain select grades of intellectual workers, but an essential of sound citizenship in a civilized state, it is no longer possible to acquiesce in this easy virtue of a policy which takes whatever it can get, without caring to enquire into the implicit terms of this acceptance.

It is well to confront without flinching the first salient fact of the situation, the utter lack of funds adequate to meet the demands of higher education, the urgency of which we already recognize; for it is this urgency that constitutes the danger. In an age when our national revenue is continually strained to support what is regarded as a necessary increase of expenditure on armaments, the public purse cannot bear the cost of higher education: where millions are available for force, thousands must suffice for culture. So, from a disbelief in the possibility of self-help, the public is beginning to turn to private charity; rich men are invited to make up the deficiency of our public resources.

The idea is by no means confined to higher education: a whole crop of public wants is growing up, which the City or the State appears to be too poor to satisfy. It is desirable that our growing cities should have parks. What more natural than that some large ground landlord should present the land? Hospitals, public baths, libraries, technical schools are needed. Why not find some rich brewer, banker, manufacturer, or speculator, and let him "acquire merit"? The ancient practice of the "pious founder" is thus being developed into a definite social doctrine which accords to the millionaire a special function as a saviour of society. The United States, the classic

soil of the mushroom millionaire, exhibits the largest and most numerous examples of the fruits of this "gospel of wealth," especially in its application to higher education. It has been estimated that the annual flow of large donations to educational work, during recent years, amounts to more than one hundred million dollars. Few names eminent in banking and railroad circles, as trust-makers or successful dealers in real estate, remain unrecorded in some great building devoted to the encouragement of higher learning. The huge pile of college buildings which stands to-day upon the grounds of the Chicago Exposition, absorbing a portion of the profits of the famous Oil Trust, is only the most conspicuous example of a numerous species of collegiate foundations scattered over the States, the product of the charity of millionaires. Not only the new colleges which in scores and even hundreds are springing up in the West, the Middle-West and the belated South, but even the older and more solidly formed universities of New England and the Eastern States are continually seeking, and obtaining, new large bequests and donations from the princes of industry or finance. To not a few of them funds have flowed so quickly, that they have difficulty in concealing their embarrassment of riches; and expensive half-used laboratories and other superfluous apparatus of learning attest their unassimilated wealth. Closer examination will doubtless show that over-feeding in certain departments is attended by starvation in others, that the special interests or whims of donors are represented by abnormal growths, and that, in particular, too much money goes into bricks and mortar and the outward visible signs of educational activity, too little into the inward graces of the intellectual life. Everywhere we find the "campus" with its huge departmental

buildings, its law and engineering schools, museum, libraries, laboratories, gymnasium, theatre, the enormous staff of highly specialized, unevenly equipped, and ill-paid professors grinding out interminable courses of lectures and turning out sheaves of printed matter for the University press; an ever-swelling output of rapidly produced intellectual commodities good, bad, and indifferent, is hurriedly swallowed by earnest hordes of industrious but often ill-grounded students, young men and women fresh from farm or forcing city High School, to be whirled through an intellectual factory which shall stock, shape, and stimulate their minds, depositing them as rudimentary teachers, lawyers, engineers, or clergymen, when they have passed through the several productive processes.

A strained activity of academic machinery, a wasteful competition in volume of intellectual output, and a marked subordination of the slower, finer, less demonstrable processes of disinterested culture to the quicker, cruder, more showy forms of utilitarian achievement, are plain effects of a higher education which reflects the valuations of the *nouveaux riches* who supply the funds. It is doubtless true that these defects of intellectual valuation, imposing short-range, quantitative, utilitarian tests, are not confined to millionaire influences, but are natural fruits of the swift growth in mechanical industry of which America is the foremost exponent. But this makes it only the more exigent that the practical control of the educative forces designed to correct these defects of valuation shall not rest in the hands of those very men who, by their pecuniary achievements, are attested to be the fittest representatives of the false standards of their age and nation. The great fortunes in America out of which these endowments and donations come to the support of Col-

leges are in a few rare instances owned by men or women who have inherited them, and who may claim to belong to an educated leisured class; in the great majority of cases they have come to their present owners as the result of an early and constant absorption in business processes, in which assiduity, economy, alertness, and skill have been inextricably interwoven with luck, fraud, force, and every sort of predatory practice. It is no part of my purpose here to analyze in detail the necessary origins of great fortunes; but there are scarcely any great American fortunes into which corruptly-gotten charters or tariff-aid, illegal railroad practices, land speculation, over-capitalization, Wall Street gambling, do not enter largely as ingredients. There is so much plasticity, so much apparent incongruity in human nature, that rare individuals emerge from such a struggle retaining generous impulses, elevated aspirations, and a desire to help their fellows by a contribution of large sums of money to causes of social service. But the conditions under which such wealth has been acquired are such as must normally disqualify its owners for a wise and socially serviceable administration of a public "trust." If to the rare instances where the acquisitive aptitude is conjoined with some higher tastes and far-sighted discrimination of values, we add the far more numerous cases where pride of patronage, pressure of public opinion, indulgence of a fad, loose sentimentalism, are the dominant motives, we shall come nearer to a recognition of the peril of a higher education directed by millionaires.

I am aware that these general alarms will not weigh much with most English educationists, who are too deeply concerned with the maladies of poverty to heed those which come from plethora. Like the Irishman beholding

a man lying along the roadside in a state of complete alcoholic stupefaction, they will be inclined to wish for "half his malady." So urgent is the need for money in the equipment of our higher educational system, that educationists seem generally willing to shut their eyes and open their mouths in order to receive whatever they can induce millionaires to give them. It is, in their judgment, sheer captiousness or ignoble cynicism to look such gift-horses in the mouth. "What matter how the money comes if we have the spending of it?" represents the "common-sense view" which is prevalent.

If we adopt this "common-sense view," refusing to enter into origins or motives, and accepting donations from all sources, we are bound to defend the position that origins and motives can exercise no appreciably injurious influence on uses. Now is it a true or a reasonable proposition that dependence upon the large benefactions of contemporaries has no tendency to injure the efficiency of a university, and in particular to impair its liberty of teaching? On these important questions recent American experience is closely relevant. The educational needs of our population, and the economic interests and business methods which produce great fortunes, are substantially the same in the two countries. The existence in Great Britain of a small number of great families in enjoyment of inherited fortunes from land or trade does not materially impair the analogy, for, though our older seats of learning sometimes court this class with academic decorations, it is the new rich, with their ample superfluity of income over conventional expenditure, that form the real hope of the educational angler. Now no student of American higher education can fail to perceive that the living hand is there far more oppressive than the dead. A first conspicuous result of this

necessity is seen in the *personnel* of the College President. An advertising presence and deportment for public occasions, personal weight and persuasiveness in wealthy quarters, plausibility, tact, adroitness, and, in general, the business equipment of a successful "beggar," form the first and most indispensable requisites. Scholarship, science, or philosophy is a decorative parergon, the serious cultivation of which is inconsistent with the duties of a president. Even the work of internal administration must be subordinated to the necessity of keeping the claims and needs of the college before the public in such wise as to recommend it to the favor of the rich. A College President regards it as an important function of his office to take a leading part in all sorts of non-academic gatherings, save those closely associated with machine politics, and to deliver public addresses upon all manner of "subjects of the day." On morals, education, economics, literature, civics, and politics, not merely in their graver academic bearings, but as practical issues of current conduct, the College President is regarded as a standing counsel to the public. On the great public questions of the last few years, the Philippine annexation, the anthracite coal strike and the wider aspects of relations between capital and labor, the policy of curbing Trusts, the Panama Question, and the resurgence of race-feeling in the South, college presidents have been incessantly talking on public platforms, and writing in the Press, not at all in the capacity of specialists bringing some particular points of academic learning to bear on new events, but as intellectual authorities at large. All this implies a diversion of energy from that work of close internal administration which is so all-important in the building up of a new edifice of learning. Where ancient traditions prevail, less

depends upon the personality of a president; but in a new seat of learning it is a prime condition of successful progress to secure a man whose first aptitude and whose absorbing interest are those of an educationist, not those of a public character or a skilful mendicant. Every well-informed, thoughtful American can point out a score of ambitious colleges which are suffering in their early growth from their showy, scheming president, whose character is impressed on their plastic institutions. The college dependent on private donations is driven to cultivate the arts of advertisement: it must show numbers of students rather than quality of work, it must lean to utilitarian studies, or captivate the imagination and the purse of impressionable benefactors by novelty of projects and experiments. Though this spirit of novelty has advantages which I would not decry, it certainly involves much waste and some considerable dangers in the early growth of higher educational establishments.

The vulgar saying that "he who pays the piper calls the tune" is operative here as elsewhere. A college which makes itself dependent for its capital or income upon the munificence of rich donors will submit its teaching to be moulded by the will of these donors; and this will must, in the nature of the case, conflict with the true order of educational growth. The real nature of the growing control of the American millionaire over the higher education of America is very subtle; and its subtlety will be imitated here, if we submit our educational forms to the same pressure. The explicit conditions which may be attached to large bequests or donations form the least of the dangers. Most colleges of any standing would have enough dignity or discretion to reject gifts accompanied by express conditions which visibly and grossly infringed liberty of research

or of teaching, or imposed any palpably injurious test. Though an uneven or lop-sided development of education is often due to conditioned donations, this has some tendency to right itself by directing subsequent munificence to the neglected parts; and in no case can it be regarded as a permanently serious damage.

Nor does the real dimension of the danger appear in any personal attempt of the living founder, or other large benefactor, to interfere with the teaching of the college, though some instances of such interference have recently disgraced the annals of higher education in America. The dismissal of Professor Bemis from his professorship of Political Economy at Chicago University for taking part, as a citizen, in a movement for municipalization of industry opposed to the interests of Mr. Rockefeller, the founder of the University, and the dismissal of Professor Ross from the professorship of Sociology in the Leland Stanford University for expressing certain economic and political opinions which aroused the resentment of Mrs. Stanford, are the most familiar instances of an extreme abuse of patronage which wrought the gravest injury upon the reputation of two important universities, and aroused a feeling of insecurity among scores of other colleges similarly fed out of the profits of monopolies or privileged interests. In well-informed academic circles in America I heard many instances of less open and direct interference with liberty of teaching, indicating that munificent donors were not indifferent to the uses to which their donations were put. Why should they be? What more natural than that Mr. Rockefeller, or his confederates in the Oil Trust, should object to a plain handling of the Trust issue with local illustrations, or should object to their money supporting a teacher who was engaged in helping to break their com-

trol over the gas monopoly in Chicago? Why is it to be expected that the widow of a Californian millionaire, who made his rapid pile out of cheap Chinese labor and land speculation, should value perfect liberty of speech so highly as to endure what seemed to her false and pestilent pronouncements on the Land and Immigration Questions?

But these may well be taken as abnormal instances of a sort of interference, to which it may seem extravagant to suggest that any English seat of learning would consent to be subjected. Self-respecting academic bodies in this country, it will be urged, may be trusted to resent the least approach to meddling on the part of actual or would-be patrons. Self-respecting colleges in America use similar language in seeking to reconcile economic dependence with academic liberty. Rich men with generous impulses, touched by admiration of their work, place large sums of money at their disposal, which they utilize as a public trust in the sacred cause of education! Where conditions are attached, the limitation commonly arises upon the suggestion of the College, which announces some special need for an extension of material plant or teaching staff. This, it is stoutly maintained, involves no loss of liberty. Such is the theory of the function of the millionaire-donor genuinely held by many American educationists; and, though it ignores the arts of stimulation which commonly precede the "spontaneous" bounty, it contains a large element of truth. There is little direct interference by donors, and very little sense of loss of liberty. The graver peril is a more insidious one. It is not the past or present, but the future patron, whose influence curbs liberty—the unknown prospective donor whose good-will must be conciliated, or, what comes to the same thing, his ill-will averted. For, in

order to provide for educational growth, a constant succession of donations is desired. Now it is idle to pretend that this necessity will not impose upon college officials a sort of discretion not exclusively determined by educational considerations. The new rich, like others, have their special interests and susceptibilities in politics, in trade, and sometimes in religion; in special States or cities these interests may be rigorously defined, and certain plain differences of social and even of ethical outlook will mark what, for convenience, may be called the millionaire class in America or in England. Now, so long as the older educational traditions kept colleges absorbed upon dead languages, the mathematics, and those sciences which did not nearly affect living human interests, no difficulty would arise, except an occasional flare-up in the department of theology. But the new trend of higher education is towards an increasing stress upon studies replete with modern human issues and charged with explosive subject-matter. A modern university sets an ever-growing importance upon modern history, economics, and other social sciences, while its philosophy, psychology, and even its biology seethe with political and economic implications. It is of course possible, on paper, to mark out a mode of academic handling which shall maximize the light and minimize the heat of this inflammatory matter. But there can be no way of securing a live effective treatment of many of the subjects which is not liable to offend the feelings of the donor class. This will apply with peculiar force to the departments of economics and sociology. It would be childish to pretend that a scientific analysis of the subjects of rents and monopolies which exposes the economic and moral soil out of which great mushroom fortunes grow will recommend a university to the

munificence of the possessors of such fortunes. The soreness which appears everywhere in academic centres of America when this question is broached is itself a strong testimony to the reality of the danger. It is not so much a matter of heresy-hunting or forcible suppression, as of selection. The tendency is to find "safe" men, who will find "safe" materials, for "sound" handling. Teachers, programmes, text-books are all subjected to careful sifting. The process is of course somewhat precarious. In several "kept" universities, men of very advanced views are members of the teaching staff; indeed their presence is commonly adduced as an answer to the charge of millionaire control. But the fact is, that no man known to be of advanced views would be appointed to such a post; and considerable discretion must be exerted in the avoidance of those detailed illustrations which carry the explosives. Again, advanced doctrine may be tolerated, if it is kept well in the background of pure theory; but, where it is embodied in concrete instances drawn from current experience, the pecuniary prospects of the college are instinctively felt to be endangered.

Now it is evidently not the function of a teacher to assume the rôle of a social agitator in his class room; and the difficulty which must arise in severing the personality and duties of a teacher from those of a citizen may reasonably be held to impose special moderation upon a professor of economics or politics, who takes an active

part in public affairs in his capacity as citizen. But the attempt to argue that these restraints, imposed purely in the interests of education, preclude a thorough treatment of the actual phenomena of industry and politics, enforced by live instances drawn from the "here and now," is a virtual repudiation in the department of the social sciences of what are elsewhere recognized to be the soundest scientific methods of instruction. Again, to require of men, whose knowledge and training peculiarly qualify them to give light and leading to their fellow-citizens, that they shall abstain from active participation in public movements where interests are divided and strong feelings are evoked, is a policy of moral and intellectual mutilation, as degrading to those who are curtailed in their citizenship, as it is injurious to the public.

It will not be easy for academic authorities in this country, wedded to antique standards of educational values and admitting the new studies with slow reluctance, to realize the size of the issue. Oxford and Cambridge, with their existing curricula of studies, might receive little injury from the munificence of millionaires; such gifts might even help to liberalize and modernize their teaching—within certain limits.¹ But our new colleges in the industrial towns must found their culture upon a more modern standard of values, in which the sciences and the literatures charged with current human interests play a larger part, and where, moreover, the claims of professional training will reinforce the

¹ These limits are, however, transgressed by the conditions attached to the recent endowment of teaching in Colonial History by Mr. Beit at Oxford. The subject, as defined by the donor and accepted by the University, is one which gives great prominence to the History of the South African Colonies, in whose recent story Mr. Beit and his business associates have played so prominent a part. Does any thoughtful person believe that, if scientific historians, appointed under this trust, apply their science

modern movement. Culture and utility will conspire to give to such studies as political economy, psychology, law, modern history, and modern literature, places of great prominence in the higher education of efficient citizens.

The intellectual traditions and vested interests in this country are so conservative, that it will be no easy matter for the new studies to make good a claim which to our academic authorities will appear preposterously arrogant. The difficulty of this conflict will impose sufficient timidity upon the new aspirants in the formulation of their studies and the methods of their pursuit. Unless there is financial independence, it is easy to perceive that this timidity will prove most detrimental to efficiency of teaching and to the progress of the sciences. If the rulers of these new colleges are conscious of dependence on the voluntary favors of the rich for the needed accessions to their income, a secret, usually unconscious, but persistent spirit of repression will pervade the college, determining the choice of teachers, ordering the curriculum, and making for intellectual quietism which will be misnamed "thoroughness." Those studies will suffer most where freedom and some measure of originality are most needed; the wings of thought, kept clipped, will not pass beyond the careful barriers of orthodoxy. Let me put the case quite plainly. The bolder thinkers in the forefront of the modern sciences which touch the conduct of man and of society are undermining, by newly organized knowledge, many of the supports of the existing social system—religious, moral, political, and economic; and their analysis is being made the basis of strong attacks upon the fortresses of privilege. These forces seem to many to converge in a movement against those organizations of capital and business enterprise which are producing millionaires. The rich are

everywhere becoming more conscious of the perils of a movement which represents itself to their eyes as an attack upon the institution of property. This danger they associate with others threatening the ecclesiastical, political, and social institutions with which they have formed an instinctive alliance for mutual defence. Is it likely that this class will finance colleges which are free to promote "revolutionary" doctrines under the name of science, philosophy, or literature? Nay! Is it not reasonable that they will use their financial powers to purchase the sort of intellectual support they need, endow colleges which shall teach a safe economics and a sound sociology, and expel the organic conception of society from ethics and philosophy?

Those who have studied the history of the development of the classical political economy in this country well know how such a class defence can be secretly constructed, by persistent selection and rejection among the ideas and formulae of a plastic science. In such a manipulation of intellectual forces there is little consciousness attending the process, either among the manipulators or the manipulated. There may be keen-witted business men who know that it is good business to endow a School of Commerce, as it is to build a church; there may be college professors who recognize that their views are being formed or modified by consideration for the welfare of the college. But it is quite unnecessary to assume dishonesty or conscious cunning; the instinct of self-protection works more surely. If the class from which rich donations come has any private interest opposed to that of the public, these donations will serve to buy off close scrutiny into that interest, and, if necessary, will select thinkers who shall formulate a specious defence of its privileges, and teachers who shall propagate its views. Al-

though the free development and teaching of Political Economy would suffer most in such colleges, other subjects would be exposed to similar corruption and retardation, in proportion to their capability of harboring dangerous doctrine. Endowments of colleges proceeding from vested interests will, in effect, be devoted to the defence of those interests; and the cause of education will suffer accordingly.

The deceitfulness of riches is such, that it will induce colleges to a contemptuous denial of this inevitable chain of moral and economic causation. Unless the popular intelligence can be made alive to the urgency of the danger, our new system of higher education will be a mortal enemy to the cause of democracy. If we once have established in our centres of population colleges which are founded by millionaires and expect to be fed by millionaires, an era of castrated culture is the inevitable sequel. The doctrine of

individual self-help has been dinned into our ears *ad nauseam*: it is an essentially false doctrine, because no individual is capable of self-help in the full sense that is implied. But a city, a nation, is capable of self-help. If then an individual is degraded by charity, if his self-reliance and energy are sapped by unearned and unmerited gifts, how much more is a city or a nation injured if she permits individual charity to do for her what she ought to do and can do for herself? Our national, our civic life is surely demoralized if it is robbed of the wholesome effort required to provide out of our own resources for the public needs of education. If we do not, as a nation, so value education as to take the course which nature and morals alike mark out for its attainment, it is far better, hard though it may sound, to wait for our colleges. We cannot really get our intellectual efficiency by the grace of millionaires.

The Independent Review.

J. A. Hobson.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

A LECTURE.

BY THE LATE CANON AINGER.

In a very charming book which I hope you will all soon be reading—the “Letters of the late James Russell Lowell”—you will find an anecdote of his meeting Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin. The two professors met at a friend’s house in Birmingham, and the friend confessed he had never listened to four hours of such admirable converse before. And no wonder, for those who have the privilege of knowing Professor Mahaffy, author of “Social Life in Greece,” and other works full of scholarship and charm, know him to be one of the best talkers living. When Lowell drove away in the carriage, he

exclaimed to his host: “Well, that’s one of the most delightful fellows I ever met, and I don’t mind if you tell him so!” The friend did so, and Mr. Mahaffy received the compliment with equal grace and modesty. “Poor Lowell!” he exclaimed; “to think that he can never have met an Irishman before!”

Yes; and doubtless race is an element in the humor and special conversational readiness of men like Professor Mahaffy and his countrymen; and it is this circumstance which, to my mind, slightly weakens the force of an admirable little book which Professor Mahaffy published a few years ago, on

"The Art of Conversation"—a title which I must apologize to him for having borrowed. Not that I am sure the title correctly describes Mr. Mahaffy's disquisition any more than it will precisely fit mine. It is with the ethics of conversation that he largely deals—on those moral qualities of tact, courtesy, self-repression, and others, which have so much to do with the success of a conversationalist. But what I meant by a certain defect in the premises of Mr. Mahaffy's arguments is this—that he too readily assumes, I think, the existence in everybody of a talent in this direction—a talent which he conceives can in all cases be cultivated and made to minister to an adequate brilliancy of conversation. The writer, belonging to a nation of humorists, and gifted with that rare facility and versatility of expression that belong to the Celtic race, and, in addition, possessing a wide and various culture rare in any individual of any race, may well be excused for pitching the average of human capability in this kind too high. The society of wits and scholars, among which his calling and pursuits place him, not unnaturally engenders the idea that conversation elsewhere, being so much duller, might be improved if only people would take pains and have a few lessons. And it is significant, as I have said, that starting from something like this ground, he is yet found falling back at last upon the moral rather than the intellectual faculties. For the former *can* be cultivated, the latter, perhaps, not so certainly.

For there is a wide and clear difference, though often strangely overlooked, between talking and conversation, and the rules for each, and the qualifications for each, are quite distinct. They are two separate arts, and have both to be practised by us in turn; and one of the chief points we have on occasion to settle—and herein lies one

of the chief secrets of our "social success" (a hateful expression, by the way, but for the moment it will serve)—will consist in our understanding the two things, and knowing when to practise the one and when the other. Indeed, there is yet a third art, which some persons find harder than either of the others. I mean the art of listening. "Each man in his time plays many parts"; and in this matter of conversation there are three of them that have to be studied. The first—that of the talker—is the easiest; and that whether we belong to the good talkers or the poor—the *di majores* or the *di minores* of conversation. The former class must always obviously be the smaller. The great talkers who were also excellent stand out in our history. They rise at once to memory—Samuel Johnson, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Lord Macaulay. These had doubtless the defects of their qualities, and did not always afford unmixed pleasure by their great gifts. Their talent had its humorous, even its provoking, aspect. Inferior talkers grudged these men their monopoly. They wanted their own "innings" to come; and it never came. They thought what they had got to say was quite as important, and did not see why it should not be said. But the men of greater mark were glad to listen. It was not the Burkes and Reynoldses who would have stopped Samuel Johnson's mouth. They enjoyed to the full the masculine good sense, the wisdom (as of the just), the keen eye to cut through paradox and sophistry, the ever-flowing wit and humor of their friend's discourse, even though he did at times lose his self-control, and was often very rude. And so, too, the poets and critics and philosophers loved to hear Coleridge talk on those Thursday evenings at Highgate, though, unlike Johnson, his speech went on with no punctuation at all. You know how once he button-

holed a friend and began to talk, with his eyes closed, after his fashion; and how, after an hour or so, the friend, who could not well stay longer, silently severed the button with his pocket-knife and stole away, returning after another hour, to find Coleridge still talking, with the button in his hand! Some enemy, of course, invented the story, but it shows which way the wind was blowing. No doubt it was not conversation! "Pour un monologue," said Madame de Staël; "c'était excellent; mais pour un dialogue—ah, mon Dieu!" And so with Macaulay, and we know how his witty friend praised his "flashes of silence." And yet you and I would give something to be allowed to sit still and hear these geniuses talk, and, I venture to say, would not even wish to "get a word in." And the race of good *talkers*, as distinguished from *conversers*, is not extinct yet, though, as has been often pointed out, the extraordinary development of periodicals causes men, somewhat mercenarily, to "save up" their good thoughts and happy expressions, and, instead of using them in conversation, send them to some magazine. They grudge to give for nothing what is worth twenty guineas. And then, too, in so-called intellectual society, there has been such a gradual levelling up, in cleverness and information, that the good talker is rarely so much in advance of his company as to be justified in appropriating so much of their time. Indeed, in certain educated societies that I have heard of, the general average of learning and accomplishment is so high that not only "talking" but "conversation" is almost extinguished. In the college society of the great University of Oxbridge, I have been assured by "those who know" that this happens. Every one is so terribly afraid of every one else that no one dares to express a sentiment for fear it should be decried as a novelty,

or scorned as a truism, or by some other test tried and found wanting. Things, in fact, come to a deadlock, with no one to enter, as in "The Critic," and cry: "In the Queen's name, drop your swords and daggers!"

Now all this is very sad, and may well make us thankful that we do not move always in societies so highly cultivated. But there is another kind of "talker," at the opposite end of the scale, who perhaps troubles us more, and of whom, also, we have learned to feel some dread; for there are talkers and talkers—those who talk because they are gifted that way beyond their fellows, because they have information to give, or criticisms to pass that are really of sterling value; or who, perhaps, are delightful to hear because, though they do not contribute to the common stock of facts or arguments, they so adorn the commonplaces of life that they are never unwelcome. To parody what I am informed is a favorite ballad in some circles, "It is not so much what they say, as the charming way they say it." But there are talkers whom one meets who talk, not out of a desire to add anything new to some subject under discussion, but simply impelled, as it would appear, by the sheer passion for narrating, independently of the value of the facts narrated. Swift, in his "Hints towards an Essay on Conversation" (you may remember Charles Lamb quotes the passage in his "Imperfect Sympathies"), summarizes the habit thus: "There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves and entertain their company with relating facts of no consequence, not at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day." And Swift goes on, strangely enough, to say that he has noticed the habit more frequently among the Scots than any other nation. Now Swift does not often miss the mark, but I think he does here; and I

think it is because he lived so much among the cleverest men of his day—the wits and statesmen, the Temples and Harleys and St. Johns, the Popes and Gays and Arbuthnots—that he really did not know much of conversation in circles less brilliant. For most surely the habit he notices is not, and can never have been, peculiarly Scotch. One doubts whether it is a “race” question at all, but it certainly flourishes in England, as, no doubt, it did also in Swift’s day. We have a special name for the thing in our own day. We call it boring, or being a bore. The name was not invented, I think, in Swift’s day, but the thing must have been, because the moral or intellectual limitations that produce it are not of an age, but of all time. Observe, please, that I am careful to say “limitations” rather than “deficiencies.” We are apt, when we are keenly suffering from the infliction in question, to cry “Idiot!” if not something stronger. But to do this would be often harsh and unreasonable, as our great masters in fiction and satirical writing have always discerned; and it is a type of character that many of them have seized upon, because of its humorous possibilities. May I refer you, for instance, to the immortal Miss Bates, in Miss Austen’s novel of “Emma”—the finest instance in fiction, because the most free from caricature, of the good, and sweet, and kindly bore that I can recall? Who would ever think a hard thought of dear Miss Bates, though we are allowed to see how sorely her hearers could be tried in patience and in temper? You remember how she communicated to Emma Woodhouse the intelligence of having received a letter from Jane Fairfax:

“Have you heard from Miss Fairfax so lately? I am extremely happy. I hope she is well?”

“Thank you. You are so kind!” replied the happily deceived aunt, while

eagerly hunting for the letter. “Oh, here it is. I was sure it could not be far off; but I had put my huswife upon it, you see, without being aware, and so it was quite hid; but I had it in my hand so very lately that I was almost sure it must be on the table. I was reading it to Mrs. Cole, and since she went away I was reading it again to my mother, for it is such a pleasure to her—a letter from Jane—that she can never hear it often enough; so I knew it could not be far off, and here it is, only just under my huswife—and since you are so kind as to wish to hear what she says—but, first of all, I really must, in justice to Jane, apologize for her writing so short a letter—only two pages, you see, hardly two, and in general she fills the whole paper and crosses half. My mother often wonders that I can make it out so well. She often says, when the letter is first opened, ‘Well, Hetty, now I think you will be put to it to make out all that checker-work’—don’t you, ma’am? And then I tell her I am sure she would contrive to make it out for herself, if she had nobody to do it for her, every word of it—I am sure she would pore over it till she had made out every word. And, indeed, though my poor mother’s eyes are not so good as they were, she can see amazingly well still, thank God! with the help of spectacles. It is such a blessing! My mother’s are really very good indeed. Jane often says, when she is here, ‘I am sure, grandmama, you must have had very strong eyes to see as you do, and so much fine work as you have done too! I only wish my eyes may last as well.’ ”

In Forster’s Life of Dickens he mentions that when he first read “Nicholas Nickleby,” and made the acquaintance of Mrs. Nickleby, he inquired of Dickens whether he had not taken the suggestion of the character from Miss Bates. I cannot think John Forster here showed his usual acumen. Mrs. Nickleby is a delightful humorous creation, but the very “humorousness” is a blot upon it, artistically. If all bores were as diverting as Mrs. Nickle-

by, it would be easier than it is to suffer them gladly. The truth is that the opportunities presented by such a study of imbecility were too tempting to be resisted, and Dickens's own exquisite sense of incongruity was made to embellish Mrs. Nickleby's own. Listen:

"Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, "I don't know how it is, but a fine warm summer day like this, with the birds singing in every direction, always puts me in mind of roast pig, with sage-and-onion sauce, and made gravy."

"That's a curious association of ideas, is it not, mamma?"

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't know," replied Mrs. Nickleby. "Roast pig—let me see. On the day five weeks after you were christened we had a roast—no, that couldn't have been a pig, either, because I recollect there were a pair of them to carve, and your poor papa and I could never have thought of sitting down to two pigs—they must have been partridges. Roast pig! I hardly think we ever could have had one, now I come to remember, for your papa could never bear the sight of them in the shops, and used to say that they always put him in mind of very little babies, only the pigs had much fairer complexions, and he had a horror of little babies, too, because he couldn't very well afford any increase to his family, and had a natural dislike to the subject. It's very odd, now, what can have put that in my head! I recollect dining once at Mrs. Bevan's, in that broad street round the corner by the coachmaker's, where the tipsy man fell through the cellar-flap of an empty house nearly a week before the quarter-day and wasn't found till the new tenant went in—and we had roast pig there. It must be that, I think, that reminds me of it, especially as there was a little bird in the room that would keep on singing all the time of dinner—at least, not a little bird, for it was a parrot, and he didn't sing exactly, for he talked and swore dreadfully; but I think it must be that. Indeed, I am sure it must. Shouldn't you say so, my dear?"

No; Dickens has elsewhere, in a little paper in his "*Household Words*," drawn far more accurately the chronic bore of society, concentrating into the few speeches attributed to the character all the essential qualities that go to make it—the egotism, the absence of all sense of the relative importance of details, the deficiency of tact (that "angel of the world")—that is to say, the inability to detect or feel when a topic interests your hearers, and when it does not, and to regulate your speech accordingly. This is how "*our bore*," you may remember, relates the interesting particulars of an early illness of his:

You will learn how our bore felt a tightness about here, sir, for which he couldn't account, accompanied with a constant sensation as if he were being stabbed—or, rather, jobbed—that expresses it more correctly—jobbed—with a blunt knife. Well, sir! This went on, until sparks began to fly before his eyes, water-wheels to turn in his head, and hammers to beat incessantly thump, thump, thump, all down his back—along the whole of the spinal vertebrae. Our bore, when his sensations had come to this, thought it a duty he owed to himself to take advice, and he said, Now, whom shall I consult? He naturally thought of Callow, at that time one of the most eminent physicians in London, and he went to Callow. Callow said, "Liver!" and prescribed rhubarb and calomel, low diet, and moderate exercise. Our bore went on with this treatment, getting worse every day, until he lost confidence in Callow, and went to Moon, whom half the town was then mad about. Moon was interested in the case; to do him justice he was very much interested in the case; and he said, "Kidneys!" He altered the whole treatment, sir—gave strong acids, cupped, and blistered. This went on, our bore still getting worse every day, until he openly told Moon it would be a satisfaction to him if he would have a consultation with Clatter. The moment Clatter saw our bore he said,

"Accumulation of fat about the heart!" Snugglewood, who was called in with him, differed, and said, "Brain!" But what they all agreed upon was, to lay our bore upon his back, to shave his head, to leech him, to administer enormous quantities of medicine, and to keep him low; so that he was reduced to a mere shadow, you wouldn't have known him, and nobody considered it possible that he could ever recover. This was his condition, sir, when he heard of Jilkins—at that period in a very small practice, and living in the upper part of a house in Great Portland Street; but still, you understand, with a rising reputation among the few people to whom he was known. Being in that condition in which a drowning man clutches at a straw, our bore sent for Jilkins. Jilkins came. Our bore liked his eye, and said, "Mr. Jilkins, I have a presentiment that you will do me good." Jilkins's reply was characteristic of the man. It was, "Sir, I mean to do you good." This confirmed our bore's opinion of his eye, and they went into the case together—went completely into it. Jilkins then got up, walked across the room, came back, and sat down. His words were these. "You have been humbugged. This is a case of indigestion, occasioned by a deficiency of power in the Stomach. Take a mutton chop in half-an-hour, with a glass of the finest old sherry that can be got for money. Take two mutton chops to-morrow, and two glasses of the finest old sherry. Next day I'll come again." In a week our bore was on his legs, and Jilkins's success dates from that period!

Now in these three examples, I think, the secret of boredom is very fairly illustrated—in that commonest form of it, at least, which consists in relating facts about one's self, or others, which can have little interest to the hearer; or on a scale wholly disproportionate to that interest. I don't mean gravely to analyze the "cause of this effect," or (terrible thought!) I might bore *you*. But it argues a defect, you will recognize, not wholly intellectual, nor wholly moral, but a little

of both. You have all often tried to construct such an analysis for yourselves, when grievously tried. "Little things," you have perhaps cynically remarked, "are great to little men." And it wouldn't matter if only the little men would keep the little things to themselves. And, on the other hand, when you have been pleased and exhilarated with a friend's talk, you have learned the same truth in a pleasanter way. There was not too much of it. He (or she) knew where to stop; and you have discovered that Sam Weller's remark about letter-writing is even more true about talking—for you can read a letter or not as you choose, but good breeding often obliges you to listen. "She'll wish there was more. That's the great art and secret of letter-writing!"

But a talker and a conversationalist are different things—a rudimentary lesson which many have yet to learn, and yet there is room for the talker in all good conversing company; for it takes "all sorts" to make good conversation, as it does to make a world. There is always room for the talker if he has that right to talk which information on some topic of interest gives a man. When any important subject is freshly before the world, how delightful to meet a man who understands it, who has made it his own, from first-hand authorities, not merely primed with the leading article of his favorite journal; how gladly we all listen, except, perhaps, our friend the bore, who grudges every minute that shortens his own innings. For myself, I am more than content to be silent at such times, and by no means agree that the man who is a listener only is necessarily (as Professor Mahaffy rather harshly determines) a selfish being. But there your good talker, like your good conversationalist, has to learn when to stop; and then comes the turn for conversation—for the shrewd

objection, the question on some point not quite understood, the appropriate anecdote or quotation; and so the patient listener becomes in his turn a useful speaker, and so the talk includes the many, and the company is happy and well content because they have given as well as received. But then there must be careful watching as to the topic—religion and politics, for instance, must be steered clear of. And there is another whole class of subjects which are generally supposed to make the very life and soul of good conversation, but which, I confess, seem to me almost useless, if not worse. I mean questions of taste. The very ancient proverb, “*De gustibus non disputandum*” (“there is no arguing about tastes”), ought surely to convince us of this. For just consider what “taste” means, if it has any meaning of value at all, in our own case. Our “tastes,” in men, or books, or music, or scenery, or whatever it be, if they are worthy of the name, were not formed yesterday, and they belong to the very depths of our individuality. We have a kindred proverb, “There is no accounting for tastes.” Of course there is not; they are part of a hidden life, which no one knows, not even ourselves—our heredity, our early associations, our education, besides all those casual and indirect influences that have been all our life around us. These tastes alter, doubtless, with many of us, if we are worth anything. Taste is cultivated, and most of us can look back with something of dismay at the things we admired and thought the best, say, twenty-five years ago. “For not even the youngest of us are infallible,” as the late Master of Trinity used to say. But then change is gradual, and cannot under any circumstances be accomplished by a *coup de main*. And yet we often hear persons engaged in an argument, say, over a dinner-table, in which these indisputable facts are

quietly overlooked. A gentleman who prizes his “Thackeray,” let us say, discovers that a gentleman opposite prizes only his “Dickens.” In both cases the taste is the formation of years, and has its roots in the “abyssal depths of personality.” And yet you will hear these two well-intentioned men arguing over the relative claims to admiration of their favorites, with the idea, presumably, that they can convert one another in the course of ten minutes’ converse. *O, sancta simplicitas!* And the same remark applies to those who do not invite argument, but only information, under such limited and precarious circumstances. Some persons have no perception of what *can*, and what *cannot*, be attained in conversation, and will ask you questions requiring a month or two to consider, and then another month or two to answer, between the courses at a dinner party! I remember once a lady I sat next to asking me suddenly: “Canon Ainger, what is your opinion of Carlyle?” Well, I hope I have been decently brought up, so I did not make the rejoinder which would have best expressed my feelings. I did not reply: “Goodness gracious, madam, how can you ask such a preposterous question under such preposterous circumstances?” (I remember I was just beginning my fish.) For, you see, my neighbor was not even opening a discussion merely—in itself most improper at such a serious moment. She wanted, apparently, an encyclopædia article off-hand; and that, too, without my knowing (a thing in itself most important) the previous history (as a physician would say) “of the case.” But there is a time for everything, the wise man has said, and there are times for discussion and times for conversation, and the two things are far from being the same thing. Conversation is wanted by most people as a healing agency after the rubs and the worries and the

exhaustion of business or domestic cares; and discussion, if it brings mental activity into play, is often just what the overtaxed mind does not seek. An overtaxed body, or an occupation chiefly manual, is no doubt relieved and rested by bringing intellect into play—as the game of chess is often found the best of tonics and alteratives for occupations chiefly mechanical and manual. Change of exercise, rather than cessation of it, is the soul of recreation. You know the old story of the man who would stand up in the pit of a theatre, and would not sit down, in spite of the indignant cries of "Down in front!" "Turn him out!" "Let him alone," exclaimed an Irishman in the rear; "let him alone! It's only a tailor resting himself!" And we are all of us, in this respect, "tailors," and want to bring into play in our hours of social enjoyment just those muscles, so to speak, which we have not been using during the day. But then for most of us, in this fast-living, over-exhausting modern life, we need (carrying on the metaphor) to "sit down" rather than to "stand up"; and with this end, discussion, or rather antagonism, in conversation is almost always a mistake. When we recall the discussions on matters of taste at which we have been present, we shall recall as the happiest and most profitable those in which the company were in the main agreed. For no discussions about taste (supposing they leave matters, as they always do, just as they were before) can end in any other way than that of showing that A. thinks but poorly of B.'s taste, and B. very meanly of A.'s. Neither is converted, and neither made more amiable in the ineffectual process; for the literary or artistic Ethiopian cannot so change his skin. But, on the other hand, intelligent agreement—how it opens hearts and warms them, and brings people closer together! "So monotonous!" do

you rejoin? "no interest where all are agreed." Ah, just try it where the agreement, at least, is real, and not merely the result of both parties following the same fashion. Listen how a guest who genuinely loves some painter, some musician, some writer—a Frederick Walker, a Schubert, a Miss Austen—who has, perchance, long remained silent, and seemed inert or anti-social—notice how his shyness is overcome, his mind fertilized, his heart warmed, by the chance mention in an appreciative way of his favorite by some one in the company. And if two or three more join in, observe how people are by degrees brought out of their reserve and suspicion. One cites his own favorite drawing, or song, or novel; another quotes a passage or character which others have forgotten; and so they are all made happier by the discovery that they are not alone in their judgment and their liking; and this is very well worth noting, because, on the first blush, it contravenes what many of us have come to think axiomatic—namely, that the chief interest and profit are to be got out of what they call the "conflict of minds"—that it is difference of opinion, not agreement, that promotes good conversation. Argument, in my experience, as distinguished from discussion, fighting, too, for victory, and in defence of one's own ingrained opinion, certainly does not generate "sweetness," and I very much doubt if it often promotes "light"—the defeated party, even if he be left in a minority of one, being usually wont to go away, like the jurymen in the story, exclaiming: "The most obstinate eleven men I ever met in my life!"

And, indeed, this brings one to consider the great importance in conversation of the presence of some one leader, or rather "moderator" (as the admirable Scottish phrase has it), who has by right of his position (that of

host or hostess for example) to watch, and by the exercise of skill or tact at once to keep conversation going, and to preserve it from degenerating into endless and useless argument. It is the office of the pointsman, rather than the engine-driver, that is so important. For while it is very necessary (for the happiness of all parties) that a conversation should not flag, it is almost as necessary, in moments of danger, to know how to "shunt" the conversation on to some safer or more profitable line. Great responsibility therefore attaches to the head of a table; or whoever is master of the situation by courtesy. And this is why, as was long ago discovered, a dinner party to be good for anything (beyond the mere enjoyment of the menu) should neither be too large nor too small. Some forgotten genius laid it down that the number should never be less than that of the Graces, nor more than that of the Muses, and the latter half of the epigram may be safely accepted. Ten as a maximum, eight for perfection, for then conversation can be either dialogue, or spread and become general, and the moderator has not a larger team than he can profitably watch over. It is the dinner party of sixteen to twenty that is so terrible a risk, especially when no thought has been bestowed upon the mixture of this human salad, and when the most social and communicative person may find himself wedged in, and helpless, between two "too, too solid" pieces of flesh, neither of whom will "rise" (if I may be allowed to mix my metaphors) to any "fly" that may be thrown over them. But I feel I am here drifting on to a siding, and must "shunt" on to the main line.

For you will be asking impatiently what then *is* conversation, if it is not "talking," and if it is not argument? Well, remember that I distinguished argument from discussion. Discussion

is, I admit, the life of conversation; argument is often its death. The fault of most discussions is that talkers are not content with them, but will insist on forcing them to divisions, to a taking of votes. The Dean of Westminster¹ recently set an admirable example in this matter, at the Abbey meeting on the coal strike. He said: "Gentlemen, we are here to exchange thought, to supply information, to hear arguments, and thus to help ourselves and each other to more light on the question; but we are not here for the merely exasperating purpose of winning a victory over others, and so we will not divide on the points raised." Accordingly those who had come thirsting for one another's blood did not like it. Now, to compare great things with small, the fallacy which the Dean detected and resisted is just that which wrecks so many conversations. The talkers want a vote taken, instead of being content with the contribution of facts and ideas, illuminating and fertilizing in the end, according to their value, but not obliging any one to go away either conqueror or conquered. But already there will have occurred to you the obvious objection to all this, that I am assuming that conversations for the most part have anything illuminating or fertilizing about them. You will say, and with reason, that we can't all be clever, or learned, or well informed, or have the gift of producing our best at a moment's notice. Conversation must be for the most part on commonplace topics, and conducted by average people. Is there any art in this latter case? Are there any principles that can be learned and applied, and so help us all to any higher ground or more fruitful results in the matter? Principles, perhaps, but certainly not rules. Conversation cannot be got up and materials provided to order. Yet I believe, strange to say, that there are

¹ The late Dean of Westminster.

little books published, and much resorted to in some circles, which profess to supply dialogue for the use of bashful ladies and gentlemen who mistrust their own originality: "openings," in fact, similar to those in chess, giving the first two or three moves to each side, and then leaving them, their nervousness being so far removed, to continue on their own responsibility afterwards. But this, you will all agree, is to add a new terror to society. Better, far better, a spontaneous observation (if not abnormally silly) than the most carefully framed sentence out of a book. "An ill-favored thing," Touchstone pleaded with regard to poor Awdrey, "but mine own." Better even, which is going a long way, the unprofitable chat which is reported of such society as is drawn, I have no doubt with a great deal of truth, in that delectable romance called "Dodo." For it at least teaches us, as the drunken helot taught the Spartans, what to avoid. And this reminds one how alike the conversation of fashionable circles (sometimes called good society) is in all times. Originality it has none, the great point being, never to be serious, and to indulge in continual repartee, called by men smartness, but by the gods vulgarity. I dare say some of my audience know Swift's famous "Polite Conversations"; for though few people, alas! know that great genius at first hand, still many read Thackeray, and will recall certain extracts introduced by him into his lecture on Swift, in his lectures on the Queen Anne writers. Critics (it seems to me) have generally mistaken the point of these conversations. They appear to any one coming to them for the first time as if the gallant company assembled—Miss Notable, Lord Sparkish, Tom Neverout, and the rest—did nothing but talk in proverbs, and the reader wonders if such a state of things ever existed, and what Swift

meant to satirize. Well, the reader is not far out. A proverb or "nay-word" does not come into the world a proverb. Lord John Russell called a proverb "the wit of one, and the wisdom of many"; but with regard to slang (which is, as it were, a temporary or limited proverb) the definition has been thus amended: "the idiocy of one, and the vulgarity of many." The resource of those who are without invention, or don't care for the trouble of thinking, has always been to repeat, as occasion serves, what they have heard and laughed at elsewhere. Hence current sayings have the tendency to harden and crystallize into by-words; and I remember the first time I ever read Swift's "Polite Conversations," my surprise and delight at finding that the dining and drawing room facetiae of Miss Notable and her friends were already familiar to me, I having heard many of them from my nurse when I was a child. I did not, of course, know then that these downstair vulgarisms had once been the staple of upstair fashionable converse. When we children, I remember, used to ask our nurse, with infantile frankness, how old she was, she used to reply: "As old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth." And it was not till long afterwards that I learned how Miss Notable employed the same evasive device in answering Mr. Tom Neverout. The phrase had once, that is to say, known better days, but had come down in the world. It is so that fashions descend, whether in garments or in speech. Sixty years ago our grandfathers in the best society talked of "theay-ter" and "cow-cumber"; to-day such a pronunciation makes us shudder, recalling too painfully Mary the housemaid, or Mrs. Gamp. And even so, the by-word, the slang (for it is nothing else) descends, and fresh slang takes its place. For there is a slang quite other than what we hear in the streets,

but none the less slang; for slang is only somebody else's foolishness (often no doubt at starting a droll foolishness) borrowed and used by every one else. Well, Swift's method of producing his effects is this. He had jotted down during many years these flowers of speech, as he heard them used, and then composed his dialogues as if ordinary conversation consisted exclusively of such phrases, as if everybody in turn used nothing else, as if the conversational pudding were entirely plums (such as the fruit is). You remember the style, and how ludicrous and contemptible the social flow is made by this means to appear, which is just what Swift intended.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Lord Sparkish meeting Colonel Atwit.

Colonel. Well met, my Lord.

Lord Sparkish. Thank ye, Colonel. A parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in heaven. When did you see Tom Neverout?

Colonel. He's just coming toward us. Talk of the devil—

Neverout comes up.

Colonel. How do you do, Tom?

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Colonel. I hope you are never the worse: but, pray, where's your manners? Don't you see my Lord Sparkish?

Neverout. My Lord, I beg your Lordship's pardon.

Lord Sparkish. Tom, how is it that you can't see the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

Neverout. Why, my Lord, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good; for it gives me the honor of seeing your Lordship.

Colonel. Tom, you must go with us to Lady Smart's to breakfast.

Neverout. Must! Why, Colonel, must's for the King.

[*Colonel offering, in jest, to draw his sword.*]

Colonel. Have you spoke with all your friends?

Neverout. Colonel, as you are stout be merciful: &c., &c., &c.

Well, odd and vulgar as it all is, it is a little startling to reflect how like, *mutatis mutandis*, it all is to what is called conversation in certain circles after a hundred and fifty years. The constant use of hackneyed allusions, of what was then called raillery and is now known as "chaff," of what once was called rudeness and is now termed smart, and of second-hand thoughts clothed in second-hand language. A clever satirist who moved much in kindred circles at the present day might, if the game were worth the candle, collect a corresponding body of society phrases, and be equally amusing for those who stand outside and laugh; equally unprofitable for those satirized, for it is the weak side of satire that it has no moral function, no reforming virtue; the persons satirized never read the satire, and wouldn't understand it if they did, or recognize anything in it but ridicule, not of themselves, but of Mr. Smith over the way, or the Miss Robinsons round the corner.

Our clever modern satirists often, indeed, find their best material out of the platitudes or conventionalisms of conversation; their method may seem unlike Swift's, but the difference is really only superficial, in the change of manners and ideas, not in the way of contemplating the human mind or the absence of it. Witness, for instance, Mr. Anstey Guthrie at a wedding.² I fully anticipate the objection that I go on telling what good conversation is *not*, and evade saying what it is. Well, definition is always difficult; and sometimes truth is sooner arrived at by the slower path of eliminating the false. No one can define good converse, but we know it when we have been among it, or discovered its absence. And I think when we have come away from a conversation, our sense of its having been a success,

² "Voces Populi," p. 48.

pleasant and interesting, is somehow bound up with that of certain qualities of heart, rather than of mind, that have helped it to be so. The speakers were kindly and genuine, the reverse of self-obtruding, endowed with tact and skill; and this state of things, rather than the stories we laughed at, or the new information we gained, remains as the dominant impression. "It was not dull," we decided, "although not very brilliant." Perhaps we might venture on a paradox, and substitute "It was not dull, just because it was not very brilliant." A conversation may easily be spoiled by the redundancy of this quality, whether it be the ebullitions of the original wit, or the stories of the inveterate *raconteur*. For, as to the former, his quality, even if rare, is a failure if it is anything more than a flavor to the discourse. We know how depressing a thing the jest-book is to read; and it is no less depressing when it has to be listened to. Even epigrams must have some intervals between them, if they are to be enjoyed. I remember (if you will forgive a personal detail), as a child, our family dining with some intimate friends one Christmas Day, when the daughters of the house, who were supposed to have a talent that way, had made the pudding with their own hands. It came to table, fine in color, if not in consistency, and every one tasted and said, "A wonderful pudding, but surely much too rich." And so it was, not because of what was there, but because of what was missing. The young ladies had forgotten the flour! Even so, many a dinner-table talk is ruined because the "flour" is omitted, the harmless, wholesome, tasteless, farinaceous nucleus which ought to form the restful and moderating influence in all conversation, leaving the intermittent sultana and the occasional allspice, to say nothing of the solid suet and the pervasive cognac, to provide the

flavor and the stimulant. And then there is the teller of stories, a welcome ingredient, indeed, if only they are not told at too great length, and are fairly fresh. Here, again, all social virtues are needed as a mitigating element—tact, and the quick observation of when the hearer is getting tired, lest he retort, as was once done: "Yes. I have known that story ever since it was an anecdote!" And fairly fresh too. A single anecdote in an evening that is new to the company, as well as possessing other merit, is more exhilarating than a dozen which have too often done duty before. And I have myself known what it is to sit with others round a friend's "mahogany tree," to feel too bitterly that the appropriate wood for that tree was not mahogany—but chestnut!

"Take care of the heart," then, I would almost say, to those who aim, not at shining, but at being pleasant in conversation, "Take care of the heart, and the intellect will take care of itself." For the art of conversation is closely bound up with the deeper, wider art of giving pleasure. We have to cultivate first (and happily this can be cultivated) the art of "give and take." The art which grows out of Chaucer's immortal description of the true scholar, "Gladly would he learn and gladly teach." Modesty, forbearance, kindness, tact—the desire to please and the desire to be pleased—will tell in the long run against mere brilliancy, or the parade of information; still more against the affectation of universal scepticism and universal cynicism which wrecks human intercourse in so many companies in these days. Genuine cynicism is a bad enough thing, but it asks pity as well as condemnation at our hands; but the mock cynicism, the unreal sort, taken up for effect and as a fashion, asks no forbearance or toleration; the careless talk of men who, as a friend of mine hap-

pily put it, are like those cynics who are as old as the days of King David, but with a difference, for these "grin like a dog," but "run about" the West-end.

If the "art of conversation" cannot be taught from books, can it be taught any other way? How are we to train the rising generation, for instance, to be good and acceptable talkers as they grow older, seeing that there is one thing which we certainly cannot give them if Nature has denied it, and that is "brains"? Well, you know that bachelors' children are proverbially well brought up, and therefore you will be disposed to give particular attention to what I say on this head! I am aware that in different homes different and even opposite counsels prevail. In one house, the future member of society is told from the earliest age that young people must be seen and not heard, and "that way lies" that engaging silence which so often charms foreigners as being so distinctively English. "Silence," Heine once defined, you know, as "une conversation Anglaise." In another house, the young candidate for social success is encouraged from the first to take his full share in whatever is under discussion. "Don't sit glum and say nothing; assert yourself." Both instructions, of course, are right, if properly blended. As the wise man said, "there is a time to speak and a time to be silent." But far better than maxims (here, as always) is the cultivation of those golden qualities which together make up a better education than all university extension lectures can furnish—unselfishness, tact, modesty, and discretion. Knowledge and information doubtless are one's stock-in-trade as to matter. To know some-

thing fairly well—accurately, but not too accurately—makes one acceptable in any society. Accuracy must not be pressed too far. Some one has said that "accuracy" is the bane of conversation, and in any case, I would earnestly warn the young, if any one in their company refers to an incident as having happened on August 17, 1853, by no means to stop him because they happen to know it was on the 18th. But of all knowledge self-knowledge is the most useful, because that will tell you when you don't know anything of the subject before the meeting, as well as when you do. But, first and foremost of all things, banish pedantry, and believe that conversation that always aims at fostering "useful knowledge" is a terrible misfortune. Let it wander at its own sweet will! One has heard hard-hearted pedants even attempt to formulate a law that all rational conversation (awful phrase!) ought to be about things—subjects—and not on persons. Not on persons! When we know on such high authority that the proper study of mankind is man, and "gossip" is simply that very study conducted, so to speak, in dressing-gown and slippers. Ladies and gentlemen, you see I am settling nothing, taking votes on nothing, only throwing out a few suggestions for you, if I deserve such a compliment, to take home and think over. And so, as I have now for an hour given you (what the profane gentleman said of certain discourses elsewhere) "so much talking without contradiction," I beg to come down from the pulpit and ask you not to put any question, but to "resolve yourselves into a committee of the whole House."

CONSOLATION.

Sometimes the ships that pass in the night speak sad little messages in passing, and I think one is often reminded of this on a voyage, where perhaps more than anywhere else one seems to get an intimate message from one's fellow men—a personal note sounding across the waters of life, before the darkness swallows up the little craft again and one never sees it more.

I was reminded of this very strongly on a voyage out to India, when I met Mrs. Jefferson for the first and last time.

She was the usual little washed-out Anglo-Indian lady whom one used to meet by the score on board the P. and O. steamers—thin and fragile-looking, and dressed in the fashion of two or three years ago. Nowadays, when ladies are able to come back to England nearly every hot weather, and Mama's visit is looked upon as part of the pleasant summer holidays by little boys at school, women of the type of Mrs. Jefferson are not so often seen. But at the time I speak of it was not an unusual thing for a lady to remain in India with her husband for seven or eight years at a stretch, while now and again a little dark-eyed sallow-faced baby would be sent home in the care of an ayah to the tender mercies of some almost unknown relative, or to some struggling country clergyman in England who boarded Indian children.

I suppose it would be unpardonable to compare the expression of a woman's eyes with those of a cow—the simile perhaps suggests something mild, ruminating, and rather stupid. But for myself, the prevailing expression which I find in the eyes of a cow is that of defrauded motherhood. And Mrs. Jefferson's eyes had exactly the same expression.

She was a woman of not more than thirty-five years of age, and she had spent fourteen years of married life in India. She had seen three of her children buried in an unhealthy station, and had been to England once, seven years before, to take two little girls home to be educated. It was on her return voyage from visiting her children that I met Mrs. Jefferson.

There is, I think, an essential solitude about life on the sea which inclines men and women to a closer communion with one another than is possible under almost any other circumstances. And this is especially the case on a voyage in a passenger ship, when the eyes of many are still wet with the tears of parting, and when perhaps the desolate solitude of the sea is felt for the first time. Unconsciously the souls of men and women protest against the fear of it, and call to each other for a friendly answering voice, as children, beset by the fear of darkness, will call to one another in the night time.

The absence of familiar occupation, and the strangeness of one's environment, increase in large measure the loneliness of shipboard life; while the limited space of the vessel and the magnetism which is engendered by living in companies, quickly discover an antidote to it in sudden friendships, in flirtations, and in confidences which are far more intimate than are ever dreamed of in the familiar surroundings of life on shore.

I should probably never have known Mrs. Jefferson had it not been that she was put into a very uncomfortable cabin already occupied by three other ladies. I was in the Purser's room one day, and heard her ask diffidently if another cabin might be given to her.

And something helpless and sad about the little woman induced me to exert myself on her behalf, and to persuade Mr. Tipping, with whom I have made many a pleasant voyage, to provide more comfortable quarters for her.

She was pathetically grateful for the little service, and indeed she was one who seemed neither to demand nor to obtain attentions of any sort. Once upon a time Mrs. Jefferson may have been pretty, but her beauty, if she ever possessed it, had long ago faded, and she probably looked older than she really was.

Later on, when the passengers had divided themselves into cliques, or pairs, or little companies, I found myself, for no particular reason, generally sitting beside Mrs. Jefferson on deck, or taking a walk with her before dinner. She was so much less aggressive than most of the women on board, and demanded so much less attention, that it was restful to a lazy man like myself just to sit quietly by her deck chair, share my books and newspapers with her, and enjoy my evening cigar by her side. Mrs. Jefferson did not object to smoking: she seemed indeed so diffident, so humble and unexacting that I found myself wondering what the man must be like who was her husband, and hoping that he was not a selfish brute, who sat upon the little woman. She was not communicative, and I found out very little about her during our long chats. Perhaps I am egotistical and talk a good deal about myself when I get a patient listener. Be that as it may, I gleaned nothing of Mrs. Jefferson's own history from her, and at last I determined to ask the captain of the ship if he knew anything about her.

"It is odd that you should ask me that," said Captain Hargreaves, "for it was only to-day that I began to recall Mrs. Jefferson to my recollection. I have so many ladies travelling with me

on these voyages that I cannot remember one-tenth of them even by sight. But she told me her maiden name this morning, and said that she had travelled out with me once before, and I recollect the circumstances immediately."

Sea captains are proverbially fond of talking, and Captain Hargreaves was no exception to the rule. He offered me an excellent cigar, and having lit one himself, he went on—

"She was going out to India to be married to this man Jefferson, and a very pretty girl she was in those days, though one would hardly guess it now to look at her—one gets accustomed to that sort of thing on board these P. and O. vessels—one year a pretty girl with pink cheeks and her lover's photograph on her cabin table, going out to be married and to be happy ever afterwards. And a few years later, the same girl with all the roses washed out of her cheeks, bringing home a little boy or girl to say good-bye to them in England, and to go back to some plantation in the hills, where perhaps her husband's is the only white face she sees for most days in the year."

"Yet they'll continue to go while the world lasts," said I. "I hope Jefferson was the right sort of man?"

"So far as I can hear," said Captain Hargreaves, "he is very much the reverse! He got into some trouble over a business affair, and lost a good billet down in Calcutta; then he came into a little bit of money, and bought a tea plantation somewhere in the back of beyond. But he was always something of a bounder I fancy, and his misfortune, as men of Jefferson's type always call their misdoings, soured him. He took to drink I believe, and this little woman doesn't have the best of times with him. She has got children at home and has lost several others out in India."

Naturally one avoided the subject of

Mr. Jefferson ever afterwards when talking to his wife, and I heard nothing about him till the very last day of the voyage.

It was horribly hot weather—quite exhausting for ladies. Mrs. Jefferson had been confined to her cabin for some days with a bad attack of fever and headache. She looked pathetically small and weak when she came on deck again, and curled herself up in my big deck chair which I had prepared with cushions for her, giving me at the same time a look so full of gratitude that it was enough to make any decent white man feel ashamed of himself.

She was quieter than ever that evening, as she and I sat on deck together in the dark. Youths and maidens, and gray-haired warriors and plucky British matrons, strolled up and down the deck in front of us, while the vessel's great engines throbbed and the water swished and slapped against the huge sides of the ship. Mrs. Jefferson usually turned in early, but she said she was tired of her cabin after so many days in bed, and that the fresh air did her good. The rest of the passengers began to go below, card-tables were put away, the principal electric lights were put out, but still Mrs. Jefferson sat in the deck chair, looking small and weak amongst the pillows, and I took it into my head suddenly that she wanted to say something to me, but that speech was difficult to her, and in a flash I knew intuitively that she had learned the silence which so many women have to learn.

"I want to thank you," she said at last. "for all your goodness to me on this voyage." Her voice was so low and gentle that I had to lean forward to catch exactly what she said, and as I did so, she laid her hand in mine. "Perhaps you don't know," she said slowly, "quite what your friendship has been to me."

I stumbled, and said something bald and stupid in response, and Mrs. Jefferson went on:

"For seven years I have lived for nothing but this visit home to England. When anything in my life was a little disappointing, I always said to myself, 'I have the children to go back to.' And every week I had their precious, foolish little letters, which told me so little and kept me hungering to see them."

"It must have been awful having to leave them again," I said, and in the dark I took again the little hand which had lain in mine.

"They were so fond of me," said Mrs. Jefferson, still in the same halting fashion, like one who speaks an unfamiliar language. "I mean when they were little things. I do not think quite tiny children could ever have been more fond of their mother. And,"—she hesitated for a moment, and said, with so much difficulty that it seemed almost like cruelty to allow her to proceed—"I always thought they would remember me, although they were so little." She paused again, and went on: "You mustn't think that I was silly about them, or that I expected too much. . . . I always thought that at first they might be a little bit shy of me. . . . But they didn't even know me, and they were certainly disappointed in me. . . . One of them was five years old when I said good-bye to her. Now she is a school-girl of thirteen. . . . Her only photograph of me was taken long ago, so it is no wonder that she didn't know me."

I did not fill in the pause by any banal remark.

"They have been brought up in a very prim household," went on the gentle voice, "in which love, I fear, is not a thing that is reckoned with or encouraged. They rather despised me for laughing and crying over them when we met, and—it is only natural, of

course—all their little confidences were for the people who brought them up, and all their ways of thinking are their ways and not mine. One of my little girls, I found, is not a very truthful child, and the other, when I asked her what she would like best to do seemed more content at home."

"But you made friends and got over all that before you left?" I said encouragingly.

"If only I had had a little more time!" said Mrs. Jefferson.

It would have been so much better for her if she could have wept. She locked her thin hands together, and said with a sort of wail in her voice—"If only I had had a little more time!"

After a while she went on quite quietly, and told me that her husband had sent for her to return to him, and she had been obliged to leave the children.

"Of course a man wants his wife in a solitary life like ours," she went on, excusingly. "And so I said good-bye to them. . . . I don't think any one was very sorry when I came away."

The decks were quite deserted now.

Temple Bar.

To-morrow they would be alive with passengers preparing to leave the ship, and friends meeting friends from Bombay, and ship's officials, and hurrying agents, and perspiring stewards. Tonight they were quite deserted save for Mrs. Jefferson and me.

"We live quite an isolated life at the tea garden," she said presently, "but I left a little dog there of which I am very fond. . . . I am afraid you will think me very morbid and imaginative," she added in her deprecatory little way, "but I think I have based all my possibilities of bearing things, upon the question of whether or not my dog knows me again and is glad to see me."

I still held Mrs. Jefferson's hand in mine, and now I raised it to my lips and kissed it. "You will let me know," I said huskily, and found to my surprise that I could not say more.

"Yes, I will let you know," said Mrs. Jefferson.

And one day I got a little note from her which said: "The dog knew me," and that was all.

S. Macnaughtan.

HOME FROM BATTLE.

Here at the good king's tent stand I—
All the night is in the sky.
To-morrow, I trow, in battle I die.
There as I wait, stark, cold, and dumb,
Shall Brian and Denis and Roland come;
And find me, and lift me, and carry me home.
Three days will the journey be
These dear comrades must carry me—
I shall be home at the end of the three.
At sundown, marching the first long day,
Shall they desire to make their stay
In a strong house beside the way;
But the lord of that house shall ask and know,
I, the dead man, am his mortal foe—

And he shall drive us from him so.
 And the second day, by moonlight clear,
 To a castle once more shall we draw near;
 And men will ask: "Whom have ye here?"
 There she, who is queen of all the land—
 My lady will by me stand;—
 Will lift above me her tender hand!
 When, with sad voice, they answer make,
 Pale for pity will be her cheek;—
 But she will not know whose name they speak.
 Then with the dawn we forth shall fare;
 And when the high stars shining are,
 Me through my father's gates shall they bear.
 By the pit side shall crouch my hound
 As they lay me in the ground—
 There I think to sleep full sound!

Florence Hayllar.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

BY VISCOUNTESS BARRINGTON.

The disorganization of domestic service has so seriously affected home comforts and social life in recent years, that no apology is necessary for dealing again with a subject which has already attracted a considerable amount of attention. Yet in reviewing the domestic situation, the causes of the evil and its possible cure, extremes are to be avoided. The growing unpopularity of domestic service must be taken into account as a new element in the situation by those who maintain that this is but a passing phase of no serious import; while those who foretell in present difficulties the extinction of the servant race, and a further sign of the degeneracy of the English people, will be interested to hear of a domestic crisis of equal magnitude occurring more than a hundred and fifty years ago. Literature of that period abounds with instances of the insolence of English servants, and of their independence of their masters,

whose service they left on the slightest provocation. In some respects the position was worse then than it is now. We are told that "at the entrance of the Law Courts and the Parliament, a host of servants kept up such riotous and licentious confusion that one would think there were no such things as rule or distinction among us," while the custom of sending footmen to keep their masters' places at the play, during the first Act, resulted in such constant disorder in the galleries (where the servants retired and claimed admission free on the arrival of their masters), that they were eventually expelled from Drury Lane Theatre in 1737; not, however, until a riot had taken place in which about twenty-five people were seriously injured, and which the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales was unable to restrain.

The evil was evidently a national one, of sufficient importance to attract

the attention of foreign travellers. A Portuguese who visited England in 1730, thus reviews the situation:

As to the common and menial servants (of London) they have great wages, are well kept and clothed, but are notwithstanding, the plague of almost every house in town. They form themselves into societies, or rather confederacies, contributing to the maintenance of each other when out of place, and if any of them cannot manage the family where they are entertained as they please, immediately they give notice they will be gone. There is no speaking to them, they are above correction.

In a letter to the *Spectator* of that time, Philo Britannicus writes:

There is one thing in particular, which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is the general Corruption of Manners in the Servants of Great Britain. I am a Man that have travelled and seen many Nations, but have for seven Years past resided constantly in London or within twenty miles of it. In this Time I have contracted a numerous Acquaintance among the best Sort of People, and have hardly Found one of them happy in their Servants. This is a matter of great Astonishment to Foreigners and all such as have visited Foreign Countries, especially since we cannot but observe that there is no Part of the World where Servants have those Privileges and Advantages as in England. They have nowhere else such plentiful Diet, large Wages or indulgent Liberty. There is no Place where they labor less, and yet where they are so little respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change their Masters.

The writer concludes the letter by asking for "observations that we may know how to treat these Rogues." The Editor in his reply observes that his correspondent's complaints "run wholly upon Men Servants" and traces the evil to "the Custom of giving Board Wages, which leads them to fre-

quent Clubs and Taverns or to eat after their Masters and then reserve their Wages for other Occasions." Hence, he observes, it arises

that they are but in a lower Degree what their Masters are and usually affect an imitation of their Manners. It is a common Humor among the retinue of People of quality when they are in their Revels, that is, when they are out of their Masters' Sight, to assume in a humorous Way the Names and Titles of those whose Liveries they wear.

In this respect we note a continuity of servant custom to the present day, for in large houses, as we are all aware, the domestics still take precedence in the sacred precincts of the housekeeper's room according to the social position of their masters and mistresses.

But historians of that period attribute the evil then existing to other causes: notably to the attendance of servants upon their mistresses in the great scenes of fashionable dissipation and to the immunity from arrest for debt enjoyed by servants of Peers equally with their masters, and above all to the system of Vales then prevailing in England. This system had in those days reached exaggerated dimensions, and was a severe tax on those of slender means who, as well as the more opulent, were expected to lavish handsome gifts on the servants of their host in attendance upon them at table. It is said that a foreigner of distinction would spend as much as ten guineas in this way in one evening, and that "no feature of English life seemed more revolting to foreigners than an English entertainment, when the guests, often under the eyes of the host, passed from the drawing-room through a double row of servants, each one of them expecting and receiving his fee." It is this custom, abolished about the middle of the eight-

teenth century, which is of special interest to the student of the servant problem, as producing a curious similarity in the position then and now. For, as writers of that time attribute the serious disorganization then existing, partly to social influences, but chiefly to this system of Vales, which rendered servants absolutely independent of their masters, so now it is recognized that apart from various phases of the moment which probably accentuate the evil, the root trouble of the present domestic crisis is found in the unpopularity of domestic service and the consequent deficiency in the required number of servants. These are thus again rendered independent of their masters, and are enabled practically to command the situation and to dictate terms to their employers. The incentive to earn a good character is weakened, the folly of leaving a good situation for insufficient reasons is not clearly perceived, when there is the consciousness that, owing to the fact that the supply does not equal the demand, another situation can always be obtained. And the effects are seen in other ways. Incompetent servants and those with indifferent characters can now command situations not open to them in days of greater competition. A mistress is forced to condone all but the most serious offences, aware that while the servants she parts with for inefficiency will immediately secure other and perhaps better situations, she may herself change considerably for the worse. Here again there is a notable likeness in the position in earlier and later days. Gonzales, the Portuguese traveller previously quoted, writes: "It is a common saying If my servant ben't a thief, or if he be but honest, I can bear with other things, and indeed it is very rare to meet in London with an honest servant."

Few will deny that the present crisis almost equals in magnitude that of

earlier times. The difficulties of well ordering a household are evident when work must be carried out according to servants' theories rather than the mistresses' views, and when servants will leave on the merest pretext not with the legitimate object of bettering their position but because a place is dull or they require a change. The experiences of those wishing to set up an English establishment in these days most clearly illustrates the domestic difficulty. Interviews in which the mistress is far more interviewed than interviewing, and inquiries on the part of applicants for the situation as to numbers in family, servants kept and visitors allowed, clearly show there are more situations to fill than there are servants to fill them. Questions from the lady's maid as to the ultimate destination of the wardrobe; minute inquiries of the housemaid as to Sunday and week-day outings, accompanied by a distinct proviso against opening the door in the butler's absence, prove that the final decision whether the girl enters the situation rests rather with her than with the mistress, while the terms dictated by kitchen maid and footman, where no scullery maid or hall boy is kept, are only credible when it is remembered that this class of servant is almost impossible to procure. Till at length, harassed by cross-examination when any duty not quite congenial to the candidate leads to the frank avowal the situation will not suit, higher wages are given than the mistress can well afford, greater liberty than she considers advisable, and more help than is necessary as the only way of closing the matter. Nor is this always a final settlement. At the expiration of the fortnight, as likely as not the butler wishes to leave, because the place is not quite what he expected; or the lady's maid, because she cannot possibly remain in a place where there is no "room," or the cook

gives warning because she entirely disapproves of dealing at the Stores, or still more serious, the kitchenmaid must depart because that much-vexed question, the responsibility for cleaning the front door steps, was not fully explained to her when she was engaged. The situation would be farcical were it not so extremely inconvenient. Positions are indeed reversed when the size of a family has to be apologized for when engaging new servants, and the subject of the boys' holidays approached with discretion. What is the latest idea now in vogue with country people who keenly dislike changing their servants, but that the six weeks in a London hotel which fulfils their aspirations for town society, or the couple of months abroad—the more appreciated holiday—should be exchanged for three months in a hired house in the London season, for the sole reason that upper servants will not nowadays remain in a country situation unless they spend part of the year in town.

It is obvious there are gradations of troubles in various households. Wise management, no doubt, lessens the tension between mistress and maid, but even those who have been most successful in the ordering of their houses, and have hitherto kept their servants for years, are sensible of changes in the domestic situation. The chief difficulties are for those in medium-sized establishments, where there is more coming and going, and more entertaining than in earlier days, and but the same staff kept. It is almost impossible in these places to get well trained and single-handed servants of a certain age. In the smaller houses where only two or three servants are kept and work more evenly divided, the closer contact between mistress and maid leads to better relations and more sympathetic interest, though in this class of establishment there is more trouble about Sunday and week-

day outings and enforced abridgment of comforts on the Sunday. Again, difficulties are considerably lessened in the larger country houses and town establishments where the housekeeper, who has probably lived in the family for years, exercises wise supervision and steady control, and where the servants are often the sons and daughters of farmers and laborers on the estate, whose parents, recipients of many kindnesses from their employers, are not likely to listen to trivial complaints or to encourage changes. And here the larger number of servants kept facilitates matters in days when every boy and girl of nineteen or twenty requires another under them to do the rough work.

But if this is the present domestic position, considerable interest attaches to the question, What are the causes which have led to these results? The unpopularity of domestic service has been already referred to as the all-important factor, nor are the reasons for this growing prejudice far to seek. The independent spirit of the age which leads to a marked preference for factory and shop life where the evenings are free, and time after certain hours of work at the individual's disposal, must be chiefly held responsible. Again, the fresh fields of employment open of late years to women, the development of industrial enterprise in large co-operative societies, have drawn considerable numbers from the humbler avocation of domestic service. The sub-committee appointed by the Woman's Industrial Commission to inquire into the "Cause of the Unpopularity of Domestic Service" in March of this year, received an unusual percentage of replies to the schedule of questions addressed on this subject to mistresses, mothers, club dealers, heads of institutions, and to girls employed, thus showing the interest aroused by the inquiries. The sub-committee concludes

an interesting report in the following words: "As a rough summary, it may be stated that there is practical agreement in all replies that the social status of domestic service, the long hours, and lack of personal liberty are the chief causes of its unpopularity. It is a well-recognized fact that in the lower classes servant life ranks far lower than that of shop assistants and other professions. This is perhaps more keenly felt in the country, where servants have fewer friends to associate with, and where the petty tradesmen often carry their prejudice so far as to refuse to attend the dances or social evenings which are patronized by the servants of the smaller houses in the neighborhood. It is also maintained by many that the education now given in our schools unfits the lower classes for the more homely duties of life. A more suitable training would not only prove of far more use in service or other employments, but would be invaluable in the management of the homes of the poorer classes. Again, the emigration of the rural population (from which class servants were largely recruited) to the towns, has led to an appreciation of a city life other than domestic service, and has in this way reduced the sources of supply.

The important part now played by managers of registry offices in the domestic situation must also be taken into account. Though doubtless of use in days of constant changes, these intermediaries have not conduced to promote better relations between employers and employed, substituting as they have done a rigid system of "give and take" for the more friendly and sympathetic arrangement when the mistress engaged the servant without the intervention of a third party. Servants recognize that under this *régime* the good-will of those who procure situations for them is of even more importance than their mistresses' approval, for with the manager

of these agencies in the last resort lies the decision whether they shall be again recommended, while the employer is fully aware that much is now taken out of her own hands, and that a refusal to give a good character must be justified to a self-constituted authority, not always of a competent or impartial character. And there are other obvious disadvantages. The girl who has been provided with a situation on the payment of the usual registry fee, and who is aware that if she leaves at her month another place will be found for her *free of charge*, is less likely to settle down quietly, and more likely to be exacting in her demands, than the servant who has been recommended by friends or who has procured her situation through an advertisement, and is conscious that if she changes she must incur the expense of advertising again. In the same way there are manifest drawbacks in a system by which managers profit by constant changes. It is difficult for managers of these registry offices to resist the temptation of gaining another fee by recommending a girl of indifferent character, more especially when the clients who are clamoring for servants cannot afford to be too particular and occasionally find it convenient to shut their eyes to what has occurred in the last place. Again, there are contributory causes to the present crisis in the luxurious conditions, the pleasure-seeking tone of modern society. No doubt in all ages the different standpoint of birth, education and position from which servants and employers view the same question, necessarily results in totally opposing views of household management. Notably in the question of lavish expenditure and exaggerated generosity which servants have invariably considered redound to their masters' credit; in the cook's inability to dissociate economy from meanness, and the butler's rooted conviction that

the less work he or his master does the more of a gentleman will the one or the other be considered. But it has remained for the social developments of the twentieth century to unfavorably accentuate these historic traditions of servant life, and to seriously affect the domestic situation. Compare the style of living in the present day with that of half a century ago. Fifty years ago the heads of families spent most of their time in their own houses or on their own estates, kept the household together and made a comfortable home for their family and servants. Now, in the restlessness of an age when scientific discoveries have almost abolished distances, country house visits and travelling abroad are the order of the day, and servants are consequently in many cases thrown out of employment every few months, or, what is equally bad for them, left at home on board wages to do nothing. These methods are scarcely favorable to attaching servants to their masters or to inspiring them with consideration for their employers' interests. Fifty years ago, in an age of less pretension and of more simple tastes, the solid comforts of home were first considered, and no reasonable outlay in this direction grudged. Now, in the time of the worship of wealth and of keeping up appearances, things must be skimped in many houses to make a fine show in public, and the larger amount spent in luxury necessitates a tight hand on household expenses. The object lessons thus given are not likely to be overlooked by the silent but observant critics of our social failings, and have not been of advantage in impressing on servants the need of economy or the sinfulness of waste. Again, fifty years ago the more domestic character of family life was not only more conducive to discipline and order in the household, but a better example to the servant class, who can scarcely be ex-

pected to appreciate the longer hours and harder work entailed by modern society demands and entertainments in which they have no share.

And once more, fifty years ago personal supervision was given by the mistress to the management of her house, and personal consideration to the comforts and interests of her servants. Now, in the majority of houses the mistress is too engrossed with society claims, too much occupied with charities other than those of her own household, or, it may be, too intellectual, to spare time and thought for the consideration of the mundane affairs of everyday life. Again, the system of commissions now so prevalent in one form or another must be held responsible for having so far contaminated many of those in responsible household positions, that notions always somewhat hazy as to the legitimacy of perquisites are now lost sight of in pardonable perplexity as to the dividing line between honesty and dishonesty. Here, then, is a somewhat serious indictment of the influences of modern society on the servant question.

If we then find much to account for the domestic disorganization, the solution of the problem how so far to ameliorate conditions as to ensure greater comforts in our homes, the discovery of a *modus vivendi* whereby modern developments of social life and the new aspirations of the servant class can be brought into line and work in harmonious co-operation, remains a yet more difficult matter. In the earlier crisis various reforms led to a gradual improvement, and it is evident that unless some betterment in domestic conditions restores once again the popularity of service, greater simplicity of life, and some restriction of home comforts, will be forced upon us in the necessity as in America of giving far higher wages and of keeping fewer servants, or of living in hotels or flats

where service is provided for the residents. Nor can it be disputed that some improvements are possible. If hours of entertainments cannot be regulated, or gayeties curtailed to ensure lighter work to the servant class, some kindly thought could often save late hours to those who have to work hard the next day, or where this is impossible, the hour's rest now demanded by many in service could be given, as in hotels, where the work is far better done in consequence. And in the case of foreign travel some arrangements are feasible whereby servants are found situations, or provided for in the master's absence. Also, in the matter of Sunday entertaining, so much on the increase of late years, and a real grievance to servants, distinction could surely be drawn between the hospitality due to friends and the entertainments which can be given any other night of the week. Servants view Sunday as a day of rest, either for Church-going or for walking out and keeping company, or most probably both combined. Sunday entertaining deprives them of their one holiday or curtails their liberty on the only day on which their friends are also free. Again, a small amount of expenditure would provide greater comforts in servants' quarters and would give them a home feeling in their master's house, and a motive for order and carefulness.

It is to be regretted that the custom of pensioning old and valued servants has considerably fallen into disuse in recent years. Whether this is the result of the constant changes, or whether the failure adequately to recompense faithful service has partly contributed to these difficulties, it is hard to decide. A share in the profits of a business, the certainty of a pension, have always been determining motives in the choice of a profession, an incentive to hearty co-operation in the work, and a counteracting influence

in any incitement to discontent. Yet it must be acknowledged that the results of experiments in this direction in Germany are not encouraging. In that country the certainty of a provision for old age, the recognition that in the majority of cases the small monthly premium which later entitles to the State pension is voluntarily paid by the employer, has not checked the rapid growth of socialistic principles in the masses, or the growth of discontent in the working and servant class.

And there are practical ways of dealing with the servant problem as it confronts us to-day. The employment of servants would be greatly facilitated were bureaux established where the managers would be in full possession of information concerning characters and references. Homes should be attached where those with good introductions could be received on their arrival and accommodated at a reasonable charge till suited with situations. The scheme could be extended to benefit English men and women servants on the plan of Lady Hope's "Home Club," in Berkeley Street, which combines the advantages of a first-rate registry office and a residential club for men-servants. Registry offices with homes for servants attached, managed by those of good organizing capacity, and actuated chiefly by philanthropic motives, are a great want of the day. Salaries should be unaffected by profits in the business, and no gain made by frequent changes in domestic circles. Smaller fees could then be substituted for the heavy charges now made at registry offices which are a severe tax on servants. Comfortable homes where the charges are moderate would soon become self-supporting, and would be much appreciated by servants who, when changing situations, are often forced to spend their hard-won wages of weeks in expensive and uncomfortable lodgings; while the per-

sonal influence and sympathetic interest of those in charge would do much to break down class barriers and establish better relations between employer and employed.

Again, training colleges for those who will eventually enter domestic service, associated with elementary schools, or schools where training for service is made a special feature of the general education, are much needed. Here girls would receive training for domestic service either in the usual curriculum, or in the separate training establishments, for a year or so after they leave school. Experience teaches that at the comparatively early age of thirteen or fourteen a distaste for domestic service is strongly imbibed by the children of the lower classes, and lady visitors in the East End tell of many cases where girls choose hard work in factories, often entailing physical suffering, in preference to a comfortable place in service. If these girls could be taken from poorer homes, where there are often doubtful surroundings, with probably the willing consent of the parents, at the ages of ten or eleven, to be well educated and later trained for service, the prejudice against menial work would scarcely take deep root. Though free agents later to choose other work if so disposed, it is probable that surrounding influences would guide the inclination in the desired direction. Here again the friendships formed would be of much service in after life.

In villages and in the smaller country towns the bias against domestic service among the young people is not so strongly marked, but here the need of training homes is felt in other ways. The mother who cannot afford to keep her children at home after a certain age must necessarily place her girl of fourteen years in a small tradesman's family, as being too young to take a better situation. The busy wife of the

tradesman, and mother very likely of a small family, has often no time to train the girl. In the absence of proper supervision the latter most probably contracts slovenly habits and slipshod ways which often last for life, and having once begun service in this class of household, finds it impossible later to enter a gentleman's family. For these cases the best suggestion would appear to be that several parishes should be affiliated as in nursing home schemes, and one training home used for their mutual benefit.

And in the present domestic situation what openings occur for those whom we are apt to style "poor ladies" but who as daughters of petty farmers, small professional men, or of gentlemen in much reduced circumstances, vary considerably in position in life, and have often insufficient education and teaching capabilities to qualify as governesses or for intellectual work? Many mistresses would thankfully employ any capable go-between as a buffer state between her and domestic worries, to keep a check on expenditure, and to devote the time to household tasks which she herself finds it impossible or irksome to give. The incapacity often seen in these women and their lack of training for practical work, combined with the claims frequently advanced to associate on equal terms with the family, are the chief obstacles in the way of their employment as lady housekeepers. It should be possible to arrange that rooms in some of the training colleges should be reserved for ladies wishing to undertake these duties, who, on the payment of a reasonable fee, could be received for some months and instructed in household management. The Shropshire Training College for Women going out to the Colonies is an excellent example of what can be done in this way.

And a further point in the considera-

tion of the social aspect of the servant problem is the necessity of a progressive spirit in the ordering of our households, and the surrender of some long-standing prejudices as to domestic management. The spirit of the times is for independence, and in one form or another it must be conceded. Nor can it be said that this growing independence in the young people of our own rank in life, though somewhat subversive of discipline, has disadvantageously affected their character or hindered their success in life. In the same way when reflected in the lower classes, though extremely inconvenient at times, it need not necessarily denote the hopeless degeneration of domestic servants and disaster in our households, but rather indicates the newer lines on which guidance must be given and rule administered. Again, we recognize that the love of finery and the craving for amusement natural to all young people has been much intensified by modern conditions. Can we then expect that one class alone should escape the contagion, or maintain that what is excusable in the one is altogether reprehensible in the other? The mistress who by kindly commendation of some pretty article of attire shows she is not altogether averse to anything pretty or tasteful for the servant class goes the right way to restrain the taste for gaudy finery, and, let us hope, to check the weakness for strings of false pearls and sham jewellery with which many under-servants are now decked. The servant who is aware that harmless amusement is not disapproved at headquarters is far more likely to consider her mistress's opinion as to where she should go, and what she should do, and instinctively to avoid what she feels would be objected to, than the girl whose employer is steadily opposed to any recreation. And much can be done in other ways by showing faith in good intentions and

in honesty of purpose, in looking for a good example and in consulting those who are in a position of trust in our households. Confidence coupled with wise supervision may be occasionally betrayed, but will be the more generally justified. The recognition on the part of upper servants that their co-operation is looked for in the right ordering of a house will often call into being the sense of responsibility which qualifies the individual for the post. The feeling that a good influence is looked for will frequently raise the standard of right and wrong and bring the conviction that high ideals are possible even in domestic service. By our treatment of our servants we can show them that their social status is at least by us honored and respected, and, in thus raising their self-respect, do much to lessen the impatience of control and the self-assertion so often the result of a feeling of fancied inferiority. We can bring home to them the dignity of service as consecrated by the Great Exemplar. The respect which all mistresses hope to inspire will not be lessened by the recognition on their part that on certain grounds employer and employed meet on equal terms. And in this connection the words of a great man, though spoken more than twenty years ago, appear peculiarly applicable to a study of the social aspect of the servant question. Addressing a cultivated audience and advocating the "Honor of Humanity," he says:

In the days which are opening on us we shall find this social spirit, eminently Christian and ever obligatory as it is, nothing less than a political necessity. If in the new distribution of power among our countrymen in years to come we are to escape from collisions of class with class, it must be under God by an earnest effort on the part of those who represent the higher order of society to cultivate and to practise a deeper and more earnest respect for human beings as such. It is

upon your determination in this matter more than upon that of any other classes in this country that our future depends. In the absence of this spirit, an old society like that of England based on feudal and Tudor traditions must obviously have much to fear, with its increase we have assuredly everything to hope.

The National Review.

Words of weighty significance, of timely warning, a strong incentive, apart from higher considerations, to the exercise of the true charity wherein it may be lies, in present difficulties, one of the possible solutions of the Servant Problem.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.—VII. OF AN OFFICER'S PATROL.

The subaltern commanding the officer's patrol was well satisfied with his day's work. And he had right to be, for, after covering forty miles, he had procured all the information required from him. It had been an exceptionally hard day. The country was more or less water-logged, and it had been impossible for him to keep his patrol on the roads. The going had been so bad that the major portion of the journey had been undertaken on foot. Both men and horses were thoroughly tired out, and the subaltern determined to rest for three hours before pushing back to headquarters.

He had reconnoitred right up to Fu-chou from Wa-fang-tien. He and his six troopers had carried out this reconnaissance without firing or drawing a single shot. They had estimated the strength of the Russian forces gathered at Wa-fang-tien, and had made their way back a third of the distance to Pu-lien-tien. For an hour at least they had seen no sign of the Russian screen, and as it was essential to procure a reliable Chinese guide, the subaltern determined to rest in a small village which lay at the extreme end of the valley they had just entered.

He reconnoitred the village with every precaution, and finding it empty, after posting a sentry at the approach by which they had entered, led his patrol up to the chief villager's house.

The village at first seemed to be deserted; but the officer dismounted before the great wooden gates of the chief residence, and, undismayed by the frightful caricatures of the god of war and demons painted on the panels, knocked loudly. The only response for the time being was the barking of dogs inside. But presently the *grille* in the wall chamber to the left of the entrance was pulled aside, and amid the opium fumes emitted, appeared the yellow face of the janitor. It is safe to conjecture that the inmates feared a visit from Cossacks, for as soon as the janitor realized that the wayfarers were Japanese, he immediately slipped to the *grille* cover, and shuffled round to open the ponderous gates.

The great iron-bound doors swung inwards. The patrol dismounted and led their horses into the courtyard within. The Japanese in their manners are polite, but they do not make war with kid gloves; and while the subaltern was engaging the janitor in conversation by means of ideographs, scraped with the point of his sword on the clay floor of the courtyard, the troopers were leading their horses to the byres and regaling the hungry animals. After the subaltern had wasted much effort in trying to make the janitor understand, that worthy finally shook his head and pointed to the house, and then it was, and then

only, that the owner and his two sons appeared. One of the sons had been educated either in Kin-chou or Yin-kow, and in spite of the fact that neither could speak the other's language, yet by means of the Chinese ideographs, which they both understood, the Chinaman and the subaltern were able to converse, if not rapidly, at least intelligibly. The troopers had now tied up their horses, and were grouping round their chief, watching with interest the strange conversation which was taking place. Behind them, through the torn and battered lattices of the women's quarters, could be seen the astonished and wondering faces of the farmers' wives and daughters; while in the doorway half a dozen dirty and ill-clad piccaninnies were gazing with awestruck reverence at the strangely dressed foreigners who had invaded the privacy of their home. The Japanese counts among his many good qualities an unparalleled love for children, and the *sous-officier* of the party seeing the little ones, stepped across and patted their heads, much to the children's astonishment and to the delight of the hysterical women behind the barrier. The dogs, too, had become reconciled to the presence of the strangers, and were proceeding to establish a confidence by nuzzling their boots and spurs after the manner of their kind. It was a scene that a De Neuville might have depicted.

There is an impression in this country that the Japanese soldier, officer and man, is all that is perfection in the fulfilment of his duties. We would hasten to assure the reader that the Japanese are very, very human, and that no mortal is perfect. A Japanese subaltern of cavalry in command of an officer's patrol is just as likely to make grievous errors as the young popinjay of a British Lancer who has entered upon his first campaign. Now there is

one principle which youthful subalterns commanding patrols are very apt to forget—which is, that the first duty of every officer, be he a field-marshall commanding an army or a lance-corporal directing a section, is to give the enemy the credit of being just as astute as himself. Now our subaltern, although he had not seen the sign of a Cossack for hours, had no right to risk the information he had acquired by seeking the hospitality of a village. It was good for his men and horses to be rested and fed; it was essential that he should possess himself of a guide; but it was also obligatory that he should not run the risk of his whole enterprise proving fruitless. There are ways of resting and feeding horses even in moments of dire necessity, and there are ways of securing guides without jeopardizing the whole of your command. It so happened that, although he had posted a sentry to his rear, apprehending that he might have been followed, yet he had failed to place a similar watch at the opposite extremity of the village. This slight oversight was to cost him a heavy penalty; but that is always the way in war.

If it had not been that the old opium-saturated janitor had found occasion to go out through the gates into the street beyond, it is probable that the Japanese headquarters would never have heard of this patrol again. As it was, the old man put his withered head beyond the portico, to view a half sotnia of Cossacks galloping down the street. With more agility than his shambling gait would have suggested, the old man jumped back within the portico and slammed the great gates, fixing bar and bolt,—and just in time, though the Japanese sentry at the far end of the village had seen the hostile forces, and fearing that his comrades would be trapped, fired his carbine, and came galloping down the street shout-

ing at the top of his voice. If it had not been for the old opium-eater, his act of self-sacrifice would have come too late; as it was, the sentry threw himself from his saddle with the intention of selling his life dearly, and doubtless of saving time for his comrades within the Chinese enclosure. But the Japanese are notoriously bad horsemen, and in dismounting his foot never cleared the stirrup, and he was thrown headlong in the mud. A moment later he was surrounded by his enemies, and butchered as he lay.

It did not require a square yard of ideographs to apprise the subaltern of the nature of the surprise. Nor was there a penman left to make the translation; for as rabbits on a warren disturbed by a pedestrian, every Chinaman in the courtyard vanished.

The subaltern threw a rapid glance round the enclosure, and divided his five men into three groups. There were only two spaces where it would be possible to scale the mud walls and these were from the two adjoining roofs, which, as is common in Manchurian villages, prolonged the alignment of the farmer's gable. He therefore placed a man behind each of the inner gates, the cracks of which served as loopholes, and commanded both the salient approaches. The other three he stationed in the portico, for the purpose of sweeping the trees in the adjacent courtyards. He himself, throwing his revolver loose, made for the *grille* in the opium den. Four loathsome figures were lying prostrate on the bench; one of them, who was still sucking at the hideous sputtering tube, glared upwards at the intruder with a vacant stare: the others, saturated with the narcotic, were dead to the world. Hastily seizing a cap from one of these creatures, the subaltern threw off his own shako and covered his head with the noisome head-dress. He threw back the *grille*-

cover and peered out. He had just one second to take in the scene outside, to see the mangled corpse of his trooper lying in the mud, and to estimate the strength of his assailants, before a bullet buried itself in the plaster beside his cheek and filled his eyes with dust. He shut back the cover, and in a moment it was shattered by a second bullet. Back he leapt—back into the courtyard—and joined the three men in the portico.

The Russians were battering at the gates, and in broken Chinese demanding that they should be opened. The Japanese could afford to laugh at this, for the gates of the Manchurian farm-houses are fashioned to prevent the entrance of marauding bandits. The Russians, too, soon recognized this, for the defenders could hear the hurried orders of the officers, and presently a shot from behind one of the inner gates showed that the Russians were reconnoitring from the adjacent courtyards. Whether the shot was successful or not it did not matter, but it had the effect of stopping a movement from that flank. Presently they heard the sound of movement in the next courtyard, and it was evident that the Russians had discovered ladders. The subaltern directed his men to hold their fire until the scalers were body up above the wall.

They had not long to wait. First they saw three flat caps appearing simultaneously, then the muzzles of three carbines, followed by white faces and blue uniforms. Now was the time. The three rifles cracked simultaneously, and the three white faces disappeared instantaneously; again the effort was made, more ladders had been brought, and six faces rose over the level of the wall. The troopers fired, and the subaltern fired his revolver twice; four of the scalers collapsed, but two reached the wall-coping and jumped to the ground. They were followed imme-

dately by others behind them. It looked as though the little party in the portico was about to be overwhelmed. But the Japanese carbine-blocks clicked rapidly; four more shots rang out, and although one more Russian jumped to the ground, there were only two on foot, for one of the first had fallen to his knees. The Cossacks rushed, but carbine and revolver were ready for them, and they dropped in their tracks before they had made a dozen yards. The subaltern went forward, hurriedly reloading his weapon, to see if a *coup-de-grace* were necessary; but he was satisfied in removing their carbines and carrying them back to the portico. No further attempt was made to scale the wall.

Night was now beginning to fall, and the subaltern realized that although he might successfully beat off another attack, yet as long as he remained trapped, there would be no means of getting his information to headquarters. This information was everything,—the actual fate of his patrol mattered not at all. He must formulate some plan. The corn-byres and the inflammable roof of the farmer's dwelling caught his eye. In a moment he came to a decision: he called his *sous-officier* to him, and gave him a paper upon which he had scrawled a rough map, and written his notes during their mid-day halt. His orders were as follows: "We will set fire to these stacks and to the roof of the house; as soon as they are making a good blaze and smoke you will climb over the roof, through the flames if necessary, while we throw open the doors and endeavor to escape, by that means engaging and attracting the enemy. You will get away as best you can with those papers, and deliver them to the colonel before daybreak to-morrow. Trust in the Emperor to help you."

The *sous-officier* looked at him steadily

a moment, and saluting said, "But you, Excellency, will be killed. How can I leave you? We will distract the enemy while your Excellency escapes with the papers."

The subaltern replied, "Brave man, I appreciate your motive; but you have my orders; my orders you cannot disobey."

"But—!"

"My orders you cannot disobey; you have my orders."

The *sous-officier* was reduced to silence: he saluted, and then secreted the papers in his vest.

It was now dark enough, and the *sous-officier* crept back into the opium-den and collected two of the smokers' lamps. With these they set fire to the stable and the corn-ricks. Owing to the wet, for some time the ricks refused to burn; but the troopers pulled out great armfuls of straw from the centre, and in ten minutes the whole of one side of the courtyard was a great roaring sheet of flame. The sparks flew upwards, and the wind, fanning the flames, carried them to the roof of the dwelling. Beneath the tiles the dressing was dry and inflammable; the paper windows and the wooden lattices crackled and burnt like tinder. There was just one point where the *sous-officier* could break through. As soon as he was in position, the subaltern called his remaining four men, and lining them up faced the gateway.

Already they heard the jeering shouts of the Cossacks outside; the wretched Chinese inhabitants, from the men's and the women's quarters alike, were bolting out like driven hares and seeking shelter behind the inner wall. The men were silent, but the women were wailing as they saw their home gutted before their eyes. War is cruel and horrible—it knows no mercy.

The subaltern gave the word, the bolts were pulled back, the bars thrown

over, and the gates clanged open. With the national battle-cry on their lips the handful of devoted little men dashed through the opening. A semi-circle of flashes broke the wall of outer darkness; for perhaps one minute the rifles crackled, and then all was over. . . .

The *sous-officier* delivered the papers at daybreak. It is common history how the Japanese flank-attack marched by way of the Fu-chou road and wrecked Stackelburg's army at Telitz. What does one officer's patrol more or less matter?

THE NAVAL SUB-LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

The restless energy which Makaroff displayed inspired the whole fleet with new hope and new energy, more especially so in the destroyer flotilla. We on the *Plotva* were determined that if we could once get on even terms with the yellow boats, we would render a good account of ourselves. When I joined her she was tied up alongside a collier. Kertch was in the cabin of the collier drinking whisky with the captain, who was a countryman of yours. Kertch had only just returned from patrol duty off Talién Bay. He was telling the captain how he had been chased by four Japs, and how he could steam two knots to their one. He received me with delight, and we stayed with your countryman for quite an hour. I do not forget that hour, it was the last really peaceful time I have had until I came here, and it is a matter of six months now since I first joined the *Plotva*. We cast off from the collier, and were running into the basin when the *Petropavlovsk* made our number, and we had orders to go back on patrol duty to Talién Bay.

This at last was business, and my heart was full of joy and hope when we ran out under the stern of the *Aeskold*. She was doing guard-ship outside that night. It was a smooth sea; although there was still a bite in the air, the weather had improved wonderfully. Outside the guard-ship we picked up the three other boats which formed our division, and we steamed away down the coast for Dalny. The

crew were busy cleaning up and polishing the tubes. Kertch and I were on the bridge; as we slipped through the water we talked of home, of the Naval College, and of all our mutual friends far away. I remember I took my talisman out of my breast-pocket to polish it up a bit. Great heavens! I have no use for a talisman now. We made South Sanshan-tau just after dark, and then the commander of the division gave a signal with the stern-lamp that we were to run in under the signal-station and lie to till morning.

It was on the morrow that the real thing opened for me: hitherto I had been confined to the *Retvisan*, and although I had heard the Japanese big shells hurtling overhead, and had seen the torpedo-boats fighting against the Japanese in the entrance to the harbor, still I knew nothing of war. Before sunrise we were joined by two more destroyers from Dalny. We had orders to patrol thirty miles south, and to return to Port Arthur by sundown. After midnight the wind had sprung up a little, and day broke to a dull leaden sky and choppy sea. The land was just disappearing under our stern when the commander signalled from the left—we were line abreast—that he could make out smoke to the southwest, and that we were to go ahead and reconnoitre. This meant business. I had never heard a more cheering sound than that telegraph, "Full steam ahead!" Away we slid through the water, raising a great wave that came squelching over our whale-back. We,

too, made out the smoke; and as soon as we shortened the interval, it developed into four little black balloons with a speck below, which indicated boats of our own class. We knew that they must be Japanese, because at the moment we were the outside patrol of the whole fleet. Kertch and I had our glasses fixed on them, and we made out that it was a Japanese division coming our way. Kertch stood steadily on; he knew his turn of speed, and was satisfied that there was nothing in the Japanese that could come near us when it came to quick moving. He had not yet called the men to quarters, and it was interesting to watch their eager faces as they leaned over the rail and shaded their eyes to get a view of this enemy with whom they were longing to come to terms. Fine fellows! I wonder how many of that crew are alive to-day? We stood on until we were within three thousand metres of them, until Kertch was certain that he could make out the dingy red of their hateful flag. Then we put about, and in making the sweep lost a little way. The Japanese meant business, and they were cramming in the coal: we could only hope that your English manufacturers had cheated them in their wares, and that their engines would prove a fair sample of British trade duplicity; but they seemed to hold, for as we raced back to our own flotilla their 12-pounder projectiles splashed and ricochetted all round us. But we easily drew away from them, made our signals, and rejoined our own division, taking up our place on the left of the line abreast.

The flotilla was now in the hands of Commander Brieleff, the senior officer in our division. He made the signal to attack in echelon, our centre to endeavor to break through the enemy's centre and thus divide him in two, so that the fire of three of our boats might be concentrated on two of his. We stood

on at half-speed until only 2000 metres separated us. The Japanese had opened out a little. It was a fine spectacle, our six boats in line, a cable's distance apart, bearing down on the four lean Japs, who, to prevent us from overlapping, had opened out to about a cable and a half. Like ourselves, our enemy had reduced his speed. We were all now standing to quarters. Kertch was on the bridge, I was down with the 6-pounder forward. The men were joking and congratulating each other on the opportunity we should now have of paying off old scores. Brieleff made a special number. It was the *Stereguchi*, the boat next her in the line. The flags read, "Conform to my movements." Before the signal to the rest of his flotilla was made, the Japanese opened fire with their 12-pounders. They carried 12-pounders, we only 6-pounders. Then came the flotilla signal, "Echelon from the centre, full steam ahead, engage." Merrily chimed the telegraph-bells, and, when our turn came, we felt the *Plotva*, like a racehorse to the spur, bound forward underneath us. All the rest is a tangle of disjointed memories. We were on the extreme left of the line abreast. I can only tell you the confused threads as I recollect them. I remember glancing to starboard, and noticing the five parallel wakes of our flotilla, which seethed up above the breeze ripple. Then the smack of the 6-pounder and the whirr of the maxims brought me to my duties. "That's a hit," shouted the No. 1 of my crew, and at the same moment a shell exploded on our rail. A splinter hit the hopper of the gun, glanced, and then the ear, moustache, and cheek of the No. 1 were gone. He stood a moment, drenching the lever in his hand with blood, then sank to the deck, while another seized the slimy handle and shoulder grip. I noticed that the men at our boat-rail

were firing with rifles. The new No. 1 swung the gun round, and I could see that we had changed our course, and now had a Japanese destroyer abeam on the port side. My eye caught the blood-red radiations on its smoke-fouled bunting. Its funnels were belching flame, while it was so close that the incessant flash from its quick-firers hurt the eye. Projectiles swished above us, but at the moment I did not realize that we were the target. My gun had stopped firing. "Ammunition!" I shouted, and then realized for the first time that I alone of all my gun-crew was standing. My fellows were a heap of hideously mutilated flesh. As I sprang to the gun, I recognized amidst the streaks of crimson remainder a handless forearm. On it was the cherished tattooed *geisha* of my servant Alexis. Men from the boat came to aid me, and then the vessel heeled as if she had collided. The wreck of the maxim from the bridge was swept along the deck, and imbedded itself steaming and hissing in the pile of human offal at my feet. Again the vessel heeled, and I felt myself seized by the hand.

"Excellency, Excellency, the commander is killed. Come quickly to the bridge. We are alone—the other boats have fled."

How I got to the bridge I cannot say: I remember that the hand-rail was twisted like a corkscrew. What a scene! Save for the wheel, steersman, and binnacle, the bridge was swept clean. Maxim mounting, commander, rail, were a tangled mass trailing alongside. As I clung to a funnel-stay, I was actually looking down the smoking throat of a Japanese 12-pounder not six fathoms distant. Black, hissing, and battered, the boat was closing on us like some hideous sea-monster. A dozen of her ruffian crew with short swords in their hands were gathered forward to spring upon

us. There was not time to give an order. The men were now jumping. But my steersman had put over his helm. There was a grinding jar, and we slithered past them, carrying away their rails and forward hamper, and grinding to pulp, against our plates, such of their boarders as had jumped short. As we shook clear our 6-pounder belched into her vitals, and a great geyser of steam shrieked out between her smoke-stacks amidships. I remember seeing my men pitchfork the four little devils who had boarded us over the side with their bayonets, and then I pitched headlong on to the *débris* of gun-crew and maxim on the deck below. A rifle-bullet had just missed my spine and perforated my right lung. The engineer brought the *Plotva* out. How we escaped I don't know, for the yellow devils seemed all round us. But our speed saved us, though they got the poor old *Stereoguchi*.

What happened? You may well ask! Why, the two boats which belonged to "C" Division, not to ours, never carried out Brieleff's orders. So we came in as a single *echelon* on a short front. Their left boat got Brieleff and the whole lot of us broadside on, and broke us up. This, in conjunction with their superiority in gun calibre, beat us. We've got 12-pounders now, when it is too late.

But to continue my story. During the first week in May I was selected by the Admiral to take the *Reshitelni* on a night reconnaissance to the Elliot Group, where Togo had now based himself. We were not quite certain what part of the group he was using as his base, and if the scheme were found practicable, it was the intention of the Admiral to launch an attack against him with the three divisions of destroyers that were still sea-going. I was piloted out of the harbor by the

mine-tug in the afternoon, and I lay up under Golden Hill until about eight o'clock. The sea had got up a little, but in consultation with my engineer I came to the conclusion that it was not too rough for our enterprise. We had thirty miles to cover to Taliewan, and forty miles on from there, in all about a four hours' trip if we went direct; but I had to make a considerable sweep, so it was not until past midnight that I arrived off the southern entrance to the group. Here I found at least ten merchantmen anchored. I could not go close enough to make out their escort, but we from our low position could count their masts and funnels against the lighter sky. If I had not been alone and under special instructions to discover the anchorage of the warships, I should have attacked these transports as they lay. But as I could discover the tops of only one man-of-war, I determined to search round the island in the hope of discovering Togo's real anchorage,—then, having accomplished that, to return to have a smack at these boats. Half an hour's cautious steaming brought me round to the northern entrance. We saw nothing, so we lay to under the rocks while three Chinese spies and one able seaman went ashore in the boat. While we were lying to waiting for them to return, we made out what seemed to be a flotilla of torpedo craft leaving the entrance: they were showing stern lights, and we counted five of these. From this we calculated that it was a flotilla being piloted out by a picket-boat, since we distinctly heard one of the boats returning. I had allowed the landing-party one hour, telling them that if they were not back within that time they would run the risk of being left behind. They actually returned in an hour and a quarter, and joined us just as the picket-boat was passing back. It was a ticklish moment, and I feared for a

second that the picket-boat would catch the sound of their wash. But it was not so. They brought magnificent information. According to their account, we were lying as a crow flies within two thousand metres of Togo's battle squadron. My A.B. had been able to count the larger vessels, and the Chinamen, reconnoitring separately, had discovered the boom and the position of the shore coal-supply.

Having taken such bearings as were possible in the darkness, we started off again with the intention of paying our transport friends a visit. I should point out that this transport fleet, although lying at one of the anchorages at the entrance to the main bay in the group, was sufficiently screened from the Port Arthur direction by two of the largest islands. Owing to the big sweep that I had made, I had come in from the north-east, whereas the Japanese would have anticipated an attack from our direction to come from the south-west. I therefore determined to dash clean through the anchorage, torpedoing such boats as I could. My course would then be from west to east. By returning on a parallel line, I might still be able to do further damage, and slip out the same way that I had come.

I felt certain that I had eluded the patrolling flotilla by coming from the north-west, and I therefore determined to break out the same way. We crept up to our original vantage-ground unperceived. Then followed a glorious five minutes: we went through them full steam ahead, steering directly for the vessel whose fighting-tops we could make out above the skylight. We discharged two torpedoes, one against a big merchantman that looked like a converted cruiser, the other against the vessel with the tops: it was either a coast-defence ship or a gunboat. We know the latter torpedo took effect, because we saw the phosphorescent wave

caused by the explosion and heard the report. We were through them and gone before they quite realized what had happened. But we heard bo'suns' pipes, shouts, and yells. I put the boat about, with the intention of making another attack as soon as the tubes were recharged. Just as we got about, a quick-firer opened on us from about fifteen fathoms' distance. We had evidently run into the patrol-boats. I gave the order that nothing was to be fired, and went full steam ahead for the entrance, feeling that this would stop the firing. It was neck or nothing now, and any moment we might have been on the rocks. We were, however, pretty used to the darkness by this, although we had not now the sky-line to guide us. It was a choice between the rocks or fouling one of the merchantmen. We were abreast of one of them before we realized her position; it was evidently a transport, and they made out the glare from our funnels. They opened a musketry fire. It was wild and uncertain, but very effective. The bullets mostly went high, but a certain number came pretty near us, and I, as usual, was unfortunate. Hardly out of bed a fortnight, I got another shot through the chest. But I was able to keep the bridge until we reached our original point of entry. Then, with my tunic stiff with blood, I handed over command to my sub-lieutenant, and he brought us back to Port Arthur safely by daybreak. We discharged one torpedo in our breakaway, but whether it took effect it is impossible to say: however, we are certain that we torpedoed a coast-defence ship or a gunboat that night, and if you look up the records about that date, you will probably find that a Japanese ship was lost, and possibly a transport as well. Doubtless mines will be given as the cause of the disaster.

At the beginning of August I was

relieved of my shore duties, and was appointed acting flag-lieutenant to Admiral Prince Ukhtomsky, second in command of the Pacific Squadron. I joined him on the *Poresviet*. Big business was on hand; messages had come through that it was imperative that the Pacific Squadron should leave Port Arthur, and either fight a fleet action with the Japanese fleet or make its way to Vladivostock. There was to be no middle course, no turning back. It was to be either a decisive engagement at sea, or, if we should succeed in eluding the yellow man, a dash for the shores of Japan, and then Vladivostock.

Judging from your papers, you people seemed to think that the whole *morale* of the Russian Pacific Fleet had been shattered, and that we were worth nothing. You are quite wrong. We might not have had the same confidence which we possessed at the beginning of the year; but I assure you a grim determination had permeated all ranks to do something to wipe off the stigma of disgrace which was hanging over us. The veiled taunts which reached us from the highest authorities at home were sufficient to have made a hero of the veriest craven. We felt—that is, we juniors did—that bad luck had been with us from the very outset, and that the time would come when we should get an opportunity, and we were determined that when that opportunity came we would not be found wanting in the spirit to avail ourselves of it. The fleet was coaled to its utmost capacity, and every arrangement made in order that the passage from the inner to the outer harbor might be taken as expeditiously as possible. Orders were issued to every captain, containing strict injunctions as to the course to be pursued in the event of success, partial success, partial failure, or absolute failure; and after receiving assurances from both

home and Stoessel that the moment was propitious, with a final blessing from the garrison, we made the passage of the entrance on the night of August 9th, and put to sea on the 10th.

Luck was against us from the outset. The *Bayan* damaged herself in making the passage, and we had perforce to start one vessel short. Now, I want you to understand that when we left Port Arthur that morning, when we saw the great mass of rocks disappearing over our quarter, we, none of us, not one, from captain to coal-trimmer, ever expected to see that harbor again, unless we returned with a victory to our credit. That was the spirit which animated the whole fleet, and that was the spirit which kept us fighting throughout that day. We knew that we should have to fight, that it was impossible for us to get away, since the Japanese must have been aware of the fact that we were bringing battleships out into the outer harbor.

Nor were we mistaken, for we had barely made thirty miles before Togo's fleet appeared on our port bow. We, that is, the *Peresvet*, were the fourth ship in the battleship squadron. We were making from about twelve to fourteen knots. How anxiously we scanned the Japanese ships! There was the fleet that had brought about all our disgrace and disaster; there were the men whom we had pledged ourselves to destroy or die in the attempt. We counted the vessels—there were four line-of-battle ships and four first-class cruisers; and we were six battleships and four cruisers. The Japanese were accompanied by at least eight divisions of torpedo craft: it was to be a final arbitrament between battle fleet and battle fleet. The advantage in ships and weight of metal was ours, but they also had advantages which overbalanced our numerical superiority. In the first place, we had to economize coal; our ships had dete-

riorated considerably through the stress of inactive war, by which I mean that they were not all as serviceable as they would have been if we had been able to give them proper dockyard attention. Also, the Japanese had had far more practice in gunnery than we; but we hoped that their weapons had somewhat deteriorated by use, while, alas! this could not be said of ours, at least not to the same degree. The Japanese Admiral made the best use of his superior speed. From his manœuvres it would seem that he feared that we did not intend to give him battle. Little did he know the feeling on our decks! About mid-day he crossed our bows, and then, changing from line abreast, he manœuvred as though he would refuse a battle. Previous to this there had been a slight exchange of shots, but this was nothing—it was only just a little range-finding. It was not until after two that the real battle opened. Before this the Japanese Admiral had manœuvred constantly, until he considered it time to admit of an engagement. He was now almost abreast of us, 7000 to 8000 metres on our starboard beam. Both fleets were line ahead, and in this formation the battle opened.

We were six battleships, the Japanese four and two cruisers, in line ahead. We were now the fourth vessel in the line. The flag-ship hoisted the signal "Engage," and immediately the firing commenced. This phase of the battle lasted for about an hour. It was severe, but not so severe as that which was to come, for our Admiral had now altered his course so as to reduce the distance between the fleets. The vessel which we had selected for our own particular target was one of the *Fuji* type; and although the sea was rising and made gunnery at the present range extremely difficult, yet we made at least three hits with our heavy guns, and at one time our target

seemed to be on fire. We received no damage except to the mainmast, which was carried away by a ricochet from a shell that had exploded short of us on impact with the water; nor did the ships ahead of us seem to have received any very serious damage, though the *Retvisan* and the *Pobieda* were both hit.

There was a short respite—of perhaps half an hour—while the two fleets were converging, and then the action reopened with desperate violence. The distance had been reduced to about 6000 metres. How the general trend of the action went it is almost impossible for those who took part in it as executive officers to say; all one knows is what happened to one's own vessel and to one's target. We still continued to engage the vessel of the *Fuji* type, while she or such other of the Japanese vessels as had singled us out seemed to find their range in quick succession. Two 12-inch shells hit us amidships; one glanced upwards and burst in the air, the other carried our foremast away and wrecked a portion of the upper bridge. The tumult was appalling, for we had now arrived at quick-firer range, and a continuous stream of 12-pounder projectiles were passing above us, exploding on our plates, or damaging our superstructure. Ever and again at intervals some great projectile would hit us, doing woeful damage; but for the main part the heavy projectiles missed, and we on the bridge were so intent in watching for signals from the flag-ship and in conforming to the fleet movements that one had little time to estimate either the damage to ourselves or the damage which we effected.

What we did notice, at least, and what appealed to us all, was the fact that one of the Japanese battleships hauled out of the firing-line just at the same moment as their fleet was reinforced by two more first-class cruisers.

It seemed to us at the moment that we were getting the best of it, and when the Japanese ship hauled out of the line a cheer commenced from the deck of the *Tsarevitch* which passed all down our line. The sea also was getting up, and the sun was sinking in front of us; for the first time for many months the hope of victory grew strong within our breasts.

Our three leading ships seemed to be concentrating their fire on the *Mikasa*, which led the enemy's line. That their shells were having great effect we could see, for the Japanese flag-ship was constantly hidden from our view by the dense smoke which the explosions on her decks had caused. Then just at this moment, when it seemed at last fortune had veered in our favor, the destiny which rules the law of chances turned against us. All we knew at the time was that our flag-ship had abruptly changed her course. She swung to port without warning and without signal, before it was realized that she was hit, and that her course had been changed, not from necessity but from the fact that she could not steer: the second vessel had followed her round so closely that a collision was narrowly avoided. As there was no signal yet from the flag-ship, we all conformed to this strange manoeuvre; but the intervals having been somewhat lost in the heat of the engagement, the squadron became a mob of vessels without formation. But even this need not have been final if the flag-ship could only have made her signal. Then came a paralyzing intimation that the Admiral-in-Chief had transferred the command. We knew what that meant—either that he was killed or wounded; and my own Admiral immediately ordered the fleet signal for the squadron to conform to his own movements.

And here the bitterness of our cup was filled to the absolute brim. We

had lost both our masts, and we had not wherewith to hoist this signal, which was necessary to resuscitate order out of chaos. Nor had the Japanese been slow to realize their opportunity, and they were throwing projectiles into us with a rapidity of fire that was absolutely appalling in its results. My Admiral did all that he could do in the circumstances. He steamed ahead, flying the signal from

a smokestack; but it was too late. The cohesion was irrevocably lost, and the various captains, apparently interpreting the worst clause in their final instructions, saved themselves by flight. It passeth the understanding of men that the Japanese did not sink a single one of us; and this fact indorses my belief that it was sheer bad luck and not good gunnery and seamanship that beat us.

PORT ARTHUR.

Just follow our gaze to the foot of the knoll. A Japanese battery is here in action. The squat guns nestle beneath a rise. The limbers lie in a cutting behind, and the ammunition-carriers have worn just half a dozen tracks in the snow, like sheep-tracks on the face of a Highland brae. As you watch you can see each motion of the gunners. As unconcernedly as if they were firing a holiday salute in Shiba Park, they run the gun back, sponge it out, readjust the spade, and relay the piece. You are near enough to hear the click of the breech as it snaps home. You see the gun groups spring aside; Number One with his lanyard taut. You hear the quick order of the section commander, and then you strain your eyes to separate your individual burst from the score of bursting shrapnel sparkling above the target. The battery commander walks up and down behind the guns, ever and anon beating his arms against his chest to banish the numbness from his chilled extremities. He stoops to pick up a fragment of a shell that exploded almost at his feet, tosses it away, and steps forward to correct a range. The Russians' guns have discovered the battery; salvoes of shrapnel burst above the Japanese gunners. Though the spiteful crackle of their rapid explosions almost deafens us, and though we can see the snow scoured up all round the battery by the vicious

strike, there is no alteration or diminution in the service of the guns. Three men and a subaltern from the left section are swept to the ground. The battery commander was talking to the subaltern at the moment. He takes no notice of his fallen comrade, but moves up to the bereaved section. He leaves two hospital orderlies, who are lying in the snow behind him, to judge whether the fallen are worthy of the hospital or not. More Russian missiles have been attracted to the target. Now the canopy of bursting shrapnel above them seems continuous. Then all sound is dwarfed by the rushing advent of a giant projectile. For a moment the battery is blotted out behind a great flash of lurid flame and pillar of smoke and snow. It drifts aside; one gun of the battery is totally destroyed, another stands solitary, while the displaced snow on every side is blurred with mangled gunners. Out of this wreck the battery commander emerges, gives the order to cease firing, and then himself sinks motionless across a trail.

Number "Sixty-nine's" teeth chattered as if his jaws would break. It was not from fear or excitement; there were few amongst the two hundred men standing at ease in that particular parallel who were cursed with nerves, or even, if they had once known what fear was, gave now a thought for the

chances of bodily hurt or death. Six months ago they might have been recruits, now they were veterans. The men stood at ease in the slush at the bottom of the trench, and as they stood the biting wind from the north blew through them and chilled them to the bone. They were awaiting the order to assault. Half an hour ago they had taken off their greatcoats and piled them in a casemate. They carried nothing but their rifles and their ammunition. No wonder they were cold, for the wind was such that it would have cut through the thickest fur, and these men were clad in serge alone. Some stamped their feet and others rubbed their hands; but for the most part they stood still, and betrayed no movement save of the quivering chin. The company officers shivered with the men, save for the regimental staff, who were grouped round the colonel studying a rough sketch of the ground which any moment now they might be called upon to cross.

It were hard to recognize in Sixty-nine, thin, haggard, and bearded, the same robust and sleek coolie who had so pleased us in Japan. But though he looked drawn and emaciated, and though the biting cold had changed his color from full blood-bronze to greenish yellow, yet withal he was hard and desperate. The lustre in the little almond eyes showed that though hardship and exposure had wasted the flesh, yet it had brought no deterioration in spirit and muscle. Just look down the line to satisfy yourself on this point. There was but one wish animating that *queue* of pigmy soldiery, —it was, that the order might come speedily which would release them from inaction and the misery of its attendant cold.

Sixty-nine's eyes were glued on the little casemate in front of which he stood; it was a mere hole excavated beneath the parapet, and in it crouched

two men of the Signal Corps. One of them had his ear glued to the telephone receiver. He caught Sixty-nine's gaze and nodded slightly. Sixty-nine knew what it meant: the long-waited-for order was coming; mechanically he shifted his rifle to his left hand, and measured the distance which separated him from the foot-purchase which the sappers had left at intervals along the parallels for the purpose of egress. The second signaller wrote down the brief message, and ran to the group of officers worrying the map. The colonel, who was squatting Japanese fashion, took the paper, rose to his feet, and deliberately divested himself of his overcoat, then running up the foot-hold, in a moment was standing alone upon the parapet. There was no call to attention; the simple order passed down the ranks, and in a second, like ants, the men were swarming over the obstacle into the open. In moments like these memory serves one badly. You might be engaged for hours in a hand-to-hand struggle, and then perhaps at the end one or two trivial incidents alone would remain in your mind. How he got out of the trench, or what happened when once he was out, Sixty-nine never knew. He remembered racing at the head of his group behind his captain; and then his captain threw up his arm in signal, and the next moment they were all lying down in the snow. All he heard was the infernal tumult of the shells as they chased each other overhead. He remembered turning half over and feeling with his hand, uncertain whether, in breasting the parapet, a certain little tinsel talisman had not been torn from its place round the second button of his tunic.

How long they lay there it does not matter; but presently the captain called back to the company subaltern, and the section leaders re-echoed the call, and they were all up, rushing for

the slope above them. Then for the first time the proximity of the enemy was forced upon them. Like the opening of a *barrage*, the full force of a held musketry fire broke upon them. The swish and splutter of the nickel ball killed all other sounds. The whole column seemed to wither before it, and with Sixty-nine following on his heels the officer threw himself down behind some rocks that appeared black and naked through the snow, and realized that, of two hundred men, perhaps fifteen had reached the temporary haven.

There was no diminution in the high treble song of the bullets, and for the first time Sixty-nine looked back. It seemed that the whole plain was moving. Not alone from the parallel they had just left, but from all the parallels, were debouching streams of yellow men,—yellow in dress, yellow in skin, and yellow in facings. Then his officer rose up and stood erect. They had reached dead ground, and until more should also reach it, they would be passive spectators of the passage of the plain.

But although the parallels overflowed in hundreds, only dribbles reached the dead ground. Then the company ensign unfurled the company flag, and planted it in the snow. The tiny nucleus among the rocks cheered, and as they cheered the prostrate men in the plain below re-echoed the national cry. The check was only temporary, for the gunners had discovered the works from which the flank-fire came, and half of the guns turned their energies on that point. Within fifteen minutes of gaining the dead ground the officers were able again to form up the residue of their companies.

Five minutes' respite, and the order passed down the ranks to light grenades.

In a moment the men were stooping to blow the slow-matches at their

waists; and it was forward and up again. The ensign seized his flag, and with the agility of an antelope carried it in the lead. Fifteen to twenty yards and they were right under the parapet with its sand-bag dressing. Sixty-nine threw his grenade over it, and as each panting man arrived at the parapet the air was filled with the hissing of these strange missiles. A moment, and then the flaxen beards appeared over the top of the sand-bags, and magazines were emptied at point-blank range into the head of the attack. The ensign fell, the captain fell, the stormers fell in sheafs. Sixty-nine tried to scale the parapet, but the snow crumbled and gave. Then some one pushed him from behind, lifted him bodily, and before he realized how it happened, he had gained a foothold on the summit; he shortened his arm to strike, but there was no enemy to oppose him. Inside the trench was a spluttering fire-swept hell; the grenades were now doing their duty, and scared by this unexpected danger, the Russians were flying from the farther end. It was all over. With shouts of "Banzai!" the panting infantry hauled itself up into the position.

The first line of the defence was taken. It had cost much in the taking, but this was trifling to the cost of holding it. The Russian gunners had seen their dark-coated comrades streaming away to the second line. They had seen the cloud of smoke-puffs from the bursting grenades, and they could see the streams of yellow men entering the parallel. What the bayonets had not been able to do shrapnel quickly accomplished. The Japanese officers tried to find cover for their men, but there was no hiding from that pitiless rain of lead; and in a quarter of an hour the captured trenches were three times as full of Japanese casualties as they had held Russians. It was back to the dead ground again. And here

the remnants of three regiments rallied, and wished for night.

Sixty-nine lay amongst this desperate medley, his hands and feet buried deep in the snow to prevent them from freezing. Then they heard the pant of climbing men beneath them; reinforcements were arriving. The officers along the front did their utmost to form the men; it mattered not the battalion, the regiment, the company,—as the men lay they were formed. How it began or where the order came from or who was responsible, no one knew and no one cared. All Sixty-nine remembers is, that again they were climbing upwards and thanking Providence for the movement which enabled them to get warmth again into their stiffened limbs. Up and up they went, past the trenches they had won and lost earlier in the day. There was no attempt at a surprise, no endeavor to make the effort in silence; orders were shouted up and down the line; men half crazy from the tortures they were suffering through returning circulation were either crying out in their pain or laughing and singing with the echo of lunacy in the pitch of their voices.

A dark parapet showed up in front of them. Suddenly it became as light as day; like a display of fireworks some hundred star-shells were bursting overhead, and as the magnesium flared up, the assaulters saw that the Russians were standing up upon their trenches prepared to meet them. In a moment the air was alive with the hissing of burning fuses, and a hundred petty explosions from hand-grenades singed the head of the assault. It hesitated, quivered, lacerated and broken, then pushed backwards, to be received upon the bayonets of those who were following behind.

It was but a momentary hesita-

tion, and the little men came again with an impetus that neither rifle-bullet, hand-grenade, parapet, or bayonet could resist. As their ancestors had done a thousand years before, to gain a footing on the parapet the Japanese made ramps of their dead and wounded. Number Sixty-nine had been in the first rush; a bursting grenade had almost torn the coat off his back, and he had been beaten backwards with the rest. But as the reinforcement pushed up from behind, he came with it, and clutching his rifle with one hand tried to haul himself up to the parapet.

The light still held as the Russians fired salvos of star-shell, to enable the taper bayonets in the trenches to do their killing surely. Against the white half-light the desperate defenders stood out as shadows on the crest-line; one great spectre made a downward lunge at Sixty-nine. The bayonet whizzed past the little man's ear, and the catch carried away his shoulder-strap. Dropping his rifle, he seized the firelock in both hands, and putting his feet against the rock prised the Russian from his balance and brought him toppling down. What happened to this enemy he never knew; for already the quick hands of the assailants were piling the bodies of the dead against the parapet, and joining the rush with empty hands, Sixty-nine found himself on the summit. Was it a temporary purchase? Sixty-nine was never to know, for he had no time to calculate. Once he had reached the summit he hurled himself into the trench beneath. As far as he was concerned the rest was all obliterated. He heard the coarse curses in a foreign tongue; he heard the shrill shouts of victory from his comrades; men stamped on his face, and then bodies fell above him. As a useful ant in the great army of workers his piece was done; but he and a few mad desperate spirits like him had allowed

those who came after them to make the purchase permanent.

For thirty long minutes a hand-to-hand battle continued above him. Men threw grenades in each other's faces; half-demented Samurai flung themselves upon the bayonets of the dozen Muscovites who held the traverse in the trench.

Who shall say that the day of the bayonet is past, that the brutal grips of men in war are obsolete? Could they have hovered above that trench-head and seen the shimmer of the steel as it gave back the white glare of the star-shell; could they have heard the sickening thud of bayonet driven home, the grate of steel on backbone, the despairing sob of stricken man,—they would never have preached their fallacies to a confiding world. Although there was not a breach that had not its cartridge in the chamber, yet men roused to the limit of their animal fury overlook the mechanical appliances which make war easy. They thirsted to come to grips, and to grips

they came; hardly a shot was fired. The hand grasped firm on the small of the butt, when the mind means killing, forgets its cunning, and fails to operate the trigger.

But it had to end. The old colonel had fought his way through his own men to the very point of the struggle. He stood on the parapet, and his rich voice for a second curbed the fury of the wild creatures struggling beside him.

"Throw yourselves on their bayonets, honorable comrades!" he shouted; "those who come behind will do the rest."

His men heard him, his officers heard him. Eight stalwarts dropped their rifles, held their hands above their heads, and flung themselves against the traverse. Before the Russian defenders could extricate the bayonets from their bodies, the whole pack of the war-dogs had surged over them. The trench was won. The rest was a massacre. . . .

O.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ECHOES OF JOY.

Only a song of joy
Wind-blown over the heather:
Somewhere two little hearts
Thrill and throb together.

Ah, far mid the nethermost spheres
Life and Death live together;
And deep is their love, without tears,
For they laugh at the shadows of years—
And yet, there rings in my ears
Only a song of joy
Wind-blown over the heather!

Pall Mall Magazine.

William Sharp.

WEIGHING A WORLD.

Science, "the great measurer," is forever busy with scales, weights, and measuring-tape. Directly it was settled that the world is round, we find the Alexandrian astronomers attempting to measure its circumference. Hardly had Newton formed his theory of gravitation before his mind was full of schemes for "weighing the earth." From the moment when the modern atomic hypothesis was accepted, and indeed even before, Dalton and his colleagues were as busy as bees trying to weigh invisible, nay, hypothetical, atoms and molecules. And the very discovery of the "electrons" or "corpuscles" in Sir William Crookes's vacuum tubes may almost be said to have consisted in attempts to compare their masses with those of the lightest particles previously known—atoms of hydrogen. Nothing seems too difficult. The weight of the earth, the weight of an atom, the velocity of light—nay, the speed of thought itself, or, at least, the speed with which thought can be translated into action—all these and a thousand other quantities have been brought by science within the compass of her measuring instruments, their values ascertained, stated in familiar terms, and placed, gratis, at the service of man.

Perhaps some of the readers of the "Cornhill" may feel disposed to take a peep into the machinery employed to accomplish the tremendous task of weighing a world? If so, I must ask them, first, to consider this question:

What do we mean by "the weight of the earth"?

When we speak of the weight of such an object as a lump of coal, we mean, of course, the pull of the earth upon that piece of coal; and the quantity of coal we call a pound is that quantity

which is pulled to the earth with a force just equal to the force that pulls a particular piece of platinum, marked "P.S. 1844 1 lb." and called the "Imperial Avoirdupois Pound," which is kept at the Standards Office in Westminster.

Now it is clear that the earth, as a whole, cannot pull itself to itself. Every particle of it in every direction must pull every other particle, with the result that there is a state of equilibrium and no pull; and thus, in the everyday sense of the term, the earth has no weight at all.

But we all know that though when we weigh bodies we may seem merely to measure the pull of the earth upon them, we not only learn the strength of this pull, but also measure what Newton called "the quantity of matter in them," or, as we say to-day, "their masses." For it has been shown by Newton that at any given point on its surface the earth's pull on an object is proportional to the mass of the object, and quite independent of all such qualities or considerations as its shape or position, whether it is a solid, a liquid, or a gas, and also, as Lavosier has taught us, independent of its chemical constitution; this being, of course, only a particular case of Newton's law of gravitation, which tells us that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force which depends on their masses and on the distances which separate them; the attraction being proportionately greater between large masses than between small masses, increasing when the masses are brought closer to one another, and decreasing as they recede, in such a manner that if the distances between the centres of two spheres be doubled, then the attraction between

them is reduced to one-quarter of its original strength.

Returning now to our question, we see that the process familiarly termed "weighing the earth" consists really in measuring the quantity of matter the earth is made of, or, in modern terms, in determining its mass.

Although we cannot even imagine ourselves balancing the earth on a pair of scales against a set of weights, some other way of attacking the problem which is not altogether beyond the range of the imagination may occur to the reader, and help him to grasp its nature and difficulty.

We know, for example, that the diameter of the earth is about 8,000 miles, and we know how to calculate the approximate volume of a sphere when we have measured its diameter. Why, then, should we not calculate the volume of the earth in cubic feet, find the mass of a cubic foot of it in pounds by weighing samples, finally multiply these two quantities, and so determine its mass in pounds? It would not be very difficult to perform these simple operations, but, unfortunately, even if we neglect the irregularity of the earth's surface, there are still some fatal objections. The masses of equal volumes of rock taken from different parts of the earth's crust vary considerably; and, further, even if this were not so, we have no means of getting samples of the material of which the earth is made except by scratching its outer skin, and it would by no means be safe to assume that the average weight of each cubic foot of the rocks which exist below, out of our reach, is the same as the average weight of each cubic foot of the rocks which are familiar to us on its surface. Still, the general idea of the problem presented in the form of this faulty proposal is not unhelpful. It simplifies the matter considerably. We know the volume of the earth more or less

closely, therefore all we have to do is to find its "mean density"—to find, that is, what proportion the mass of the earth bears to the mass of a globe of water of equal size. When this is done, since every cubic foot of water weighs about $62\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., we can easily calculate the weight of the earth in the ordinary sense of the term, and state it in pounds or tons, in grams or kilograms, as we may desire.

The process of "weighing the earth," then, may be said to consist in finding its mean density, water, which is said to have the density 1, being taken as the standard substance. Thus stated, the problem seems easy enough, but the solution of this simple problem has occupied the thoughts of many master minds, and taxed to their utmost the powers of many great experimenters from the days of Newton.

It is true that, by taking the earth as their standard, astronomers have been able to draw up a table of densities for the heavenly bodies, from which we learn that the mean density of the sun is about one-fourth as great as that of our globe, that of Venus and Mars about nine-tenths as great, that of Mercury one and a quarter times greater, and so on. But this, though sufficient for many purposes, fails to give us such a clear idea of the matter as we get when we can think of our quantities in familiar terrestrial standards such as the gram or the pound; and so it is necessary to connect the celestial scale of densities, in which the earth is made the standard, with one of the more familiar terrestrial scales. The first attempt to do this was made by Newton. This attempt was a mere estimate—in fact, a guess. I give it in full in his own words, as translated by Motte:

But that our globe of earth is of greater density than it would be if the whole consisted of water only, I thus make out. If the whole consisted of

water only, whatever was of less density than water, because of its less specific gravity, would emerge and float above. And upon this account, if a globe of terrestrial matter, covered on all sides with water, was less dense than water, it would emerge somewhere; and the subsiding water falling back would be gathered to the opposite side. And such is the condition of our earth, which, in a great measure, is covered with seas. The earth, if it was not for its greater density, would emerge from the seas, and, according to its degree of levity, would be raised more or less above their surface, the water and the seas flowing backwards to the opposite side. By the same argument, the spots of the sun which float upon the lucid matter thereof are lighter than that matter. And however the planets have been formed while they were yet in fluid masses, all the heavier matter subsided to the centre. Since, therefore, the common matter of our earth on the surface thereof is about twice as heavy as water, and, a little lower, in mines, is found about three or four or even five times more heavy; it is probable that the quantity of the whole matter of the earth may be five or six times greater than if it consisted all of water, especially since I have before showed that the earth is about four times more dense than Jupiter.

Newton's guess, curiously enough, hits the limits between which the values subsequently fixed by experiments are mostly to be found.

In practice, all the methods of weighing the earth resolve themselves into experiments in which we measure the attraction between two bodies having known masses placed at a known distance from each other on the earth's surface, and then compare this with the attraction of the earth on some known mass of matter, also on its surface. The following illustration, taken from a lecture by Professor J. H. Poynting, will make the idea clearer:

Suppose you hang a weight of 50 lbs. from a spring balance a few feet above

the earth. Then the pull of the earth, whose centre is about 4,000 miles or 20,000,000 feet away, is 50 lbs. Now suppose you bring a second weight, this time, let us say, a weight of 350 lbs., to a position one foot from the first one, and between the latter and the earth, so that its pull is added to that of the earth. Then, if your balance is sufficiently sensitive, you will find the smaller mass no longer weighs 50 lbs., but a little more—in fact, about $\frac{1}{175}$ of a grain more—that is to say, the pull of the 350-lb. weight at the distance of a foot is equal to the $\frac{1}{175}$ of a grain, or $\frac{1}{175,000,000}$ of 1 lb., or the pull of the earth at a distance of 20,000,000 feet is about ninety million times as great as that of a sphere of 350 lbs. at one foot, for

$$1,750,000 \times 50 = 87,500,000.$$

If the earth could be placed at an average distance of one foot from the 50-lb. weight, instead of at a distance of 20,000,000 feet, its pull would be proportionately greater—viz about four hundred billion times greater, so that at equal distances the pull of the earth would be four hundred billion times ninety million times that of a 350-lb. sphere. But, as already explained, at equal distances these pulls are proportional to the masses concerned, and thus, by doing a little more arithmetic, we should find that the earth weighs about 12,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 lbs. Finally, if we calculate the mean density of the earth from these figures and from its volume, which can be deduced from its diameter, we find that its mass is about five and a half times as great as that of an equal volume of water, or, to use the technical term, that the "mean density" of the earth is five and a half times as great as that of water. This, however, is only the result of an imaginary experiment. The real thing, though similar in principle, is far more complicated, as will easily

be understood when I mention that a determination of the density of the earth carried out with due precautions to eliminate all sources of error may occupy several years, and that in some cases the necessary operations are of so delicate a character that the mere passage of railway trains in the neighborhood of the apparatus may be a serious source of trouble. Indeed, on one occasion Professor Boys, when working at Oxford, was stopped by an earthquake which occurred thousands of miles away, and was, I believe, only detected in this part of the world through the circumstance that Professor Boys was weighing the earth when the wave reached these regions.

The actual objects whose attractions have been observed in attempts to weigh the earth have varied very widely.

The earliest observers studied the attractions of mountains on objects brought near them; Professor Boys those of small metallic spheres, the largest of which were only four and a half inches, and the smallest one-fourth of an inch in diameter. The methods employed divide themselves into three or four groups.

First come experiments in which the attraction of a mountain or some natural object, such as a zone of known thickness of the upper crust of the earth, is compared with that of the earth as a whole.

Secondly, the famous "Cavendish experiment," in which the attractions between metallic masses quite small in size are investigated by means of what is known as a torsion balance.

And, thirdly, researches in which common but very delicate scales and weights are employed. Some very beautiful experiments falling within this last class were made a few years ago at what was then the Mason College, Birmingham, by Professor Poynting, on whose publications on the sub-

ject of the weight of the earth this article is very largely based.

And now, after all these preliminary remarks to clear the way, we come to the real thing, to the actual experiments made for the purpose of weighing the earth, from the time of Newton, who inspired all this work, in which our fellow-countrymen have always played a conspicuous and successful part, till to-day.

We have learnt from the preceding pages that astronomers have succeeded in comparing the densities of various heavenly bodies by means of astronomical observations, and have drawn up tables stating their results in terms of the density of the earth, but that if we wish to get out our results in earthly measures, such as ounces or grams, we must descend from the stars, and compare, for example, the pull of the earth on some object on its surface with the pull of some measurable mass on the same object. All this, of course, was very well understood by Newton, who saw, further, that the power of a mountain to deflect a plumb-line might be employed; unfortunately, he concluded that the effect would be too small to measure, which, indeed, may possibly have been true at that time. Newton also investigated the possibility of measuring the attraction between large spheres, and calculated how long it would take a sphere one foot in diameter, and of equal density with the earth, to draw a second sphere, of the same dimensions and equal density, placed a quarter of an inch away, across this interval of a quarter of an inch. Through a mistake in his arithmetic, he found the required time to be about a month, which is vastly more than the few minutes that would really be needed, and as such a rate of motion was utterly beyond measurement, he confined himself to making the celebrated guess mentioned above. But not very long afterwards both these meth-

ods were put to the test of experiment with a considerable degree of success.

Some doubt is said to exist as to whether Newton was the real author of this mistake, but, as Professor Poynting remarked in a lecture at the Royal Institution a few years ago, there is something not altogether unpleasing in the belief that even Newton could make a mistake. His faulty arithmetic showed that there was, at any rate, one quality which he shared with his fallible fellow-men.

When the attractive force of a mountain is to be studied, the experiment, in its simplest form, is somewhat as follows: A weight hanging at the end of a thread—that is, a plumb-line more or less similar to the plumb-line employed by a mason, but far more sensitive and provided with more exact means of measurement—is placed first in some suitable position not too far away from the mountain, but well out of the range of its attraction, and its position noted on a scale of divisions when it hangs freely suspended, and, therefore, perpendicular to the earth's surface. The plumb-line is then brought up as close as may be to one side of the mountain. When this is done the plumb-line is found to be drawn a little to one side of its previous line of suspension—that is to say, a little out of the perpendicular and towards the mountain. The amount of this displacement is measured on the scale of divisions, and the length of the plumb-line is also measured. From these data the astronomer can calculate the ratio of the horizontal pull of the mountain to the pull of the earth.

Finally, the mountain is most carefully surveyed, and the densities of pieces of the rock of which it is composed are measured. Knowing these densities and the volume of the mountain we can estimate the mass of the mountain in pounds or kilograms, according to the system selected; and

when this is done we know the mass of the mountain, the pull of the mountain, the pull of the earth, and their distances, and from these, knowing the law of gravitation, quoted above, we can deduce the other quantity involved, the mass of the earth.

The first investigator to actually determine the mean density of the earth by this method was M. Bouguer, who was a member of one of two scientific commissions sent out by France about 1740 to measure the lengths of degrees of latitude in Peru and Lapland—that is, at points near to and remote from the equator—in order to settle finally the shape of the earth, whether it is flattened at the poles, as Newton supposed, or drawn out, as had then lately been suggested. The members of these commissions, which, by the way, settled the question in favor of Newton's views, did not confine themselves to investigating the shape of the earth; and M. Bouguer, in particular, seized the opportunity of testing the "mountain mass method" of weighing the earth thus afforded him by his visit to the great mountains of the Andes. M. Bouguer made two distinct sets of measurements. In the first he studied the swing of a pendulum at the sea-level, then at a point 10,000 feet higher, on the great plateau on which Quito stands, and, finally, on the top of Pichincha, which is about 6,000 feet above Quito. He knew that if a pendulum were lifted to a great height above a wide plain or over the open sea, say, for example, by means of a balloon, its swing would gradually grow slower as gravity decreased at the higher levels; and he calculated from the swing of his pendulum at Quito that gravity there was greater than the calculated amount for the height at which he worked, owing to the down pull of the great tableland beneath him.

Bouguer's second set of observations

was made near Chimborazo, a mountain 20,000 feet high, by the plumb-line method as described in outline above, only in a far more refined form. His difficulties were very great, for he was obliged to work above the line of perpetual snow. His labors began with a troublesome and even perilous journey of many hours over rocks and snow-fields, and when the site selected for the first set of observations was reached he had to fight against snowfalls, which threatened to bury the instruments, the tents, and even the observers themselves. At the second station, which was below the snow-line, he hoped for better conditions; but here he encountered gales of wind, and it was still so cold as to hinder the working of his instruments. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the results obtained were, as Bouguer himself recognized, of little permanent scientific value. The cause for wonder was that he got any results at all. But his time and labors were not wasted. His observations proved that the earth, as a whole, is denser than the mountains upon it; that it is not a mere hollow shell, as some people in those days still supposed, nor yet a hollow globe filled with water, as others had insisted. Besides, he had broken new ground, and before very long his experiments were repeated under more favorable conditions and with better results.

The next experiment by the mountain-mass method was made in the neighborhood of Schiehallion, in Perthshire, thirty years later, under the auspices of the Royal Society, who, at the instance of Maskelyne, then Astronomer Royal, appointed "a committee to consider of a proper hill whereon to try the experiment, and to prepare everything necessary for carrying the design into execution."

A few years ago the inhabitants of a certain remote island were considerably

excited by the absurd proceedings of a party of visitors to their shores, who did many things which seemed stupid, not to use a stronger term, to the islanders, and at length lost the last vestiges of their respect by boiling water in tin pots on a mountain top in order to find out how high the mountain was. I have sometimes wondered what the hard-headed natives of Perthshire can have thought of the party of gentlemen who came to Schiehallion about the year 1774, and proceeded to watch plumb-lines hanging in the air, and to peep at stars through telescopes in order to discover the weight of the earth. But, be that as it may, after two months or so spent in observing, and two years more in surveying the mountain, making contour maps giving the volume and distance of every part of it from the two stations at which the observations of its attraction had been made—for Maskelyne did not follow the method of Bouguer exactly, but observed the attraction of the mountain from two opposite sides—and after determining the density of various fragments of the rock of which Schiehallion is composed, Maskelyne and his colleagues came to the conclusion that the mean density of the earth must be four and a half times that of water—that is, that the earth must contain four and a half times as much matter as a globe of water of its own size, or, again, that its mass must be equal to that of a globe of water four and a half times as big as the earth. This value was presently raised to five, as the result of further determinations of the density of the rock, and we have every reason to suppose that this latter value is not very far from the truth.

I should tire my reader were I to go further into this part of our subject and describe one by one the various experiments following more or less similar lines that have been made since the completion of Maskelyne's

celebrated experiments. Moreover, interesting and ingenious as these experiments were, all were vitiated by a fatal defect. The accuracy of the conclusions reached depends in every case on two chief points. First, correct measurements of the attractive forces of the mountain masses studied are necessary, and this, doubtless, was attained in many if not in every one of the various investigations. Secondly, a fairly correct knowledge of the density of the rocks forming the mountains is required, and here the experiments in every case break down. We cannot learn with certainty the true mean densities of the rocks forming a mountain; at the best we can only make rough guesses at them. Consequently, of late years the attention of astronomers has been turned to the other methods to which I have alluded. These, though equally difficult to carry out, are not subject to this fatal objection. I may point out, however, before we proceed, that it would be quite reasonable, now the weight of the earth has been fixed by these other and sounder methods, to turn the above experiment about and apply the results obtained to the complementary problem of "weighing mountains."

"Of all experiments," exclaimed Professor Boys, a few years ago, in the course of a lecture at the Royal Institution, "the one which has most excited my admiration is the famous experiment of Cavendish." For this method of weighing the earth no costly expeditions to distant mountains, and no elaborate surveys requiring years for their performance are demanded. For the "Cavendish experiment," in fact, nothing is wanted but a few bits of wire, some strips of wood, balls of metal, and a case to protect the apparatus from "the wind," as Cavendish expressed it. If you possess these and certain other similar trifles, and if you possess, also, the genius for experi-

menting of a Cavendish or of a Boys, you can weigh the earth. If, in addition, you possess one of the wonderful silicon threads discovered a few years ago by Professor Boys, you can construct an apparatus hardly too big to go inside a man's hat-box, with which you may do the thing to a nicety.

That great though most eccentric man, the Honorable Henry Cavendish, was, as I have said, the first to carry out in a laboratory the operation of weighing the earth, but the actual originator of the Cavendish experiment was the Rev. John Michell, who constructed the necessary apparatus, but died before he had an opportunity of testing the value of his ideas by making an experiment. After Mr. Michell's death his apparatus passed into the hands of Dr. Wollaston, and he handed it on to Mr. Cavendish, who, after making some modifications, performed the first "Cavendish experiment" in 1797-98. Cavendish found the mean density of the earth to be 5.45 times that of water, and we may take it that this was the first really trustworthy measurement. The experiment, in outline, was as follows:

Two equal balls of lead, each two inches in diameter, were attached to the remote ends of a light wooden rod six feet long, which was suspended horizontally at its centre, by means of a wire forty inches long, inside a narrow wooden case to protect it from draughts. Outside the case two much more massive balls, also of lead, twelve inches in diameter, were suspended by rods from a beam, which worked on a pivot. This pivot was placed above the wire by which the rod carrying the small balls was suspended, so that the large balls could be swung at will into various positions outside the case. For example, they could be placed transversely by putting the two beams at right angles to one another, or brought close up to the smaller balls,

one large ball to each small ball, on opposite sides of the case. The movements of the ends of the light rod within the case were measured by means of divided scales provided for the purpose, which were viewed from a distance through telescopes. In making an experiment the two large balls were brought up close to the two small balls, one large ball to each small ball, on opposite sides, so that the latter were pulled in opposite directions. This set the ends of the light beam swinging about a centre which could be determined by observing the range of successive swings by means of the divided scales. The large balls were then carried round to the opposite sides of the case, and brought close up to the small ones as before. The result of this was, of course, that the directions of the pulls upon the latter were reversed. The centre of swing was again determined, and it was found not to be the same as before. Many corrections had to be introduced, and so the working out of the results was not very simple, but they show that the earth has a mean density of 5.45. The Cavendish experiment has often been repeated, and Bally (a London stock-broker by profession) performed no fewer than two thousand one hundred and fifty-three of these delicate experiments in his laboratory at Tavistock Place between the years 1738 and 1742, obtaining the value 5.66.

The Cavendish experiment, as I have said, has often been repeated, with various improvements, but never in a very much more perfect form till a few years ago; and in the interval Professor Poynting and others have succeeded in weighing the earth by means of common scales and weights. The experiment, in Professor Poynting's hands, consisted in hanging two 50-lb. weights to the opposite sides of a large, strong balance placed inside a suitable case; measuring the effect of bringing

a large mass of metal, 350 lbs., under one of the 50-lb. weights, which increases the pull upon it to a measurable extent, and then transferring the large weight to the other side of the balance so that its pull upon the other 50-lb. weight could also be measured. The changes to be observed, of course, were extremely small, mere fractions of a milligram, in fact, and all sorts of precautions had to be taken to avoid the disturbing effects of draughts and other causes of error. The balance was placed in a cellar, and observed by means of a telescope through a small hole in the ceiling from the room above it. So delicate was the apparatus that if any one walked about the house when Professor Poynting was at work he was unable to make an observation, on account of the quivering of a mirror attached to the balance to enable him to observe the reflection of a scale through the telescope; and when this difficulty was overcome by placing the instrument on great blocks of india-rubber, and the balance had worked well for a whole year, it began to go wrong one day owing to the floor of the cellar tilting whenever he moved the large weight from one side of the balance to the other. The tilt was so slight that had the floor been ten miles long one end of it would only have been raised one inch higher than the other end ten miles away, and yet this minute disturbance very seriously affected his observations. These are only a few of the difficulties encountered, but gradually they were overcome, and the density of the earth was found to be 5.498. Professor Poynting indicates the minute effect produced by the movements of the 350-lb. weight by the following apt illustration:

Suppose all the inhabitants of the British Isles, say 40,000,000 persons, were placed in one pan of a gigantic pair of scales, and that they were

counterpoised by weights, do you think the addition of one middle-sized boy to the population of the scale pan would seem to make much difference to a man who was weighing them? That is the sort of difference that had to be measured—a difference of one part in seventy or eighty million parts. It will give a still better idea of the degree of perfection to which the art of weighing was brought by Professor Poynting if I add that the degree of accuracy was such as would be required, in this imaginary experiment, to detect whether or no the boy had both his boots on.

But splendid as this work was, the high-water mark was reached, perhaps, by Professor Boys in a recent repetition of the Cavendish experiment. Cavendish, as I have said, suspended the beam of his "torsion balance," as such an instrument as that used by Cavendish is called, by means of a fine wire, and the accuracy of his results depended on the elasticity of this wire. Now, unfortunately, metallic wires are not perfectly elastic, and when frequently used are subject to "fatigue"; and so there was a defect in the experiment, which remained uncorrected until a few years ago, when Professor Boys discovered how to produce threads not liable to this fault. These astonishing threads, which were made of melted quartz, are finer by far than the finest wire—so fine, in fact, that a single grain of sand spun into one of them might yield a thread a thousand miles long; moreover, they surpass

steel in strength, and are marvellously elastic. Armed with quartz threads Mr. Boys was able to reduce the size of the Cavendish apparatus, and at the same time greatly to increase its sensibility. This and great personal skill enabled him to make what is probably the best measurement yet obtained of the earth's mean density—viz. 5.5270.

And so we find that the work of Maskelyne, the work of Cavendish, the work of Poynting, that of Boys, and, indeed, that of half a score others about whom I have said nothing, supports, almost without an exception, Newton's guess at the weight of the earth.

We are often told that we live in a material age, that the days of chivalry are gone, and that even science devotes herself to-day to the merely useful, and is too apt to neglect the search after abstract truth. Perhaps this incomplete recital of the progress of a great research during a period of nearly two centuries, including as it does some splendid contributions which have been made within quite recent years, may serve as a reminder that though science reveals herself to many of us chiefly through her more obviously useful and profitable discoveries and inventions, yet those who look for them will still find among us not a few men as ready as any of their predecessors to devote days and nights to hard labor for no other fee than the hope of discovering a new truth, overthrowing an ancient error, or extending in some other way the boundaries of knowledge.

W. A. Shenstone.

THE APPROACHING TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE OF AUGUST 30

There are many special features about the total solar eclipse of August of the present year. In the first place, perhaps the chief of these is that it will occur about the time when the solar atmosphere is greatly disturbed, or in other words, at a time when the number of sun-spots is about a maximum. Second, the localities from which it may be observed are well distributed over land surfaces, and some are easily accessible from the British Isles. Thirdly, observers will have to wait many years before another favorable eclipse occurs. That in 1907 will be visible in Central Asia, but its occurrence in January will deter many from seeing it. The two eclipses in 1908 will be visible only from the Pacific and South Atlantic. The eclipse of 1909 will occur in June in Greenland, while that in 1910 will be visible only from the Antarctic regions. In 1911 only a short portion of the end of the eclipse track will pass through a part of South Australia. It is therefore the eclipse of 1912, that will take place in April in Spain, which will be the next easily accessible one to observe; but as totality will only last 60 seconds, its duration will be brief compared with that of this year, which will last for more than 3½ minutes.

Further, the fact that the approaching eclipse occurs in a month, such as August, when a great number of people are taking their summer holiday, and therefore can more easily leave these shores, should ensure the presence of many volunteer observers at the more easily reached stations. In the present instance the zone of totality commences in Canada towards the south of Lake Winnipeg, skirts the extreme south of Hudson's Bay, passes a little to the north of Nova Scotia, and then crosses the Atlantic. In Europe

it strikes Spain on its north-west coast line, and leaves the eastern coast, enveloping the islands of Majorca and Iviza. Reaching Africa in the neighborhood of eastern Algeria, it passes through Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, and the Red Sea, and finally terminates in Arabia.

In Spain an opportunity is afforded of making observations at some stations of high altitude, for the eclipse track includes several lofty mountains. For instance, Penas de Europa, southwest of Santander, and 8000 feet high, is one of numerous possible observing peaks, and advantage should be taken of this or some other elevated region.

It will thus be seen that there is plenty of scope for observers to scatter themselves along the line of totality, and this should be done as much as possible. The low altitude of the sun during totality at Labrador (27°) and Egypt (24°) renders both these regions somewhat unfavorable for the best observations, but there parties should at any rate be present. The former region can undoubtedly be left to Canadian and American observers, for it does not seem necessary that European observers should journey so far when more favorable stations are nearer at hand. The close proximity of Egypt to many European countries renders this part of the zone of totality easily accessible. Here the central line of totality passes just a little north of Assuan, the outer limits enclosing Edfu on the north and Darmut on the south.

The probable weather conditions at the different stations form an important item in eclipse matters, for clouds can easily mar the work of even the best organized expedition. Omitting Labrador, a station that will not be occupied by observers from this coun-

try, the north-western portion of Spain does not seem to be particularly favored with the required weather conditions. According to Señor F. Ifiguez, the director of the Astronomical and Meteorological Observatory of Madrid, this locality during August is not only cloudy and damp, but storms are of frequent occurrence. Such a report, however, should not prevent one party at least from taking up a position there, but it should suggest to many who had up to the present made up their minds to observe in that locality to seek stations further along the line, and not congregate at a very probably unfavorable station such as this appears to be. At stations towards the east the conditions seem to be more suitable the closer the Mediterranean side is approached, and, according to the authority mentioned above, the probability of fine weather on this coast is very high. Inland stations will probably have the disadvantages of dust and heat combined.

Perhaps one advantage of the north-west over the east coast is that the former will be very much the cooler, but in eclipse matters sky conditions precede temperature considerations.

With regard to such matters as suitable sites for instruments, their safety, guards for camps, building materials, &c., the Spanish Government can be depended upon to render every assistance to those who apply through the proper channels, and the valuable aid they gave to parties during the eclipse of 1900 is still in the memory of many observers.

Those who wish to know something about the routes to Spain, the methods of travel and approximate cost, will find some interesting and useful information in an article recently written by Mr. G. F. Chambers, and published in the *Journal of the British Astronomical Association* (vol. xv., No. 2, p. 93). Another source of information specially

useful to those visiting Spain is a publication just received from the Astronomical Observatory of Madrid, entitled "Memoria sobre el Eclipse Total de Sol del dia 30 de Agosto de 1905." This has been prepared by the director, Señor Francisco Ifiguez, and contains details about climate and many useful maps, in addition to data about the eclipse itself.

The weather conditions for the stations situated in Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli seem to be very favorable, and should be made the most of. For Algeria, and more especially for the neighborhood of Philippeville, we have some useful facts which have been communicated through M. Mascart by M. A. Angot, of the Bureau Central Météorologique, Paris. Dealing first with cloud and rain, we learn that during the months of July and August Philippeville is the clearest and driest of all the coast stations in Algeria, the mean rainfall for these months amounting to 4 and 10 millimetres respectively out of a total of 807 millimetres for the whole year. The average number of rainy days for each month totals two or three. Storms are rare, but increase towards the interior. If we represent clear sky by 0 and sky covered by 10, then 2 or 3 would represent the condition of cloudiness at Philippeville.

As regards temperature, the diurnal variation has an amplitude of 9° C. or 10° C., the mean temperature being 24° C. (75° F.). By night the temperature would thus be about 18° C. or 19° C. (64° F. or 66° F.), and at two hours after noon the maximum day temperature would reach 29° C. or 30° C. (84° F. or 86° F.). For stations situated some tens of miles inland there is a very rapid increase of day temperature.

The prevailing winds in August vary from N.E. to N.W., i.e. are sea winds; they are not strong, and are not much augmented by the sea breeze.

In Egypt the prospect of fine weather

in August is also very great, so that observers who go to that region need not be very anxious, at any rate about clouds.

One of the novelties that will be attempted during this eclipse will be the photography of the eclipsed sun by means of the three-color process. The camera that will be employed will probably be one having three lenses, so that the exposures through the three colored screens can be made simultaneously, the correct ratio of the exposures being obtained by adjusting the apertures of the lenses.

Nature.

When it is considered that in addition to the British parties there will most probably be expeditions from several other countries, such as Spain, Portugal, Holland, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Egypt, &c., and probably one or two United States expeditions, there is a great opportunity not only for occupying a large number of different stations along the line, but of gaining a quantity of valuable material to enlarge our knowledge of solar physics.

William J. S. Lockyer.

THE STATUS OF GHOSTS.

Formerly ghosts were accepted at what may be called their face-value. They appeared at the "occult" hour of midnight, and disappeared at what is to many living persons still the dreadful crowing of the cock in the morning. Another occult phenomenon, for nobody can explain it. In those simple days ghosts were not inexplicable because no one imagined there was anything to explain. After a time, when everybody who was anybody had ceased to believe in them, it began to be a felt want to explain and account for them. Hence the founding of that very interesting, peculiar, and admirable organization, the Society for Psychical Research. It is a ghost-lore society, if we use the term ghost as taken to include all the group of congruous mysteries which cluster round the idea of the ghost and have the distinction of being classed together by the orthodox scientific man as not science. Sir Oliver Lodge has described the members of the society, of which he himself is one of the most distinguished, as being regarded with contempt mixed

with surprise. But that is perhaps rather true of the past than the present; and a change in opinion was in fact noticed by Professor Richet, the new president of the society, in his inaugural address¹ the other evening. Many of us who are not members of the society represent, as does the society itself, a middle term between the hostility of the man of physical science and the unintellectual indifference of the practical materialist, the uncultured man, who prides himself on his common sense because he sees no difficulties and therefore needs no explanations. We do not want everything ignored which has not something to do with radium, or electric lighting, or appendicitis, or the consumption bacillus. We have heard of such phenomena as rappings on tables without physical contact, of levitations, of inexplicable premonitions and lucidities of the mind which plainly appear out of the normal, of apparitions, the more knowing term for ghosts, of spirit photographs, of apports—of which it may be desirable to state that matter appears to pass

¹"Presidential Address" by Professor Charles Richet, Professor of Physiology of the Paris

Faculty of Medicine, to the members and associates of the Society for Psychical Research.

through matter, a possibility that radium suggests—of planchette, of hypnotism, of Mrs. Piper, and of many other abnormal persons and things quite as curious. If these things are facts they are interesting, they may be important, and if they are not, they are at any rate very puzzling; and we should be glad to know "how it is done." Why should not a number of English people who can listen to an address in French for an hour and a half without apparent weariness, employ some of their remarkable patience in elucidating these mysteries? They have done so, as is well known; and what was to be expected has happened. They have arrived at the conclusion which we others of the middle term have arrived at without corporate action. First of all they are not very certain about the alleged facts. From the days of Simon Magus downwards, and before, the magician has hardly ever known himself how far he was the possessor of an unexplained extraordinary power, and how far he deceived himself and others. Much less have other people been able to demarcate the two provinces. Nor has the Psychical Society. You may explode some ghost stories, but you cannot, with every exercise of ingenuity, explode them all. You may explode impostors and yet be conscious that you have not got to the heart of the mystery they have been exploiting. You end rather by disbelieving in the magician than in the magic. When our ancestors ceased burning witches it was not because they ceased to believe in witchcraft, the witch of Endor was too much for them, but because they got rather ashamed of burning the wrong persons.

In such matters as the seeing of ghosts, the fulfilment of dreams, or premonitions of death, or in cases of clairvoyance, more delicacy of treatment is required than in such a pro-

cess for example as unmasking fraud or deception in a court of law. There is that unconscious knowledge and memory of facts which is never effaced from the organism, though we may think we have never known or have completely forgotten them. This unrevealed personality lying beneath the strata of race and individual experience, the hidden basis of our daily and superficial activities, may with our complete unconsciousness occasion self-deception and lead us to deceive others without intention. This is a notion which has been arrived at in the ordinary course of physiological and psychological inquiries of recent years; and it is a weapon with which the psychical inquirer arms himself. And what is the conclusion of these long-continued and patient inquiries in England, France, and elsewhere made by those who have investigated the whole body of so-called psychical manifestations? Assuming that they must be the effects of causes which are not those of any known physical forces, how far have they been proved to be actual occurrences in the opinion of those who have applied whatever tests of possible experiment or inquiry a philosophical or scientific scepticism might suggest? In Dr. Richet's opinion there are indeed but few of what he prefers to call metapsychical phenomena on which all doubt has been triumphantly dissipated, and there are perhaps but two or three elementary ones which can claim to be definitely established; as, for example, raps without contact, or veridical hallucinations. Thus the status of the ghost and his entourage is very ill defined and can scarcely be considered as free from doubt.

But turning from the question of fact, of the amount of evidence there is of psychical happenings, and admitting there is some, what is the theory or explanation of them? What are the unknown forces presumed to act upon

matter and human intelligence? There is spiritism, or spiritualism, as it is mostly but unsuitably called, which has become a religious cult in the hands of those who believe that the causes are to be found in the actions of spirits extra-human or of the dead. So many emotions and human cravings for communion with the departed, for corroboration of the belief in human survival after death, cluster round this explanation that it is bound to be regarded at least with suspicion. The only experimental proof must be something that comes through the senses. The spirit must be made visible or handled or undoubtedly heard, not merely inferred, before spiritism can be admitted to be a valid theory. In the opinion of those of whom Dr. Richet is representative these conditions have not been fulfilled; and spiritism is a faith, not a science; a faith whose substance is things hoped for, and whose evidence is things not seen. An interesting test case has lately been put and an account of it given in a recent number of the Journal of the Psychical Society. The late Frederick Myers arranged with Sir Oliver Lodge that if possible he should communicate after death in some manner with a living person, and convey certain information as to the contents of an envelope which had been entrusted to Sir Oliver Lodge and deposited by him in secure custody. A lady professed that she was in communication with the spirit of Myers through automatic writing, and that she had received information as to the contents of the envelope. With all due precautions and formalities the envelope was opened; but the lady was found to have added only one more instance to the list of

persons who have been self-deceived in these matters. The experiment neither proved nor disproved anything but this; and otherwise the result is negative. Again there is the supposition or guess, for it cannot be tested by experiment, that the explanation is to be found in the human organism itself. It has the power, it is said, of acting at a distance without contact, of discharging an effluvium or double, and of impressing others through sight or sound; when we have apparitions, premonitions of deaths and the like, of which there are many accounts. As facts such occurrences are admitted by those who do not accept the theory or guess; and yet it seems very unconvincing that they should say, as they do, that pure chance or coincidence may explain these things; and that the fact is a mere subjective phenomenon in the recipient of the experiences. There is no need moreover to drag in the "long arm of coincidence" by way of objection to an explanation for which there is nothing in the shape of proof. What remains for the prudent investigator in the shape of theory? Nothing but a theory of absolute nescience for the present, mitigated by the hope that when new facts have been discovered some theory will emerge which will knit together the inexplicable phenomena, as has happened in the history of all knowledge that can now claim to be regarded as science. Yet it is remarkable and laudable that in these materialist days there should be people who have faith in the possibilities of a science at present so surrounded with uncertainties, while its discoveries in any case would have no pecuniary value.

LEAVETAKING.

Pass, thou wild light,
Wild light on peaks that so
Grieve to let go
The day.
Lonely the tarrying, lonely too is night:
Pass thou away.

Pass, thou wild heart,
Wild heart of youth that still
Hast half a will
To stay
I grow too old a comrade, let us part.
Pass thou away.

From "Poems."

William Watson.

AN AUTOCRACY AT WORK.

Tokens of the coming storm are now many and unmistakable, and cries are heard that the Russian ship of State is in danger. But they are the fears of men of little faith. It is not the ship of State that is in peril. That stout vessel will weather worse storms than any as yet experienced in Europe, not excepting the tempest of 1789. Manned by a hardy, buoyant, resourceful crew, it has nought to fear. Nothing is now at issue beyond the present trip and the rights and duties of the skipper. And on those questions a decision must soon be taken. For compass and chart have been put aside and we are drifting towards rocks and sandbanks. Of the crew—with no goal to attract, no commander to inspirit them—some are indifferent and many sluggish while the most active are preparing to mutiny. They all merge their welfare in the safety of the ship, and as a consequence would persuade or if necessary compel the captain to take a pilot on board. It is in that temper—for which history may perhaps

find a less harsh term than criminal—that the real and only danger lies.

To point out that danger and help to ward it off were the legitimate objects of my former article¹; and the means I used were honestly adjusted to those ends. If I pitched my voice in too high a key, it was for fear I should fail to strike ears that had long been deaf to loud warnings; if I touched my imperial master with ungentle hand, it was because I believed he was on the point of drowning. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* I may have been mistaken. Coming events will perhaps soon enable my critics to measure the distance that separated my judgment from political wisdom and my intentions from enlightened loyalty. Meanwhile I am solaced by the thought that history knows of fellow countrymen of mine, honored by rulers and ruled, who caused far greater pain than I have done to individual Tsars and Tsarivitches, in

¹ See "The Tsar" in *The Living Age*, August 27, 1904.

order to safeguard the Tsardom. To-day a broader view than that of the eighteenth century is permissible and a Russian official may now hearken to the dictates of patriotism, even when they clash with the promptings of loyalty to his Tsar. If we have not yet wholly forgotten our national saying: "whose bread I eat, his song I sing," we are at least beginning to render unto Russia the things that are Russia's without refusing to the Tsar the things that are the Tsar's.

My sketch of Nicholas II. has been very favorably received throughout the world as harmonizing in essentials with the Emperor's public words and acts. But it has been found fault with too as all attempts to fix for ever what is ever in flux will and should be. "The very truth," says our poet, Tiutcheff, "when clad in words becomes a lie." How much more an attempt to outline a character, whose essential traits so far elude analysis that even to close observers it seems little more than a negation. The very courtiers who claim to know the Emperor best are unable though willing to credit him with any of those positive qualities which psychologists designate as the groundwork of virile character. Indeed in their sincere moods they speak of him as susceptible less to clear-cut motives than to vague influence and ascribe his acts to emotional impulse rather than to reflective will.

Another difficulty was created by the limitations of my task. I had to do with the visionary autocrat only, pre-scinding almost entirely from the man. Otherwise, I should have gladly brought out in relief certain engaging features of the individual, Nicolai Alexandrovitch Romanoff, which form a pleasing set-off to the forbidding aspect of the Tsar Nicholas II. Thus, I would have emphasized the fact that he is an uncommonly dutiful son, who interprets

filial respect more generously than the followers of Confucius, having frequently submitted not his will only but also his judgment to that of his august mother. A model husband, he leaves little undone to ensure the happiness of his imperial consort. A tender father, he literally adores his children with an almost maternal fervor, and often magnanimously deprives himself of the keen pleasure which the discharge of the clerical duties of kingship confers in order to watch over his darling little Grand Duke and Grand Duchesses and to see that sunshine brightens those lives dear to millions. What, for instance, could be more touching or sympathetic than the picture—which courtiers draw for us—of the dread autocrat of all the Russias anxiously superintending the details of the bathing of his little son, the Grand Duke Alexis, at the height of the diplomatic storm raised by the North Sea incident? What could be more idyllic than the pretty human weakness betokened by the joyful exclamation with which the great potentate suddenly interrupted Rojdestvensky who was making a report on the Baltic Squadron: "But are you aware he weighs 14 lbs.?" "Who, your Majesty?" asked the Admiral, his mind still entangled in questions of displacement, quick-firing guns, and other kindred matters. "The Heir to the throne," answered the happy father. Touches of nature like this offer a refreshing contrast to the Byzantine stiffness of the autocrat bending over his table and writing marginal glosses.

A most obliging disposition also marks his intercourse with foreign dynasties, and perhaps warrants the sharpness with which some of their members censured my uncourteous frankness. For Tsar Nicholas has often gone out of his way to do them a good turn, and never willingly refuses their requests for concessions—

industrial, commercial, and political. Indeed, he has been known to grant them when compliance involved tremendous sacrifices on the part of his much-enduring subjects. In proof of this amiable trait, were it called in question, I could give the names and summarize the letters of princes, princesses, and monarchs who have repeatedly tested the good nature of their worthy cousin, by craving for industrial concessions, shipping subsidies, and lucrative trading privileges—to say nothing of territorial grants—to bestow which even a Russian autocrat sometimes needs a strong tincture of what courtiers would term moral courage.

To these amiable traits I was precluded from doing justice. I could hardly even touch upon the broad indulgence shown by Nicholas II. to the shortcomings of his Russian kith and kin, which in degree oftentimes borders upon participation. It was thus that, after he had forbidden the Grand Ducal band to begrime themselves in the mire of Corean concessions, he first withdrew the prohibition and then himself became a shareholder in the venture, risking his millions and—what ought to have been of greater value than money's worth—his fair name. For no one who knows the Emperor will for a moment ascribe this *faux pas* to any such sordid motives as those avowed by his uncles and cousins. It was the kindly act of a man who feels that blood is thicker than water, and wishes to express the sentiment in deeds. Unfortunately history, which deals summarily with men and motives, will be scarcely less shocked at finding Nicholas II. among the profit-hunters of the Far East than

at the sight of Voltaire illegally jobbing with a Jew in Saxon securities.

To be severely frowned down by certain of those august personages, whose fondness for our Tsar is thus solidly grounded, I was quite prepared. *Noblesse oblige.* Neither was I surprised by the strictures of the few English-speaking critics who thrust aside the sketch I drew as a mere fancy picture, because they failed to recognize in it the statesmanlike traits of the great and good monarch who in his inscrutable wisdom had once admitted them to his presence for twenty and thirty minutes respectively.¹ But I was astonished that one fault should have been found with my drawing, which even a hasty comparison with the original would have disproved. I had charged the Tsar, it was said, with sins of commission, while his self-appointed advocates plead guilty in his name at most to sins of omission. His Majesty, they urged, may be gifted with a will which like pure gold, is most malleable; he may wear his heart too often on his sleeve, and political daws may peck at it, but to describe him as defying his Ministers and overriding the majority of his Imperial Council, is to lampoon, not to portray him. It runs counter to his character. For Providence, out of love for its chosen people of to-day, endowed him with "the temperament of an Imperial Hamlet." Here facts alone, I submit, should turn the scale, and facts in support of my thesis are plentiful and decisive.

One of the most striking is the isolation of the autocrat who stands on his lofty pedestal like Simon Stylites on his pillar or the ex-Dalai Lama in his monastery. There is not one minister now in the Emperor's Council Chamber

¹ One, I am told, is widely and favorably known as the amateur photographer of the money-bags of our Treasury, and another has acquired so thorough a knowledge of the unseen world and such intimacy with its most

truthful denizens that he was once spoken of in Russia as a possible successor to M. Philippe as Medium-in-waiting to the Tsar. "Sed dis aliter visum est."

sufficiently magnetic in manner or dazzling in mind to fascinate the will or sway the intellect of his imperial master. Not one. Formerly there were not wanting such conspicuous officials in the immediate environment of the autocrat, men who might have been thought capable of throwing an irresistible spell over him. One of these was K. P. Pobedonostseff, who for a time was taken for the substance behind the Imperial shadow. Another was M. Witte, misnamed the Russian Richelieu, and fabled to have his own way in all things political and financial. Later still it was V. K. von Plehve, who was known to be the wire-puller of the bureaucracy and was suspected of being also the inspirer of the Tsar. And thus for several years a succession of pre-eminent men gave color to the widespread view that Nicholas II. was a passive tool in the hands of others. For that reason the elements of the revolutionary opposition held his ministers and certain unofficial counsellors answerable for the lamentable plight of the people. Nicholas II. was for them a misguided but well-intentioned youth, who if advised by honest, patriotic and enlightened men might make a beneficent or, at any rate, a harmless ruler. To him, therefore, their resentment never extended. In the long list of murders which constitute their panacea for all our political ills, they never once raised their blood-stained hands against the person of the monarch. Balmashoff, the assassin of the Minister Sipyaghin, said to the judges who condemned him to death: "For the present we harbor no designs against the Emperor." Minister governors, and members of the police were shot, stabbed, or blown to pieces in turn. But the Tsar was raised to a higher plane—a plane of safety—beyond the arena of strife. His elevation to that fastness was the result of the impression prevailing about his charac-

ter, his aims, and the part he was playing in the State. And I wrote my first article to keep him on that plane.

The bomb which blew up V. K. von Plehve exploded that idea, and pulled down with it the pillars of the sanctuary in which at critical periods the Emperor might take refuge. And at present one cannot contemplate without a tinge of pain the sight of the slender figure of the self-complacent autocrat standing over against the elemental force of a seething mass of men, of whom all seem discontented, and many are menacing. It affects one like the sight of a stone-deaf man sauntering cheerfully along a railway line while the express is rushing up behind him and the onlooker can warn neither the pedestrian nor the engine-driver. Since Plehve's death the word has gone forth that Nicholas is Tsar, the Grand Dukes are his Viziers, and the ministers are but the menials of both. And congruously with that dogma Russia's destiny will be henceforth worked out. Thus Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky is but the executor of the Emperor's commands, honestly eager to help, yet truly willing to retire, a clean-handed official imbued with what is best in Russian culture and in modern tendencies, but without claim or ambition to pass as a statesman or a theorist. Loyalty to the Emperor and good-will to the nation prompted him to lend his name to the autocracy and devote his efforts to the welfare of the people. Thus, like the nettle of the fable, which borrowed the scent of the rose, the Government received for a time the perfume of the Prince's name. But actual contact soon revealed the sting.

Clearly, then, it is not Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky who can be accused of bearing the odious part of tempter.

M. Pobedonostseff long stood forth in that unenviable capacity, and was once "condemned to death" in consequence by the cold-blooded criminals who

grimly speak of their bullets and their bombs as the only effective checks upon the crimes of the administration. But fate turned the assassin's bullet from the Ober-Procuror of the Most Holy Synod to Sipyaghin the Minister of the Interior. Since then, however, the lay pope of our Orthodox Church has lived chiefly in the past. He still has friendly intercourse with his emotional sovereign, but their conversation hardly ever turns on topics of actual political interest, and of the influence which he once wielded over the autocracy under Alexander III. every trace has vanished. M. Pobedonostseff, then, has done his work, and it remains only for history to label it. As prompter of the Tsar he has had no successor. For M. Witte's intellect was always redoubled, his will-power feared, and his insolence resented by the shy, faint-hearted monarch, who sometimes puts the plain speaking of the Russian "Richelleu" in the same category as blasphemy and atheism. But thanks to the Dowager Empress his services are not wholly disdained; he was chosen to impersonate our Government in passing through the Caudine yoke of the Russo-German Commercial Treaty; he had his agrarian reforms lately sanctioned by the Emperor, and he is now charged with carrying out the schemes mooted by Nicholas II. in the historic ukase. But M. Witte had to stoop to conquer; it is he who surrendered to the Tsar, not the Tsar to him. They are now temporary allies, friends they can never be. After having drafted the paragraph creating a legislative assembly as an indispensable condition of reform, M. Witte assented to its being struck out with a resigned exclamation: *Fiat voluntas tua.*

Nicholas II., therefore, is his own master, and is himself answerable for his men and measures, such being his Imperial will and pleasure. If some of the men are unclean monsters—

Grand Ducal harpies—who rob the people of their substance, and "break the records" of vice and crime without drawing down punishment or provoking censure, he who tolerates, shields, and befriends them shares the odium of their misdeeds and participates in their risks. If the Tsar robs Finland of her liberties, despoils Armenian schools and churches, suppresses the nationality of the Poles, and keeps the Russians more miserable than any foreign element of our population, we may discuss his motives, but we cannot question his responsibility. At the same time, it is a fact which should be noted as an extenuating circumstance that in everything he does and leaves undone he is strongly, but, as a rule, indirectly, influenced by his uncles, cousins, and nephews, the Imperial drones, who are ever buzzing about him. They seem endowed with a special faculty of calling forth what is least estimable in the Emperor's character. They surround him with a moral atmosphere charged with mephitic and stupefying vapors, which bring on a morbid mood, and then the slightest touch from without provokes the acts which cause our people to wince and writhe.

Only of late has it become known that Nicholas II. at the head of his Grand Ducal satellites has long been his own adviser and his own Government, and from that moment the lines of his portrait gained in sharpness. For he now stands forth as the author of the present sanguinary war, the marplot of the military staff, and the main obstacle to the peace to which he has so often publicly done lip-worship. In that mock heroic rôle of *l'Etat c'est moi*, Nicholas II. is also recognized as the one hindrance to popular reforms at home, which in a greater or lesser measure most intelligent Russians deem indispensable to the welfare of the nation. And the dangers inseparable

from damming with his own person a streamlet which the blood of Manchurian battlefields may yet swell to the dimensions of a resistless torrent, have so far ceased to be vague that they were charitably and discreetly pointed out several weeks ago to a member of the Imperial family by a crowned and kindhearted foreign monarch. For some time after this it seemed as if the warning had been taken to heart, and the danger would be averted by timely concessions to reasonable demands. But subsequent events have whittled away the grounds for those humane hopes. The screw which was loosened for a season has again been tightened; law remains supplanted by caprice; and the well-being of the nation which might have been furthered by a prudent Imperial fiat is blocked by a ukase which embitters everybody. For almost all Russia now discerns the alternative, and accepts the struggle, the Emperor and his family being among the few who lack a keen sense of the grim reality. Heartfelt sadness is the feeling aroused in the onlooker by this tragic spectacle; unalloyed sadness with no admixture of surprise.

For Nicholas II. appears to have been cause-blind from the very beginning. The law of causality entering his mind is seemingly always refracted like a sunbeam striking the surface of the water. It changes its direction. It was in consequence of that defect that while moving every lever to produce war, he was purblind to the approach of the conflict and deaf to the warnings of those who could see. The dispute with Japan was originally caused by the personal policy of the Emperor who seized his neighbor's property and believed he could placate the despoiled people by crying: "No offence intended!" Well-meaning at bottom, but logic-proof and mystical, he instinctively followed the example of the vam-

pire which fans its victims while sucking their life blood. Under his predecessors Russia had grown and "thriven" in this way, and why should she not continue to grow in like manner under him? So overweening was his confidence in his own prophetic vision that he was impervious to the arguments of the wisest of his responsible advisers and risked the welfare of his subjects on the slender chance of his being a Moses to his people. And he resisted his ministers, not with the harmless swagger of a vainglorious youth but with the calm settled presumption which medical psychologists describe as incurable. Like those Chinese Boxers, who believing their lives were charmed, smilingly stood up to the bullets of the Europeans, so Nicholas II. cheerfully exposed not himself nor his Imperial house but his people to a disaster which his second sight assured him could never come. For he started with a mistaken view of autocracy. He held, and holds, that according to God's will the unique absolute ruler of modern times should be at once the arbiter of peace and war throughout the globe, and the keeper of the lives, the property, and the souls of his people at home. And he acted up to that belief. Thus he took it for granted that as no foreign Power would dare to attack Russia, peace depended on whether he would attack any foreign Power. And as he was resolved not to declare war, he reasoned that peace was therefore secure during his lifetime. One difference between him and the Boxer is, that the Boxer risked only his own life, whereas Nicholas II. risked and lost those of tens of thousands of his people. And even an autocrat were he never so wise ought not to be invested with such tremendous power.

Clearly, then, the trouble with Japan was brewed by the Tsar, acting not on the advice but against the recommenda-

tions of his most competent ministers. Still friction is not hostility, and diplomatic methods might and should have composed the diplomatic dispute. The task was well within the resources of statesmen of good-will, and those of each Empire were sincerely eager to discharge it. For they would have found it to the advantage of their respective nations to compromise. But here again the Tsar personally intervened, like some unconscious instrument in the hands of inexorable Fate. And Acrisius was not more unsuspecting when he set out for his doom in Larissa, nor Oedipus more trustful when he started for Daulis, than Nicholas II. when he removed the negotiations from our Foreign Office to his palace and uttered his fatal *non possumus*. True, he did not believe that a rupture would follow; indeed, he still regarded a conflict with Japan as absolutely impossible, just as he does not now believe that his people are in a state of smouldering rebellion. In vain did MM. Witte, Kuropatkin, Lamsdorff, and others impress upon him that, however peaceful his intentions, the germs of war had been hidden in his aggressive policy and the fruit was now being matured by his diplomatic trifling. Far from taking these warnings to heart, he resented and punished the frankness of the speakers. And, with the dreamy confidence of a somnambulist, the mystical young monarch blithely went his way, leading a vast multitude towards their doom—a sort of pied piper of Petersburg, the refrain of whose song was, "War is impossible. My Empire is peace."

I call to mind a curious episode which throws a lightning-flash on the mental condition of Nicholas II. during that crisis. It happened in December 1903. All Petersburg was then girding its loins for the festivities of Christmastide. Society talk was of theatres, balls, soirees, court functions; but from

time to time rumbling sounds from afar, heard by the sharp-eared, heralded the coming storm. Ministers, diplomats, politicians would then look grave and shake their heads. His Majesty alone was serene, writing despatches, reading despatches, commenting despatches all day long. Alone he was doing and enjoying it, without the help of the advisers whom his own free choice had marked out as the best qualified to guide him. Whenever any of these came into his presence he looked embarrassed and eschewed themes connected with the Far East.

Now there was one of these men—perhaps the best informed of them all—for whom the Tsar had conceived the hatred of the cat for the dog. And one day he was summoned to the palace to report upon a matter which had no reference to Manchuria or Corea. The Emperor in good spirits received him courteously and the interview was satisfactory to both sides. At its close the official respectfully asked his sovereign's permission to deny certain statements attributed to him by court gossip. He had been represented as having spoken slightly of the monarch's political insight and prophesied to a high-born lady the certainty of a war with Japan. This statement—he now assured the Emperor—was false. He had not once spoken to the lady during the period in question, and if it had been otherwise he would have chosen a more fitting subject of conversation than a delicate problem of international politics. He wound up his defence saying: "I give your Majesty my word, that I never told Princess G. that war is imminent. I should not dream of saying such a thing to her." "I am delighted," replied the Emperor, his face wreathed in smiles, "I am delighted that you have come round to my view at last. A conflict with Japan is indeed, as you say, out of the ques-

tion." But here the shrewd minister broke in: "I must have expressed myself clumsily, Sire. I did not tell Princess G. that war is at hand, not because I hold the opposite view, but because I did not open my mind to her at all. To your Majesty who graciously ask me, I can but answer, as I have answered so often before: we are drifting into war, but it is still in your Majesty's power to steer clear of the danger." Before the dignitary could say any more, the autocrat, on whose face a scowl had chased away the smile, dismissed him with a nod. For to him it was inconceivable that Japan should attack Russia, and as Russia would not attack Japan peace was secure. Then the pied piper continued his march followed by the crowd of doomed children. "War is impossible. My Empire is peace."

Thus it cannot be doubted that Nicholas II. first provoked the misunderstanding with the Government of Tokio and then thwarted the honest endeavors of Russian and Japanese statesmen to clear it up. But was it not in good faith? Truly in as good faith as Phillip II. resolved to crush England, or Paul I. despatched his Cossacks against India. Alas! evil is never so blithely done as in obedience to a false principle of conscience, and many a narrow-minded man of good faith draws from religion excellent motives—which the reprobate lacks—for a thoroughly bad action. In ethics good faith is a strong plea but it has often to be disallowed in politics. Or is it a compensation for a people dying by thousands and famishing by millions in consequence of the whims and freaks of an absolute ruler to be assured that he thought he was acting for the best? Almost every political quack who brings down misfortune upon others pleads that he wished them well. It is a sorry excuse. But our Imperial warcloud-compeller has still to learn that he has done

anything calling for excuse or explanation.

At present our people—or, rather, the thinking heads among them—are only beginning to realize the part borne by Nicholas II. in those recent events which are changing the course of political history. At first he was hidden away in the background behind his professional ministers and private friends. "Alexeyeff is the mischief-maker," many Russians said last year, "and he ought to be hanged to a lamp-post for neglecting to prepare for the conflict." "Rosen, the ambassador to the Mikado, is a traitor, else he would have informed the Tsar of the certainty of war." But these scapegoats have since hidden behind their sovereign. The viceroy lately informed the world that as far back as two years ago he knew that war was coming and had advised his superiors not to be taken unawares. The responsibility, therefore, is not his to bear.

More startling still: two days after his prophecy had come to pass he received a telegram from St. Petersburg assuring him that "the rupture of diplomatic relations does not mean the beginning of war; war will be avoided." This amazing despatch was grimly commented by the Japanese navy, which on the evening of the very same day delivered their torpedo attack against the Port Arthur squadron! As the Ministry of Foreign Affairs has since denied having sent any such telegram to Admiral Alexeyeff, it is clear that his Majesty alone can have written and sent it.

It was Nicholas II., therefore, who literally hindered preparations for the war which he himself had precipitated. He elaborately deceived himself before endeavoring to deceive others. His ambassador in Tokio, Baron Rosen, it is now known, had written despatch after despatch announcing the imminence of war, and foretelling an attack

on Port Arthur, until the Tsar, incensed at this persistence, penned a remark on the margin of one of the ambassador's despatches which compelled Baron Rosen to eschew that topic in future. And then officials naturally acted on the view that war was impossible. Now a subject who should thus mislead his country would be charged with high treason. But all that we demand of the Tsar is that he should always in future put the conduct of such weighty affairs in the hands of the men whom he has himself designated as competent. This precaution seems moderate enough considering the vastness of the disaster caused by his neglect to act thus reasonably in the past.

Those sensational disclosures are calculated to harm our Emperor and to humiliate our people. For they reveal Nicholas II. as a man whose intellect is warped and whose will is enfeebled by causes still operative, which, however they may affect his family, leave the nation unsolaced for the past and alarmed for the future. It is perhaps natural, many say, that he should refuse to allow the people any voice in the Government of the Empire—even such a fitful influence on the course of affairs as they possessed when the founder of the Romanoff dynasty was on the throne. And yet Tsar Mikhail Feodorovitch was much more of a statesman than Nikolai Alexandrovitch, while his people were less enlightened than the Russians of to-day. But what is not at all natural is that Nicholas II., having chosen his ministers among the most intelligent and experienced bureaucrats, should forego or reject their advice when the nation is in pressing need of it. As mankind involuntarily ascribes reasonable motives to irrational acts, the Tsar's strange treatment of his official counsellors was explained as the result of loss of confidence in them. He had found others, it was said, men like

Bezobrazoff, Alexeyeff, Abazza, better qualified to advise him than his professional counsellors. But if so, people asked, why did he not raise them to the posts, the duties of which they were discharging? M. Witte was the first to put the question, and the people have repeated it often and querulously since then. And now at last the startling answer comes: Such a step would have led nowhither, for even to these, his unofficial prompters, the Emperor never hearkened. He generally left their warnings, like those of their rivals, unheeded; and, having listened sceptically to their opinions, carried out his own! Even Alexeyeff the favorite was dealt with as a schoolboy, and may have laughed like a schoolboy at the Imperial message assuring him that the rupture of diplomatic relations did not mean war. Japan and Russia could not go to war! The shrewd Admiral surely thought, if he did not exclaim: *Sanctissima simplicitas!*

Thus the seeds of discord were sown by the hand of the Imperial peace-worshipper, and when the gardeners came to weed them out, he peremptorily dismissed them to their homes. It was the Emperor himself who kept his officials from preparing for the Far Eastern War, which he asseverated would never come. And when it broke out at last, he proved to the hilt his good faith and sincerity by weeping and sobbing like a child. But his tears and moans did not keep him from continuing the work of destruction he had begun. And it was he again who, when the campaign was opened, put manacles on the hands and gyves on the feet of the commanders of our army and navy. For he cannot discern the nexus between cause and effect.

The land campaign was bungled inex-
cusably, but doubtless in very good
faith. Instead of appointing a clever

and experienced General to the post of Commander-in-Chief, the Tsar went out of his way to select Alexeyeff, an Admiral—and of all Russian Admirals the only one who had dabbled in the Yalu and Yantai concessions. None but an absolute and mystical monarch, unillumined by average reason, and unfettered by responsibility, could have sent a sailor to conduct a land campaign, and none but a people literally owned by its ruler would have brooked it. History lacks a parallel since the days of Heliogabalus. Alexeyeff is accused of having frequently meddled with Kuropatkin's schemes, and of having sometimes spoiled them by his impertinent suggestions. The charge is not serious, because he could not have done anything else. It was his duty. But since his return to St. Petersburg the Admiral denies the accusation, at least in part. Within my knowledge is the important fact that the influence, which in certain cases moved Kuropatkin to assume the offensive, came direct from his Majesty after consultation with the Minister of War. That, for instance, was the genesis of the famous October order of the day, by which Kuropatkin rendered the staff of our army the laughing-stock of the world, and made himself the scourge of our people. A victory was indispensable to the autocrat, a victory which would have enabled him to castigate the insolent reformers who were scheming at home to circumscribe his power. And he commanded it to be fought for and won regardless of consequences. Unhappily one of the consequences thus disregarded was that tens of thousands of brave simple-minded Russian men were needlessly shot down, and hundreds of thousands of women and children were brought to the verge of starvation. But it was certainly all done in good faith, for his Majesty holds that if it is well with the autocracy it is also

well with the people. And he was honestly striving to further the interests of autocracy.

A ruler who thus sets reason at defiance, transgresses the elementary rules of prudence, and leaves the interests of his vast people altogether out of his reckoning is, our Liberals say, unfit to occupy a throne. I disagree with them. The qualifications for kingship have been lowered since the days of Constitutional Government, and it would be unfair and disloyal to blink that fact. All I would venture to maintain is, that such a man is clearly incapable of wielding absolute power without the corrective of guidance or control. And Tsar Nicholas' inability to see this truth, either in the abstract or in its concrete Russian form, is now the chief stumbling-block to the development of our people. How long it will remain so is uncertain. The obvious criticism to the Emperor's meddling in the war is that it ran counter to common sense and revealed a lack of moral courage. For if his own choice of Kuropatkin for the post of commander was made in good faith, that general ought to have been free to elaborate his plans; while if Nicholas II. saw reason to adopt the suggestions of any other officer he was surely bound in conscience and in honor to raise that fittest man to the post of responsibility and power. What the Emperor actually did was to lay upon Kuropatkin the ostensible responsibility and upon Alexeyeff the implied responsibility, while reserving for himself the absolute right of experimenting with and sacrificing the lives of hundreds of thousands of his subjects. Of a shipowner who should barter for an insurance policy the lives of even a dozen sailors we know what to think. His good faith would not go far in a criminal court of justice. And I cannot believe that morality has a different standard for a mon-

arch's acts. A great potentate may, it is true, display certain defects which please some people more even than sterling qualities. But it is unlikely that indifference to slaughter and callousness to the spread of human misery would be found among them.

I am sorry I cannot truthfully write in higher terms of the Tsar's fellow-feeling with human suffering. But I may remind those of my readers, who likewise regret it, that I claim to give no more than personal impressions derived from acts seen through the prosaic light of day. I am, of course, liable to err. Others also who know the Emperor better, yet judge him more severely than I do, may perchance be biased. But it seems less probable that the numerous individuals of many countries, various walks of life, and different ways of thought, who have met him and missed in his nature diffusive sympathy with the sorrows and joys of men and women, should be all mistaken. My own friends and acquaintances who have seen him in many moods, and perhaps at his best and worst, report the same defect. "I informed him of the lamentable state of the district," one of them said to me lately, "and drew a harrowing picture of men and women steeped in misery, racked with pain, but he only answered: 'Yes, I know, I know,' and bowed me out." Those words "Yes, I know, I know," have figured as the *finis* uttered by the Tsar at the close of History's Chapters on the Finnish Constitution, the Armenian Church and Schools, the Nationality of the Poles, the Liberty of Conscience of our own people. "I know, I know!" Would to heaven he realized what he knows! Men, like trees, fall on their leaning side, and in the Tsar's case the leaning side is not an inclination to assuage human suffering, otherwise there would have been less misery during the great famine and far less

bloodshed during the present reign. Mr. White, the former American Ambassador, whose eyes we may take it are suitably framed for such easy discoveries as that of pure spontaneous sympathy in human character, is disposed to think that Nicholas II. is bereft of the sensibility which is born of unselfish feeling. The unaffectedly heartless way in which he informed the Ambassador that the famine then raging was not serious and that he—the Imperial President of the Relief Fund—had ceased to busy himself any further with the matter, produced, we are told, a profoundly painful impression. And this in spite of the polish of kindliness he was then wont to display to foreigners—a polish which too often resembles the glitter of the gilt cross on the mouldering coffin.

Nicholas II., then, after having brought on the war, appeared in the rôle of ally of our enemies. For by hampering Kuropatkin he played into the hands of the Japanese, and rendered them more precious services than all the spies who were shot or hanged since the outbreak of hostilities. This is a bitter reflection, and explains much of the feeling against his Majesty which prevails in the active army and among the intelligent classes of civilians. It is well known now that the plans of campaign forced upon the Commander-in-Chief were worked out in St. Petersburg by General Kuropatkin's former subordinate, the present War Minister, Sakharoff. That official and the Grand Duke Vladimir stirred up the worst sentiments against the distant commander that man can bear to man. And because Nicholas II. supported this party and, so to say, delivered our soldiers bound to the enemy, it is not easy to think of him without a strong tincture of bitterness. We allow largely for good faith but we look for repentance as a condition of pardon, whereas the Tsar seems re-

solved to go on sinning in good faith as before. He compelled Kuropatkin to act against his better judgment, and yet openly professed to trust the fate of his Empire to that gallant general's intelligence and skill. And the brave but servile soldier was thus forced to lead scores of thousands of our people to the slaughter, improvising a spectacle unparalleled in horror even in Pagan Rome, with its *Cesar morituri te salutant*. A temporary triumph over domestic reformers was the dubious aim, wanton butchery the certain upshot. Where, our people ask, was the Tsar's sensibility then? And when the awful deed was perpetrated in vain, Kuropatkin's foredoomed failure was set down to his lack of strategy, the Emperor giving no hint that the general's only blunder was excess of loyalty. If I had written calmly of those things and sought to justify them with the good faith of the Emperor, my own good faith would be reasonably called in question. But although it is impossible for any self-respecting Russian to speak of such matters with unruffled serenity, all that I propose is that in future such hecatombs shall cease, and that in deciding upon weighty matters, like war and our foreign relations, his Majesty shall be obligatorily assisted by a Council chosen by himself. That, I venture to think, represents the mildest remedy which our country's ills now call for. Nicholas II. and the Grand Ducal band, which would fain perpetuate the chaos now prevailing, stigmatize that demand—any demand, in fact—as unpatriotic, irreligious and immoral. Immorality stigmatized by the Grand Ducal clan! *Risum teneatis, amici!*

At length the Emperor stayed his hand. But not until more than a hundred thousand of his faithful soldiers—the gray silent heroes who died unhonored and unsung—had bled or perished for his sake. And then his

motive was less pity, which would have moved him to conclude peace, than dynastic interests which prompted him to utilize opportunities. Kuropatkin, his patience worn out, sent his friend, General Velitchko, to St. Petersburg to put an end to the palace wire-pulling, which flashed death to the Manchurian army more swiftly than Apollo of old to the Greek camp. The envoy went naturally enough to his chief, the War Minister, Sakharoff, who received the messenger coldly with a nod of his head in lieu of a handshake, a frown in place of a smile. And having heard the demands he answered: "What a vast number of things you need! One would have thought that in Manchuria you were creating a base to conquer the world! Anyhow I have done my best for you. Siege guns? Surely you don't require any more? They are quite useless for retreats. Mere impediments, mere impediments." In a word, jibes and sneers in lieu of reinforcements and supplies were received by General Velitchko from the War Minister. So he applied for an audience of his Majesty.

The Tsar received him most affably and listened attentively to his story, which was long, clear, and tragic. Velitchko, like a clever diplomatist, promised great things if supplies were sent to Kuropatkin, and foreshadowed terrible mishaps if they were withheld. He assured the Emperor that the military force of the enemy was no longer as formidable as it had been, whereas that of Russia was becoming rapidly more efficient. The Mikado's armies, he explained, had been for some time drawing their reinforcements from inferior elements of the population, which make poor fighting material; their weapons and ammunition were also of much worse make and quality than six months ago. And the losses they inflict are therefore proportion-

ately less. If only the improvement of our forces went hand in hand with this deterioration of the Japanese armies, Kuropatkin would boldly assume the offensive and end the war with a series of brilliant victories, the credit for which would redound to his provident master.

To the Tsar who had heard from many military men that the list of Kuropatkin's defeats was not yet complete and that Mukden was certainly doomed to be evacuated, these were very welcome tidings. The autocrat at once perceived his opportunity and seized it. Taking Velitchko's list of demands he said: "Kuropatkin shall have everything he asks for and without delay. I personally answer for it." And, as is his wont, he kept his word. Two days later a special commission was appointed under the War Minister, and General Velitchko was summoned to answer questions. When he appeared Sakharoff's manner was totally changed. He now welcomed him cordially as Kuropatkin's envoy, approved his remarks, promised to comply with his requests, and to forward the howitzers and other guns which were expected from Krupp. And soon afterwards Velitchko left St. Petersburg in high spirits. For in the army as in the navy, in churches as in prisons, the word of the Tsar is law.

Thus it cannot be gainsaid that the war and every essential condition of waging it successfully depend wholly upon the autocrat's will and understanding. For there is no minister here nor in any State department whose experience, skill, and insight are taken either on trust or after fair tests as guarantees of the practical wisdom of his advice. Abstract science, technical proficiency, the readiness and mastery engendered by familiarity with persons and conditions, all shrink to nothing in comparison with the prophetic vision supposed to be vouchsafed to

the Anointed of the Lord. He insists, therefore, upon holding the destinies of his people and the peace of the world in the hollow of his hand. And whenever he seems to waver in presence of the masses the Grand Ducal camarilla urges him on, saying: "The only right you lack is that of abandoning your rights." In this way despotism which is not identical with autocracy threatens to become his Nessus shirt.

If it was a serious blunder to precipitate the war, it would be an unpardonable crime to carry it on deliberately when all hope of attaining satisfactory results has vanished. The campaign in its present and future stages, with its cheerless perspective, is worse than the savage hacking and hewing by a murderer in cold blood of the body which he smote in a fit of passion. There is a touch of the fiendish in what is, perhaps, after all, only transcendental selfishness. Our own people are the chief sufferers. They are called to arms by threats, sometimes kept in prisons by force, lest they should run away, conveyed to Manchuria more like cattle than men, and then set loose, sometimes without suitable clothing or adequate sustenance. For warm overcoats, boots, linen, medicaments, and even food the authorities shamelessly appeal to the generosity of the nation. Probably no such cynical avowal of incompetency or corruption has ever yet been recorded by history. Our War Ministry disposed of a huge fund to provide all those necessities in peace time, and since the outset of the war no bounds are set to its financial resources. Yet of an army of only 200,000 men it left many thousands unprovided for. In June a foreign military attaché at the front asked one of our officers: "What was your department doing during the twenty-seven years of peace, if in the fifth month of the war you and I come

upon nearly a whole regiment marching barefoot? Where are the soldiers' boots?" "In the pockets of Grand Duke X." was the answer. If the Japanese had bribed the whole Grand Ducal ring to hypnotize our Emperor, and to have our soldiers brought to the seat of war under the most unfavorable conditions they would brook, the results could not have been very different. Are the members of the Imperial family less dangerous enemies of the nation because their ill-gotten money was not received from the Japanese, but extorted from the Russian people? And if the nation is authoritatively told that autocracy cannot be saved without keeping up the machinery which turns out half-naked soldiers to fight in the depth of a Manchurian winter, and sends ships with boilers condemned by our experts to meet the formidable squadron of the Japanese, is it surprising that voices are heard crying "Down with the autocracy!" With these voices I entirely disagreed, in the belief that the autocracy does not necessarily imply the Grand Dukery and its unplumbed depths of baseness, and in the hope that Nicholas II. would soon to discern it.

It is not, I think, too much to say that our "gray" heroic soldiers endure more terrible hardships from the corruption of our bureaucracy than from the bullets and bombs of the Japanese. Wounded they are put in goods trains, twenty-five or more in an open van, nearly all of them dangerously hurt or ill, many of them dying. The floor has no matting, no straw, nothing but heaps of dung and filth untouched since horses and oxen occupied the wagons shortly before. "Many of the patients are without overcoats or uniforms; have, in fact, nothing on but their thin shirts and tattered trousers." That the members of the Imperial dynasty allow these tortures to be in-

flicted upon the men who are giving their lives for them is a blot on their family escutcheon which will never be washed out. For here it is not a question of a sin of mere omission. Our Zemstvos had endeavored to band themselves together in one association in order to organize on a large scale help for the sick and wounded, but the Tsar forbade the good work lest the Zemstvos should apply the axiom that union gives strength to political as well as to humane strivings. How many thousands of true-hearted Russians died in consequence of that Imperial caprice! Will their kindred be consoled that it was done in good faith?

Of the defalcations, embezzlement, and downright robbery of sums destined for the wounded and their families I shall say nothing. The subject is unsavory. One has but to rake any money scandal well enough in order to come upon a Grand Duke at the bottom of it. While foreign ladies can realize millions for their smiles upon the scions of the Imperial house, these soldiers with their festering wounds, their quivering limbs, and their oozing life-blood, are thrown upon heaps of horse dung and bumped and jolted for days without medicaments, food, washing, water, or any other antiseptics than the frost.

And none of the Grand Ducal sybarites, who live largely on the money extorted from the people, offers a rouble for the wounded or his sword for the cause of the autocracy. They keep for themselves the honors and rewards, reserving the hardships and dangers for the obscure "gray" soldier. Not a copeck of the millions which the Grand Dukes received or squeezed from our people have they given back for warm clothing for the soldiers or medicaments for the wounded and the sick. And while numbers of heroes—genuine heroes—cured of their wounds are turned adrift without a shirt to their

backs, the Grand Ducal drones strut about with stars and ribbons and all the finery symbolical of bravery and virtue, accompanied at times by their fair Aspasia. To most of these men, who impregnate the Emperor's mind with mischievous notions, the gratification of their passions is the sole law of their existence, and the acquisition of money for that indulgence the one purpose that regulates their activity. We are neither puritanical nor hypocritical in Russia, and we can make great allowances for our Imperial family. But we object to a numerous caste of mere blood-sucking parasites, some of whose lives are made up of unpunished crimes, mean shifts, colossal frauds, and outlandish vices. They form a sorry herd of masqueraders who, to assume their proper shapes, need but a sip from a Circe's wine cup. One of the most notorious of the band is the Grand Duke Boris. This youth's wild freaks in St. Petersburg broke the records of the *chronique scandaleuse* of the reign, and would certainly not have been tolerated in the France of the Regency. He was sent to the war partly to remove him out of harm's way, and partly to hinder him from further compromising the family. But he changed the stage only, not his own rôle there. In the Far East he continued the strange unedifying existence he had led on the banks of the Neva, with this difference: that now his comrades and partners, male and female, were drawn from the army. Kuropatkin, who is said to have been assaulted by this promising young Prince, begged for his recall. On the birth of the Heir Apparent he was accordingly sent to the capital "to congratulate the Tsar." And while many a brave Russian soldier was dying by inches lying on horse dung in a pandemonium on wheels, the Grand Duke Boris, whose greatest feat was the invasion of Manchurian haunts of vice, was receiving

from the Emperor a sword of honor as a fitting recognition of his gallantry. The gallantry, not of a soldier, but of a vulgar Don Juan.

The wives and children of the soldiers are also badly off, being treated as enemies might be. In theory, indeed, they are supposed, if in want, to receive an allowance from their commune; but, in fact, many of them wander about from pillar to post begging alms. Other women who possess a cow, or a little corn, are called upon to pay taxes under pain of distraint, while their husbands are dying in trucks, grievously wounded, or "are buried in a hurry and presumably dead." The misery which this way of doing the nation's business has brought down upon our people is as yet only in its incipient stage. It may reach its culminating-point in a year from now. A word from the autocrat would stop the war, and put not an end but a term to its horrible consequences. Humanity and religion prompt him to utter the word. Family love and even personal self-interest, properly understood, command him to pronounce it. But he is deaf and blind and blandly persevering.

During the few weeks of relative press freedom which preceded and followed the historic Zemsky Congress every procession, banquet, lecture, meeting, address, and speech brought the ardent desire of the people for peace to the cognizance of the Tsar and his Grand Ducal following. But that was the one topic which the newspapers were absolutely forbidden to discuss. And it was also the subject uppermost in the mind of the nation. The editors of the Zemsky organ³ received numerous articles and letters containing arguments, appeals, and petitions against the continuation of the meaningless campaign, but they threw

³ "Our Life" is the name of the daily newspaper which has received that epithet.

them into their waste-paper basket. Nothing touched his Majesty so closely, officials said, as that delicate question respecting which his intolerance of divergent opinions was fanatical. To a dignitary who informed him that the news of the formation of three Manchurian armies had caused heart-sinking among the people, who interpreted the order as a sure sign that the war would be continued, his Majesty made answer: "The war is my concern, not theirs. I will have not three only, but five or ten Manchurian armies mobilized, if I think well of it." Now that is not the spirit in which war should be discussed, even by a peace-worshipper. It is unethical. A campaign carried on in spite of its manifest hopelessness, a campaign which imposes tremendous sacrifices and hardly promises infinitesimal advantages, is a crime against humanity. And if autocracy cannot subsist without such crimes, is it worth preserving?

Those are some of the reflections made by myself and many of my colleagues on the Tsar's method of shaping our relations with foreign powers in peace and in war time. To that method we take objection on the ground that it is based on a mistaken view of his rights and duties. He regards himself not as the trustee of the nation but as the owner of so many million souls. Hence if he satisfies his conscience that his motives are good, however lamentable the results of his action, he has performed his duty; and whatever he may do or neglect besides is no business of the people's. It is for him to command and for them to obey. God being with him who is against him? For him Russia is not a nation as France and England are, but only a vast multitude of subjects whose bond of union is their allegiance to the Tsar. Thus interpreting his part, Nicholas II. plays it passably. He did not mean to lead us into war

any more than the blind who leads the blind wishes to fall into the ditch. He recolls from any act the immediate consequence of which he knows to be a breach of the peace. But it is not often that this knowledge is possessed by a man who is unhappily effect-blind. Unquestionably when he sees the State ship making for a rock or sandbank he does change his course. He certainly forsook the Grand Ducal coterie more than once when they were playing for a war with England. For the Tsar's aim is never war: hence it is not of malice that we accuse him, only of incompetency. To us his subjects, however, this is merely a distinction not a sensible difference. Yet all that the moderate spirits among us ask is, that in the conduct of diplomatic negotiations and military operations he should have specialists of his own choice to guide him and should consent to be guided by them. That seems, and indeed is, little. But to a dreamer who thinks that he needs nobody but God, that is to say nobody at all, it involves a very heavy sacrifice. A greater sacrifice will be demanded of Nicholas II. at home where, disdaining to govern an organized nation, he is the lord of a vast multitude of passive subjects. For Russia is not an Empire State but an Imperial estate and all its inhabitants are his serfs. That is the keystone of the autocratic arch. From that mischievous theory of autocracy as from a poisoned source spring all our ills.

His Majesty the Tsar lives in strict monogamy with one idea, and unhappily the union seems doomed to be without male issue. No political Schenk, Philippe or St. Seraphim will cause it to bring forth the wished for fruit. The contents of that idea are that the Autocrat of all the Russias is by God's grace the keeper of the lives, the property, and the consciences of his own people and the arbiter of peace

or war in the whole world besides. To argue against such a fixed idea is part of the business of medical psychologists. To render it permanently harmless is the duty of those who are liable to suffer from it and they are the entire Russian people. Its victims are lying in the fields of Manchuria and on the heights of the Liao-tung peninsula.

We have seen how that fixed idea of the autocrat undermined the world's peace. Upon everything that our people is, has, and would be, its influence has been still more pernicious. In particular it has destroyed all notion of legality, without which no ordered community can exist. A code of laws, civil and penal, we do possess, and it is spread over a vast number of folios. But its value is chiefly historical. Hence, Prince Dolgorouki truly wrote: "La plus volumineuse des mauvaises plaisanteries est notre code des lois." And in verity it comes to us like the sneer of some satanic autocrat, embodied in the phraseology of the courts. It is pretty well known to most people that everything is forbidden to us, which is not expressly allowed, but what foreigners have more difficulty in realizing is that nothing which is even expressly permitted can be done with the certainty that it will not entail severe punishment.

"Nobody shall be deprived of the rights of his social standing nor shall such rights be curtailed otherwise than by a tribunal for a crime." That is one of the many clauses of a law which foreigners might be tempted to take for the preamble to our Magna Charta. But during the present reign and the last they have one and all been rendered obsolete: for the members of the administration and even the police have been invested with extensive privileges which abolish most of the elementary rights of the individual. Hence noblemen, landowners, doctors,

lawyers, schoolmasters, journalists, students, peasants, merchants in a word, members of all sections of society, have been arrested, imprisoned, banished, without ever being reproached with any misdemeanor. Yet the law has never been repealed. It is only systematically violated by the rulers in the name and on behalf of the autocracy. And now loud voices cry out that if autocracy cannot thrive without that privilege of breaking the law in order to trample on the people then autocracy must go.

The press is treated in a similar way. Its liberty is circumscribed by rules which are voluminous and stringent. Yet the journalist who exercises the slender liberty which they leave him is in constant danger of punishment and may be reduced to beggary, imprisoned, or driven to Siberia. In the provinces a newspaper has to be read and approved of by the censor before it can be printed. But even after this official has expressly allowed an article to appear the author of it may be dealt with as a criminal. And religious convictions are played with in like manner. A man holds, for instance, that our Russian Orthodoxy is Christ's Church, but that it ought to be governed by a patriarch instead of a Synod, he is kidnapped by the police, hurried off to a sort ofoubliette, and there treated as a dangerous madman. Other people believe that Evangelical Christianity is Christ's teaching. For this they are outraged, banished, and their children excluded from Government and Zemsky schools. That is being done at this very moment, after the publication of the Imperial ukase. In Moscow young men who never broke a law are kept in prison for months and years without a trial, until at last they agree to starve themselves to death; and on the eleventh or twelfth day they are set free, there being no charge against them.

Spies are employed by the thousand to prey into men's secret thoughts about the autocracy. Letters are opened in the postoffice and read—and deplorable mistakes are sometimes made by the readers or their employers. All books, journals, and newspapers coming into the Empire have to be conned, and many of them mutilated by officials immeasurably less enlightened than the men whose reading they regulate. Education is systematically discouraged among the people; individuals who spread it as volunteers are arrested and punished as traitors. The Tsar himself in his marginal glosses discounts it emphatically. Let there be darkness is his command. Taxes are levied upon the peasants greater than they can bear, so that most of them feel the pinch of poverty and nearly all live in squalor, while the Grand Ducal Over-Russians appropriate the funds destined for the army, navy, and other public departments, and parade in the theatres or at balls with their favorite ladies.

Now this is a system of rank injustice which would disgrace the Middle Ages. It is opposed to the teaching of the Church, of which our Tsar is the chief protector. It is inhuman in its tendencies, selfish in its aims, barbarous in its methods. And it is eminently harmful to the autocracy itself.

It was intense hatred of that iniquitous system which emboldened the Zemstvo chiefs to meet together last November and to ask for representative government. It was loathing for that tissue of falsehood, corruption, hypocrisy, and cruelty that roused the students of our Universities and high schools, the members of the liberal professions—in a word, all thinking Russia—to cry "Down with the Autocracy!" And speaking for myself and for those whose views are the same as mine, I cannot but respect their motives. The people like the monarch were act-

ing in good faith. At length on the 12-25 December the Emperor spoke out.

Will his ukase satisfy our people? Britons, Americans, Frenchmen, and Germans ask the question—needlessly. Ukases and manifestoes are paper which endureth all things. Ink and paper are among the plagues of our country. Remove the evils that press upon us, lighten the burdens that weigh us down, and our people will be satisfied and grateful. It is not paper, nor parchment, nor ukases, nor rescripts that we ask for, justice is all that we crave. And justice is denied by the ruler who himself demands generosity. Hitherto our people have been hardly dealt with, ground down as harmful enemies, not treated as loyal subjects. And now it is not that they will not, but that they cannot, endure any longer and live. They have but the choice of perishing in silence or of striking back in virtue of the law of self-defence. And the latter alternative commands itself to many.

It is not hard to help them, but the act presupposes moral courage and political insight, either in the Emperor himself or in his factotum, if he had one. And M. Witte's ukase gives proof of neither. It is a show got up for the delusion of a whole people on the lines on which shows are sometimes arranged for our Russian monarchs. The sham Crimean "villages" improvised by Potemkin for the Empress Catherine are the favorite type, and Witte's ukase is a magna charta for the million à la Potemkin, a dissolving view which will, I fear, do as little good to its authors as to its dupes. And the circumstances that the keepers of the peasants' souls and consciences, the land-chiefs, are not to be disbanded, suggests that, after all, even political rights may be but a mirage.

Speaking plainly, the ukase together with its supplementary *communiqué* reads like a cruel and stupid joke. We

look in vain there for any one measure which promises to be fair, square, and thorough. They are nearly all qualified—I might truly say nullified—by *ifs* and *ans*. For that reason they tantalize and irritate instead of pacifying.

When the Tsar, yielding to the entreaties of the Dowager Empress, lately put the interests of the Holstein-Gothorp⁴ dynasty in the hands of M. Witte political sagacity as well as common sense ought to have prompted him to lay down the condition that no ukase should be issued by way of answer to the demands of the Zemsky Congress. That was a matter of personal dignity and political prudence. An autocrat whose title-deeds were drawn up in heaven cannot afford to allow the mere masses to encroach upon his privileges. Above all things there must be no weakness, no blanching, no signs of fear. That is part of the A B C of autocracy, and nobody ever learned the lesson better than Nicholas I. But his descendant Nicholas II. has committed the unpardonable sin in an absolute monarch; he has allowed himself to be overmastered by the multitude; they piped and he actually danced. An obscure criminal took the life of his Grand Vizier, and the mighty ruler, answerable only to God, at once changed the whole course of his Government in consequence. For a generation our best men had striven to influence the autocracy. Men of letters, journalists, politicians, even courtiers and ministers had tried their hands and failed. Nicholas had but to stamp his foot or hurl his ukase and not a head was seen any longer to tower above the low level of the masses. Silence reigned and resignation. But an obscure mur-

derer, eschewing arguments, makes a bomb and takes the life of the Imperial minister and the Tsar is immediately cowed. He heartily disavows the life-work of his counsellor and his own, and promises to do better and differently in future; forgetting that he is also abandoning the principle of autocracy, proclaiming the futility of argument and putting a premium on criminal violence.

Punishment followed the blunder with swift and sure foot. People thirsting for change noted for future use the spring which moves the sovereign. At banquets and assemblies they laid down the dangerous principle that killing is not necessarily murder and warmly eulogized the assassins of Plehve. And that, to my thinking, is a calamity not for the dynasty only but likewise for our much suffering people. Repeal, reform, abolish to your heart's content, but let not your action be or even seem to be the consequence of fear! But the wine is poured out and now we must drink it to the very dregs.

If it was a blunder to promise reforms because bombs can be manufactured and thrown by fellows who fearing nothing can dare everything, it was a crime to bungle the matter so hopelessly as has been done in the ukase of last December. If reform was worth undertaking at all—at such a terrible sacrifice—it was surely worth doing well. But the document penned by an ambitious official in a hurry to snatch the reins of power, and clawed and mutilated by Grand Ducal harpies bent on upholding their prerogative to prey upon the people, ought never to have seen the light of day. Not because of its gaps, which are many, but on account of its sham reforms, which constitute a wanton provocation. I do not complain that there is no mention there of the legislative assembly which was decreed in

⁴ At present Russia is governed not by the Romanoff but by the Holstein-Gothorp dynasty. Elizabeth I. was the last of the Romanoffs and her nephew Peter III. the first of the Holstein-Gothorps.

clause 3 of the original ukase and struck out at the last moment. At best it inaugurated only a ceremony, and at worst—*i.e.*, when the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Sergius had done with it—its proper place was the opera bouffe. I do not complain that the whole question of education, which our autocracy is more anxious to stifle than to spread, has been burked. That is far better than bungling it. In truth every problem ought to have been thus avoided which the Tsar could not or would not deal with fully and thoroughly.

Liberty of conscience is one of the "liberties" which, like the right of public meeting and of association, his Majesty ought to have fought shy of to the last, for he has manifestly no intention of granting it. The Stundists—Englishmen would perhaps call them Evangelical Christians—are persecuted in the most unchristian and sometimes inhuman way; and in this the ukase has made no change. Since it was issued our ministry of Public Instruction—as appropriately presided over by a general as the land forces in Manchuria were commanded by a "horse marine"—has refused to the children of Stundists admission to any Government or Zemsky schools. They are condemned to live and die in crass ignorance, not by our Orthodox Church, still less by our tolerant people, but by the autocracy. And now men say that if the night of ignorance must be preserved in order that the star of autocracy should continue to twinkle, they will dispense with its light altogether. Eight Evangelical Christians have been ordered to quit the town of Sevastopol, and several more have been expelled from the province of Kieff since the publication of the ukase. Words, then, not deeds, ukases not reforms, are the watchwords. The manifesto of March 1903 dealt with liberty of conscience in terms similar to those

of the ukase of last December. Nobody was a whit the better for it, for persecution went on as before. Would it not have been wiser to continue the old system in silence without intensifying its bitterness by arousing hopes and disappointing them? Liberty of conscience, forsooth!

The press is another skeleton in the cupboard of autocracy, and officialdom is resolved to hinder as long as possible any political Ezekiel from causing breath to enter into its dry bones. Perchance its revelations would render the existence of the bureaucracy unbearable. That fear is not groundless. But if the press skeleton is not to be removed from the cupboard, and revived, why disturb it with such solemnity? The Tsar promises to repeal the press laws? No, not the press laws; that is impossible. Perhaps the ministerial circulars and the orders daily telephoned to editors which are, so to say, the barbed-wire entanglements around the Statute Law? No, not even these. His Majesty will remove only those restrictions which his bureaucrats may consider "superfluous." Superfluous restrictions! And for this joke a special clause of the Imperial ukase was necessary!

But the Emperor is misinformed if he fancies it is still possible to deal thus with the people's means of enlightenment—education and the press. I who sincerely desire to see the autocracy live, and thrive, believe that it would be inadvisable, if it were feasible, to continue to gag the newspaper and book press. But it is now no longer feasible. Since the Tsar, intimidated by the bomb of Sozonoff⁴ appointed Sviatopolk Mirzky to the Ministry of the Interior and allowed the press for a few weeks a greater degree of liberty than it has enjoyed for a whole generation, he dropped the reins and it is

⁴ The man who actually threw the bomb which killed Plehve.

very unlikely that he can seize them again. I confess I am not sorry. The muzzling system gave us dead silence for a time, followed by cold-blooded lying for a season, and then disaster after disaster. Our people are nourished on mystery and falsehood which are becoming part of their very soul tissues. On the day that Port Arthur surrendered our official organs assured the people that the Japanese had suffered such tremendous defeats that they had completely lost heart. And then the terrible blow smote our people unparried. In a word, it is certain that no power should, and it seems probable that no power can, muzzle our press in the future as in the past. And it is devoutly to be hoped that officialdom will not put the matter to the test. Time is a swift horse and woe to the autocrat who clings not to the mane.

A grain of humor in the Tsar might have saved the Tsardom. But his character lacks that grain. While allowing bureaucrats to hide the truth under a bushel at their discretion, to force our masses to think and pray according to official circulars, to arrest men of every class and rank and punish them without trial or accusation,⁶ the ukase naively announces his Majesty's intention to set law above administrative caprice. "For law," he seriously adds, "is the most essential mainstay of the throne in an autocratic State." "God forbid!" is the response which the friends of autocracy will fervently utter. If law be in truth the strongest support of the throne, the outlook of absolutism in Russia is bleak indeed. For law has long been no more than a vague tradition among us.

Some months ago I was in hopes that autocracy might acquire a further

lease of existence without ruining Russia or ceasing to be itself. But by autocracy I meant not the oriental despotism of Alexander III. and Nicholas II., in which thousands of officials share, but the one-man rule of the first Romanoffs, which was absolute without being despotic. But the despotism of the Holstein-Gotthorp dynasty is a monster with thousands of hands, all grasping and all throttling. And of this chaotic régime we shall soon see the last.

Some years ago, I remember, M. Pobedonostseff—the last ideologist of autocracy—explained the limitations of that form of government at a sitting of the Committee of Ministers. Sipyagin, who afterwards became Home Secretary and was murdered, had presented to the Emperor the petition of a private person who desired to have a decision of the Senate summarily quashed. No precedent could be pleaded for interfering in a civil case which had been definitely decided by the highest court, but Sipyagin held that the Tsar could do everything, and that whatever he does is right and just. Pobedonostseff, however, flatly denied that theory, and in an excellent speech very clearly explained what the limitations of autocracy are. He defined it as a legal form of government not a despotism. The Tsar, he said, is indeed the source of law, but on condition that he be also its guardian and see that it is respected.⁷ That, unfortunately, is only the theory.

Still, I hoped that Nicholas II. would see that the Tsardom need not be the embodiment of caprice, that one man may be absolute without all good and gifted men being banished or imprisoned. I thought that with competent advisers—chosen by himself—to

⁶ That is the signification of the provisional preventive measures adopted after the murder of Alexander III. and down to this day. They abolish all laws and make the governors

sharers of Imperial power. And the Tsar in his ukase has refused to repeal them.

⁷ Sipyagin's proposal was thrown out by the Committee of Ministers.

stand by him in critical moments, without the mischievous meddling of greedy Grand Dukes and their rapacious followers, and with the press to keep him in touch with the nation, his autocracy might live on to train our people and gradually fit them for a larger share in the government.

But to-day I am less hopeful. The ukase has compromised absolutism, estranged the people, and damaged a cause which had long ceased to arouse enthusiasm. It shows Nicholas II. in the light of a man who has no sense of public duty, no political instincts, no psychological tact. He trifles with words and phrases while his people are writhing and bleeding. He is unable to rid himself of the idea that Russia is his estate, his *vochina*. Other countries may be governed badly or well, but at least they are ruled for the nation: ours is managed only for the dynasty. For Russia is an estate, not a State. It belongs to the Holstein-Gotthorp family—is in reality their private property. Hence the Tsar refuses to listen to the advice of his "serfs," even when they would have the Augean stables of the Grand Dukery cleansed and disinfected. His Imperial uncles, cousins, and nephews are dearer to him than the Fatherland, their interests touch him more closely than the fate of people. It was Grand Dukes Vladimir and Sergius who gave its final shape to the ukase. It is the Grand Dukes who clog every wheel in the State machinery, taking much and giving little, obtaining honors in exchange for honor. Probably no such greedy and unscrupulous hangers-on of royalty have ever been known to history. They fear no law, they despise every minister, they live on the fat of the land, and are ready to ruin the nation for the pettiest of interests. Before Russia could again reconcile herself to autocracy the claws of those harpies must be cut. That seemed evident to

all, or rather to all but the Emperor. His Majesty ignored it. He recently said to one of his ministers who had spoken to him of a legislative chamber: "I will not entertain the idea. Besides, it is a matter which concerns not myself only, but my family, and they will never consent." Has he no fear that they will hamper or harm him irremediably? If, as the proverb says, "The lesser saints are the ruin of God," what rôle may not human demons play when their superior is only a Tsar?

Nicholas II. may still hope something from fate, but he has much to fear from time and men, to whose warnings he has hitherto been blind and deaf. At the beginning of his reign, if, instead of stamping angrily with his foot and punishing the loyal men of Tver for their frankness, he had hearkened to their voices he would have become a popular idol at a small cost. He might then have delighted his subjects with toys of mere glittering quartz; to-day they demand costly diamonds, and no longer as a favor but as a right. But he perceives no difference between now and then. And in his own character there is none. For the Nicholas of to-day is the Nicholas of ten years ago; a mild nerve-shattered youth, incapable of clear, hard thinking, or of pitting his will against that of the masses, who walks through life with the settled smile of a somnambulist moving serenely over dizzy cliffs for a while. A few weeks ago he sent for Count Ignatieff and consulted him on the problems which were then uppermost in his mind. The conversation was opened thus: "I want your views, Count, as to the form of Government which I had best give to Manchuria." "It is a difficult problem, your Majesty; but we shall be able to see more clearly by the time the province will have been formally annexed." "Oh, that will be very soon

now. You may assume that it is ours already. Go on." Another question which his Majesty put to the Count was: "What course ought, in your opinion, to be taken respecting our concessions in Corea?" The Count's reply was framed on the same lines as his answer to the first query. The question was not pressing, and the Japanese were still in Corea. But Nicholas insisted that they were going out again very soon. In a word, as he was, he is, and, unhappily for us, will continue to be. Our people have a saying that the tomb alone can straighten a hunchback.

To the acts of such a prince we need not look for signs of those unsuspected gifts which God sometimes bestows on a man in secret, and circumstance brings to light in a day or an hour. As in the past, so in the present, he makes laws which he will not respect; he convokes councils whose advice he declines to follow; he appoints minis-

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ters whom he forbids to speak or act; substitutes for them favorites to whom in turn he offers a deaf ear, and is now trying almost alone to force our whole nation to bleed to death for himself and a parasitic brood of human blood-suckers. But hither our people will probably refuse to follow him. They already deny his right to send them thither.

Yet he still insists with the serenity of the somnambulist and the smile of the seer. Whether ruler and ruled will yet try issues is now immaterial, because autocracy, as the Holstein-Gottthorp dynasty understands it, is at its last gasp. Whatever else may survive the coming storm that monstrosity must surely go, and one fervently hopes that the autocrat will not cling more closely to it than he has clung to the mane of fleeting time. *Fata volentes duount, nolentes trahunt.*

The Author of "The Tsar"
in the Quarterly Review.

THE CHURCHES AND THE CHILD.

The time has arrived for a frank consideration of the whole question of the relations of the Churches to education. Living facts only, apart from all past traditions and practices not essential to the real issue, are relevant to the inquiry. I shall deal chiefly with the claims of the Roman Catholic Church; for that Church has taken up the most extreme position in regard to education. Any argument that tells against her position applies with equal, if not greater force, to the other Churches. The Catholic Church has often shown herself capable of adapting her methods to the conditions of the age, when these conditions can be moulded to help her in her spiritual mission. In view of the disturbance in England

over the Education Act, and the present *débâcle* in France, it may be well, perhaps, for the Church to consider whether she could, without sacrificing any essential principle, adopt an educational policy that would meet the needs of Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States.

Those who have watched the trend of events in these countries must acknowledge a growing dissatisfaction on the part of the people with the present interference of the Churches in secular education. England is in an uproar against the last Education Act, which has already become so unworkable in Wales that the Government which introduced the law is said to be about to amend it. The Liberal Party, when it

gets into power, is unlikely to stop short at mere amendment. In Ireland, a strong party, including many practical Catholics, is dissatisfied with the clerical management of primary schools, and is unwilling to give the Church any large share in the control of the proposed university for Catholics. In the United States, many leading Catholics have openly opposed the Church-school system; and still larger numbers consider it an intolerable burthen on the Catholic middle class and poor. In English-speaking countries generally, the Catholic Church seems to be in opposition to the State on the school question, and without the support of many of its own best church attendants. Unless the question at issue is an essential one, this is an unusual position for the Catholic Church, which does not usually fill the rôle of a Quixote tilting against windmills.

In discussing the relations of the Church to education, a distinction must be made between religious and secular education. Few will deny the right of the Church to educate the child in its religious belief. The fight of the Roman Catholic Church to maintain this right, in the face of persecution and suffering, is one of the noblest and most striking events in history. A fight for conscience' sake, although often bitterly opposed at the moment, has always commanded the respect of the world. But the right to control the religious education of the child differs widely from the right to control its secular education, which can only be urged, even by the Church, on the ground of extrinsic considerations endangering the child's faith or morals. A Church conscious of the reality of her divine mission could never relinquish her right to religious education; but, according to her own theory, the Church might waive her claim to control secular education, if

the assertion of the claim led to a greater moral evil than a possible danger to the faith and morals of the child. The danger to the faith and morals of the child under a State system of secular education in the United Kingdom and the United States is extremely problematical; indeed, in the minds of many Catholics, it is non-existent, especially if the Church makes use of other means readily at her command to secure the religious teaching of her children. On the other hand, an attempt to enforce the claim of the Church to control secular education is certain to provoke grave breaches of Christian peace.

The claim of the Church to the control of secular education seems to be based, not so much on the facts and conditions of the day, as on the desire to preserve historical continuity. In medieval times, the Church controlled all education, secular as well as religious. It was an age when the clergy were almost the only educated men; therefore on them naturally fell the duty of teaching. As a rule, medieval education was confined to the teaching of polite letters, in so far as these were necessary for the culture of the gentleman of the day. The old monasteries were filled with men capable of imparting this learning. They gave the little the age demanded; and everybody was pleased. After the Reformation, there was little change. In Roman Catholic countries, education still continued in the hands of the clergy. The Reformed Churches adopted and continued the old traditions. In England, America, and Scotland, the university was dominated by the local form of religion. In Ireland, an attempt was made to force a Protestant university on a Catholic people. Each church had its secondary schools. With the growth of industrial life, a new view of education grew up. It was no longer regarded as a luxury

of the well-to-do, but took its true place as an integral element in national development. The State, which hitherto had left education to individuals, was forced to consider its position in regard to the education of its citizens. The view began to prevail, that the future of democracy lay in better education, and that the ideal State was a highly educated people. This principle led to the establishment of the public school system, with the intention of bringing education to the doors of the poorest. Difficulties with the churches at once arose. Their influence was threatened in a field in which they had reigned supreme. What came to them largely by custom was claimed as a right more or less essential to the teaching of the Church. The State was torn by party conflicts. To-day the following not very satisfactory result prevails. In the United States a frankly undenominational State system of primary education, side by side with an expensive Church system supported by voluntary contributions; in Ireland, an undenominational system that, with the connivance of the Government, is practically denominational; in Great Britain, an undenominational system with certain denominational rights, which practically places the British Church school in the same position as the Irish National school. The solution is hardly satisfactory, from the point of view of either Church or State.

The supporters of an undenominational system of State primary secular education have a strong case. This is a democratic age. In the United Kingdom and America, the will of the people is the law of the land. Democracy, in its present form, is not perfect; but the fact is becoming more and more evident, that it is the form of government likely to prevail in the world. The aim of all who are interested in good government should be to make democracy perfect, if perfection is

humanly possible; if not, at least to aim at its perfection. The first step towards a perfect democracy is the education of the suffrage. It is now a commonplace, that every child has a right to receive a thoroughly sound elementary education from the State. The State has the duty of instructing each child, so as to fit it for its important office of a ruler in civil life, which is really the position of a voter in parliamentary and municipal elections in a democratic State. Since the success of the modern State depends largely on its success in industry, this idea must also influence education. Church and State agree that the State has power to raise funds to secure these educational ends. The point of dispute between the church and the supporters of State control narrows itself down to the administration of the funds raised by the State, and to the immediate local control of educational schemes. The State seems to have the exclusive right to administer and direct secular education. The object of the State is to maintain efficiency of citizenship. To be certain of attaining this result, control of the education of its citizens seems to be necessary. Money, too, is raised from the people for a specific purpose. The State is bound to see that this money is spent economically and efficiently. These rights and duties of the State to the citizens generally would not preclude it from delegating authority, even in secular education, to any particular Church. But the onus of proof certainly seems to be thrown on the particular Church, to show that this delegation is called for because of grave reasons; that in present conditions it is possible; and, if it is called for, that the ends of the State are likely to be carried out efficiently. It may be well to examine these three points in some detail.

The main reasons advanced by the

Catholic Church in claiming a controlling voice in the secular education of the young are: first, that, unless the Church has this control, the faith and morals of the children will be seriously endangered; therefore, as the spiritual end of the child must be looked to rather than the civil, the State ought to give way; second, that the parent's right to decide the form of his child's education is inviolable, therefore the Church ought to have control.

If it were clearly proved that a State system of secular education would seriously endanger the faith and morals of children, the Church would have a strong claim on the consideration of all who believe, as I do, that, without the reality of a spiritual life, all else is gray and barren. But the statement that State secular education has this effect is an assertion that has never been proved. In fact, when one tests it by one's own experience in the immediate circle of one's acquaintances, the assertion proves baseless. Several of my friends were educated in non-Catholic schools and colleges, without the slightest injury to their faith. A cause that has to be backed up by vague or untrue assertions is, if not weak, at least likely to be suspected of weakness.

The right of the parent to decide on the education of his child may be viewed in different lights. The right of the parent to decide on the religious education will be conceded by all who believe in religion. Religion is too intimate a thing, too personal a relation between the individual and God, to be submitted to State interference. With secular education, it is different. The individual to a certain extent merges in the State, and becomes one with it. The individual forms the State and controls it; but he is bound to regulate his life by its laws. Owing to the close connection between good government and the education of all

citizens, the parent's right to decide on the question of his child's secular education seems to merge in the State. No one now questions the right of the State to insist on the attendance of children at school for a specified number of days and hours. This right of the State would be useless if it could not prescribe the course of instruction. But, even if the parent's right were conceded, it would by no means follow that control ought to be given to the Church. Not all Catholic parents prefer Church schools.

That it is possible in present conditions for the State to delegate authority in secular education to the Churches, is not clear. In the abstract, the State has the right to choose the best agencies through which to act. Provided the Churches were efficient educators, the State could delegate to them the control and administration of education. In the concrete, difficulties arise. For Roman Catholics the Church is one; but for the modern State the Church is diverse and multiplex. In Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States, the Roman Catholic Church is not only not in a majority, but is a comparatively small minority of the whole, having a majority only in Ireland. In America and England, besides the Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Presbyterian Churches, there are a number of other sects which form no inconsiderable proportion of the population. In England there is an Established Church which has a close connection with the State, and which managed to secure the passing of the last Education Act. But the days of Establishment are threatened; and a permanent settlement of the Education Question must be effected independently of Establishment, and in the light of its non-existence. Apart from the question of efficiency, the difficulty of the State in delegating educational authority to a Church or Churches lies

in their number and diversity. To whom is control to be given? From whom is it to be withheld? The difficulty will further increase with Disestablishment; for, within the Church of England to-day, there is such a diversity of opinion as to doctrine, that, with Disestablishment, will come a break-up and a further increase in the number of Churches. The State has to deal with all Churches alike. It cannot be supposed to share in the religious convictions of individuals who themselves differ widely. Direct control delegated to one Church or sect will be resented by the rest. Control given to a few will arouse the anger of the many. The ideal State would surround the child with religious influences all through its education. But what is the concrete State to do? Diversity of belief makes its choice of a Church almost impossible. A recognition of all forms of belief would introduce a system impossible because of its complexity. With all these difficulties in view, it is not easy to see how the State is to delegate its power over secular education to the Churches.

There still remains the question of efficiency. What reason is there to believe that the Church school would prove an efficient secular educator? It is here that the claim of the Churches can be judged apart from abstract reasoning, by the test of facts. It may be urged, by the supporters of the Church school, that it cannot be judged by the past, that want of the necessary control or lack of funds was a bar to its efficiency. These reasons cannot be given in favor of the American Church schools, which are entirely under the control of the clergy, nor of the Irish National schools under clerical management. Taking these two classes of schools as a whole, they do not give as efficient secular instruction as the ordinary American or English State school; nor do they give such re-

ligious instruction as would justify their separate existence.

In almost every American diocese there is an expensive Roman Catholic school system, side by side with the State schools. The Church schools are maintained on the so-called voluntary system: that is, by money raised by the pastors from the laity by annual subscriptions, often not voluntarily, and in very many instances grudgingly given. A number of these subscriptions are given by the poorer and more ignorant members of the Church, generally by Irish emigrants, whose feelings are excited by vigorous sermons portraying in vivid colors the dangers to Catholic faith and morals of State school education. Enthusiasm for the Church-school system is generally confined to priests and nuns and other religious, the lay element in the Church being mere subscribers to a system they often condemn in private conversation. The richer and more independent Catholics, while on the best terms with the Church authorities, send their children to non-Catholic schools. Many of the more intelligent Catholics, even among the poorer classes, refuse to send their children to the Church schools, preferring the State schools because of the better education given there. As one woman who sent her children to the State school said: "The teaching is better; and my children have to make their way in life." It is an extraordinary organizing power that has enabled the Roman Catholic Church in America to collect millions of pounds to build up its Church-school system, and to expend enormous sums yearly on its up-keep, in order to carry out an idea the majority of educated laymen do not approve of, and some of the more intelligent American bishops disown. One of the most prominent American Catholics, who possesses in a high degree the confidence of his co-religionists, expressed

perhaps the feeling of the whole of his class when he said of the Church-school system:—

It imposes an unjust and excessive tax, mainly on the artisans and poorer store-keepers. Viewed from an educational standpoint, it gives a lower training than the State school. It defeats its own purpose on the religious side.

On being asked what he meant to convey by the last sentence, he explained:—

I shall illustrate it by my own example. I was educated at a New England State school with Unitarian school-fellows. No attempt was ever made to interfere with my religion. The moral standard of the school was of the highest. Occasionally a school-fellow sneered at some article of my faith. He generally got well beaten for his sneer; but, if I did not understand the point he objected to, I took care to ask my mother, when I went home, to explain it to me; if she couldn't explain, the priest was called in, and I was instructed. I have a good working knowledge of my religion now; but I got it through contact with my Unitarian school-fellows. I left that school carrying with me the respect and affection—which I retain to this day—of school-fellows who differed then, and who differ now, from me in religion. Boys who attend the Church schools now-a-days never hear of an objection to their religion until they are grown up. The slight religious instruction they bring with them from the Church school is of little use to them, and they fall an easy prey to unbelief.

This is an intelligent appreciation of the American school question. The Church school, as a rule, follows the same course of instruction, but with less efficient teachers and insufficient inspection, as the State school. There are, besides, purely formal religious exercises which, while they perhaps create a religious atmosphere of a certain kind, in no way add to the pupil's

knowledge of his faith or of the moral law. One of the leading Church schools in New York placed no higher ideal of civic morality before its senior class than to vote with their Party—in their case "Tammany Hall." One of the most common objections to the Church school in America is, that it produces no influence whatever on civic morality, and that, in New York especially, the Church-school pupils are, in many cases, the most corrupt politicians.

A few of the Church schools in America are highly efficient. One in Chicago is perhaps one of the best primary schools in the world—the pastor happens to be an intelligent and highly cultivated man, with abundant means. But he is not hopeful of the future of his school. "When I go," he said, "it will fall through. The people take no interest in it. They find the cost, too, a great burthen." The far-seeing American Catholic parent often sends his children to the Church school up to ten years of age: "The sisters look after them," one of them said, naively. At ten the children are sent to the State school.

Two objections are brought against the Church school in America, which would apply with equal force in the United Kingdom. One is, that celibate clergy and nuns are less fit than lay people to instruct the young in the ordinary secular duties of life; the fact that clergymen *ex professo* place the end of all their efforts in another life, makes them, it is said, the worst possible guides in the struggle for material and social advancement. The second is, that the Church school tends to keep alive religious bigotry which is injurious to the welfare of the State. The State aims at efficiency of citizenship, not mere skill in arts and crafts only, but citizenship in a much wider sense. The State has urgent need that all its citizens should be men grounded in the

civic virtues, in municipal and political honesty, in that charity which will enable them to regard their competitors and fellow-workers of a different religion, as fellow citizens all equally interested in the welfare of the State. Insistence on religious differences all through the school years of children tends, it is said, to destroy civic charity; experience has shown that it tends to produce civic hatred and distrust. This view seems to be confirmed by facts in the north of Ireland. In Ulster, three sets of schools are maintained by the State—Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian. Intense sectarian bitterness prevails, pervading the whole business, social, municipal, and political life of the province. In the west and south of Ireland, on the other hand, where Catholics and Protestants attend a common school, peace and charity prevail. It is a curious anomaly, if civil discord arises from religious interference in secular education!

Secular education given in Irish primary schools under clerical management is not, even in a moderate sense, efficient. Dr. Starkie, the Roman Catholic Resident Commissioner of National Education in Ireland, said so, some years ago, in an Address delivered to the British Association in Belfast. He was immediately condemned in a series of resolutions by the clerical managers, who, however, can hardly be considered impartial judges in their own case. The Irish National school system has been accepted by the Roman Catholic Church as a solution of the religious difficulties in regard to primary schools, and has been held up as a model to England and America for the solution of similar difficulties. It is but a poor solution. If the Irish National school may be taken as an example of what the school under clerical management can do towards the secular instruction of

children, the claim of the Church school as an efficient secular instructor fails to the ground. Nominally an undenominational system, with schools open to children of all forms of religious belief, it is, to the knowledge of the Government, worked on denominational lines. The local manager is, with very few exceptions, either a Roman Catholic, Episcopal, or Presbyterian clergyman. The religion of the manager is the religion of the pupil. Clergymen become managers, practically *ex-officio*, on being appointed to certain clerical positions, irrespective of their knowledge of, or interest in, educational matters. Very often they have neither the knowledge nor the interest. The manager, in civil law, has the sole right of appointment and dismissal of teachers. For appointment a teacher must have a National Board certificate of competency. Teachers may be dismissed on three months' notice, without cause, or reference to the National Board. The manager is supposed to regulate the programme of instruction, the approval only of the National Board being necessary. Provided four hours' secular instruction is given each day, it is open to the manager to make what provision he pleases for religious instruction. Not even the most ardent supporter of the Church-school system can deny, that here we have the utmost clerical control of secular education, paid for out of State funds, that any modern State is likely to countenance. Yet impartial observers have written its history in the one word: "failure." It is founded on an untruth which recognizes a denominational school as undenominational; it gives the administration of public funds to irresponsible individuals; it is inefficient in its management and in its educational results; it is not even a help to the Church in promoting religious education. These are strong statements; but they are abundantly borne out by facts.

To take the last first; no real help to religious education is given in the Irish Catholic National school. The pupils are not more remarkable for their love of truth, of obedience, and of justice, than their fellows in the State schools in England or America. The only religious education given in the Irish Catholic National school is for a half-hour each day, generally in the morning, before all the pupils are present. There is a glib recitation of prayers, and of an elementary catechism, the meaning of which the pupils rarely understand. Irish Roman Catholic bishops have admitted these facts when dealing with this aspect of the question locally. Catholic bishops and priests in Australia and America are always deplored the religious ignorance of the Irish emigrant. No help is given to the pupil towards a decision of the grave moral issues that underlie the franchise. In fact, less religious instruction is given in the average Irish Catholic National School in a year, than an intelligent priest could give in a few hours' instruction.

That no general local interest is shown by the Irish people in education, is evident to the most casual observer. The Irish elector has never given a vote on a purely educational issue. He has no real voice in education, beyond the paying of taxes. He does not advert to the fact—often he does not even know—that he pays for the education of his children. He has hitherto been heard of only as the dumb signer of petitions, the purport of which he never enquires into. The local clerical manager, when he acts at all, acts on his own or his bishop's initiative. Unfortunately, he is often inert, and takes no interest whatever in his schools beyond resenting any interest that is shown by others. It has recently been suggested—a confession of the failure of clerical management and one-man control—that the local control should

be taken out of the exclusive hands of the clerical managers, and vested in elected committees, with a view to try and promote a local interest which at present does not exist, and without which no true educational system can flourish. This proposal is, and will be, strongly opposed by the clerical managers, who, while making no effort to prevent the spread of dry-rot which is possessing the whole system, cling to an inherited power, and resent change.

The inefficiency of National School instruction is generally recognized. It leads to nothing; it takes no account of local conditions; it promotes a scrappy and insufficient literary instruction, without any relation to the future life or prospects of the pupil. It has no practical side. Efficiency of instruction depends largely on good management and local interest. The present system of management is opposed to all three. Many efforts have been made to promote efficiency of instruction, notably by Dr. Starkie. But all the schemes proposed depend for their success on local co-operation, which is not forthcoming. The local managers either are not interested, or do not understand the schemes, or refuse to help, for considerations in which educational efficiency is the last thing thought of.

The practical obstacle to efficient secular education in Ireland narrows itself down to the local clerical manager. As a rule, he is inefficient. There are notable exceptions; I speak only in general terms. The great majority of managers are not to be blamed. They are merely the instruments of a policy in the direction of which they have no voice. Yet they occupy an unfortunate position, to the lasting injury of the children of Ireland of this generation. Many of them are excellent priests, of great zeal, and high moral character. They occupy their present

position because their years of service in other spheres of Church work entitled them to promotion to an office that practically carried with it *ex-officio* a school-managership. They have had no training in educational affairs. During the long professional training of Maynooth, modern educational problems are rarely heard of; and the future manager gets no hint as to how he should fit himself for his office. When appointed manager, he generally contents himself with signing papers which he never reads; in paying flying visits to his schools, mainly to see if the average attendance is being kept up; in giving an occasional vague sermon in church on the great blessings of education. A few do more, many not so much. The few managers who try intelligently to improve educational conditions, are often so hampered in their action by their bishops, that they despair of achieving any permanent results. Not the least strange fact in the Irish so-called "undenominational" National School system is, that it is dealt with by the Catholic episcopacy as part of their ordinary diocesan administration. They use their ecclesiastical power to control the managers, who, by a legal fiction, are supposed to be independent officers holding power directly from a Government Department. Holding the right of appointment to parishes, the bishops practically appoint all school managers. The bishops also intervene in the appointment of teachers, and in many other details of administration, often in such a way as to destroy initiative in the few managers who are really interested in education. The Irish bishops, therefore, have a final claim to the credit or discredit attending the good or ill success of that remarkable experiment in secular education under clerical control, known as the Irish National School system.

The only logical conclusion from

what has been said is: that the Church ought to re-consider her position. The position she has taken on the education question is injuring both Church and State in all English-speaking countries. Even to us, who are in sympathy with the spiritual mission of the Church in the world, her education policy has no foundation, either in reason or religion; to descend to a lower plane, it is not expedient. It is based on unproved assertions, and on fears that are groundless, or, if real, that can be otherwise easily guarded against. It has given rise to a new antagonism between Church and State, that will go far to prevent the realization of Christ's essential mission. The scaffolding is not the building; nor does a pile of dead bodies make a living Church. Charity and peace are the law of the Christian life. When the preaching of the law provokes strife and all uncharitableness, the Church ought to take pause, look carefully to her methods, and, if a mistake has been made, boldly change her front and adopt new ways of spreading the leaven of spirituality, of which there is such urgent need in the material world of to-day. A clinging to organized power has often been the bane of the Christian Church. Forgiveness, and love, and the suffering of all things gladly, are not less necessary to-day than when Christ spoke in Galilee and Judea. Nonconformists and Agnostics are no less the objects of Christ's love than Roman Catholics. If Roman Catholics believe that they have realized Christ more perfectly than other men, let them show it to the world. The mission of the Church is, by being all things to all men, to gain all for Christ. Human means are fallible; but the eternal mission of love is ever the same. If a human theory of the relations of the Church to the State fitted one age, and does not fit the next, the Church, having within her a life that never dies, can adapt herself to

the new conditions. The modern State is an evolution of to-day, and is not solved by a medieval formula. God and the soul have a constant relation, to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow; but organizations, whether civil or religious, are ever changing, and need new adaptations one to another. It is because the Church does not realize the modern State, that the wrangle over the child is disturbing the Christian world at this moment. The modern State may not be an ideal one. In its new found independence, it is full of the lust of power and the lust of pleasure, and is,

perhaps, too conscious of its strength. Though its spiritual view is somewhat dimmed, it has a growing feeling of sympathy with humanity in its suffering and weakness. Efficiency is its political and economic gospel. It is not a "godless" state; and now and again catches a glimmer of the divine vision. It offers a fruitful field for a spiritual awakening to those who bring sympathy to bear on the understanding of its needs; but it will not tolerate religious arrogance, nor an ignorant interference with the necessities of its civil progress.

The Independent Review.

J. O'Donovan.

EMIGRATION: AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

To police the world for the purpose of putting a wholesome restraint upon emigration is within the power, even now within the line of duty, of the greater nations. This can only be accomplished by an international and binding agreement making the power conferred impressive, absolute and compelling. The benefits of such an agreement would be mutual and its results conducive to the safety, happiness and prosperity not only of the strong but of the weak, not only of the free but of the oppressed.

The purposes of such an agreement as is here suggested may be briefly outlined as follows:—To encourage a high moral, physical, political and educational standard of admission for immigrants; and to these might well be added a financial or self-supporting qualification of sufficient scope to prevent the possibility of immediate dependence upon charity. To guard against the spread of disease from one country to another. To check undue activity on the part of transportation agents. To maintain a world-wide system of police identification and re-

straint of criminals. To persuade each nation to live up to its full responsibilities in the care of its own deficients. To induce the amelioration of political or economic wrongs in given areas, where such influences are driving people from one country to another to the discomfort of the latter.

To avert war, to assist each other in times of great disaster, or to work together for any purpose tending towards the mutual welfare of two or more peoples, has always been accepted as a legitimate function of governments and a satisfactory object of international conference or agreement.

Emigration has now become an international as well as a national question. All peoples welcome the self-supporting, intelligent and healthy foreigner, but unfortunately for the peace and safety of prosperous and well-governed communities the world over, a very large proportion of those now on the move cannot even by courtesy or sympathy be placed under this classification.

Between a million and a half and two

million people annually are now moving from one country to another seeking a change in their place of permanent residence. Seven-eighths of those taking part in this exodus are from countries where the inhabitants are but partially civilized from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, or they are being forced out of their native environment by political or economic wrongs. No nation can effectually control this movement single-handed, even in the matter of admissions to its own territory. There is a more or less well organized conspiracy to break down or evade barriers which may be erected, and it succeeds to a remarkable degree, for the influences at work are international, hence cannot be neutralized from a single, or national, point of operation. This conspiracy is none the less effective because it is peaceful, intangible, and does not come within the jurisdiction of law. It originates in the disinclination of Governments to assume their full responsibility, in the pernicious activity of those who profit from the moving of thousands of people, and in the inclination of the oppressed to follow the line of least resistance towards final relief.

The concern of all nations is with emigration as well as immigration. It is not to the best interests of any country that a desirable element of its population shall depart for foreign lands, taking with them perhaps not so much in worldly goods, but reducing the productive power, decreasing the military strength, and weakening the social fabric at a most vital point. In times of great industrial development it is necessary there should be an influx of labor from abroad, but except in remote sections, or where local conditions are not favorable to the wage-earner, this need is generally promptly and naturally supplied. There is also always a floating population the world over, usually well able to take care of itself,

floating because of innate restlessness, or moved from one country to another because of various but ordinary reasons, personal to each individual. It is not with the usual and natural migration of more or less responsible human beings that nations are especially concerned at this or, in fact, at any other time.

The present emigration movement is neither usual nor natural. The countries which these emigrants are leaving are sustaining by their departure a distinct and appreciable loss in productive power, military strength is sapped, and the general tone of the districts thus depopulated drops below the normal point for the reason that those who go are mostly males in the prime of life and at the height of their value to the community. The consequences of such an outward movement are most far-reaching. Labor becomes scarce and wages low. This may sound contradictory, but it is true, as is shown in southern Italy.

Economic conditions in central and southern Europe are such that the cost of production must be small or industry is impossible. Hence, when labor becomes scarce, and the natural tendency would be towards higher wages, industry and development are almost altogether checked, and the condition of the people left behind is soon even worse than when a larger number occupied the competitive field. Many other evils besides that of small earning power follow in consequence. Tax collections grow less, hence school conveniences and other community needs are supplied in less satisfactory manner. All business grows slack and unprofitable, and the country rapidly loses its vitality. The spirit of unrest and discontent is rife among those left behind by very reason of their inability to follow. Patriotism, loyalty and other civic virtues necessary to the welfare of a State sink to a low ebb.

On the other hand, it is extremely undesirable that thousands of foreigners of questionable value from a mental, moral or physical point of view should be allowed to freely invade well-governed and prosperous communities. They underbid the labor market, raise important and vexatious municipal questions, strain charitable resources to the utmost, increase the cost of government, expose a healthy people to contagious diseases common to the poorer classes of Europe, corrupt the body politic, and in every way complicate a situation none too simple at its best.

The countries to which these people go are, as a rule, already well supplied with labor of a general character, and nearly all occupations are fully represented when the average earning power of the individual is taken into consideration. Even countries with large areas of land open to occupation now take no comfort from an influx of the oppressed from foreign lands, for those who go forth to pioneer must have initiative energy, resourcefulness and individuality to play the part, and these qualities are sadly lacking in the average emigrant of to-day. They are gregarious, even clannish. Landing in the large cities, they seldom move on to the greater air-spaces of the country. They find employment, such as it is, with people of their own nationality, who shrewdly take advantage of their needs and fears, to the detriment of local industrial and social conditions.

Leaving out of consideration the movement of all unquestionably undesirable people, such as criminals, paupers, deficient, &c., four distinct causes may be assigned for the present large emigration now affecting, as stated, nearly two million people annually. These causes are natural, economic, political and artificial. The natural emigration from any country arises from the restlessness and ambi-

tion of youth and middle age apparent in all peoples, and only to be satisfied by new adventure. As a rule, the class of people dislodged from their native environment by this cause are acceptable additions to any foreign community. Economic wrongs are causing an exodus from Italy, and in a less degree from Austria-Hungary, and the story of evil consequences to the motherland is plainly written in the depression in agriculture and industry throughout the section affected. Sicily is practically depopulated, and from some of the Italian villages over eighty per cent. of the people have gone to the United States to escape what really amounts to slavery and results in mental and bodily starvation.

The political cause for emigration is best illustrated in the case of the Hebrews of Russia. The laws of that country for twenty-two years have been of such character as to drive the Jews from the land of their birth. Forced to live in the towns, deprived of nearly all opportunity for making a living, they are fleeing to other lands, seeking employment, education for their children, and freedom from persecution. Under a wise and liberal administration the Jewish Pale and Poland would support and give employment in the development of their resources to all the people now living within their boundaries. Emigration arises from political causes, and, should the political powers of that country see fit, a condition could be brought about under which there would be no more than the natural movement abroad.

The artificial cause behind the present unprecedented exodus from Europe is the abnormal activity of the transportation companies in their effort to secure new and profitable cargo for their ships. The present emigration movement represents a gross annual income of at least ten million pounds

sterling, and it is encouraged and stimulated in every way known to the skilful and experienced men who have built up this business for themselves or their employers. The managements of these companies deny any knowledge of unnatural means being used to secure business, and disclaim responsibility for the thousands of sub-agents who are engaged in the sale of steamship tickets on the Continent. It is probably true that these men are not directly in their employ, but the business is done on a commission basis through general agents, hence a subdivision of profit is possible without direct responsibility. The transportation companies get the business, however, and so successful are their methods that many emigrant authorities hold them responsible for instigating possibly fifty per cent. of the departures for foreign lands. Foreign countries, such as Italy and Austria-Hungary, have laws against soliciting for this business. Arrests have been made and sentences imposed, but the work still goes on, assisted in some places by a complacent and not entirely disinterested bureaucracy.

In the past fifty years about nine million natives of the United Kingdom have emigrated to foreign lands, over two-thirds of these having gone to places other than British Colonies. Add to these the three million foreigners who have tarried in the United Kingdom for more or less time and then departed, and we have a total emigration from the British Isles alone of about twelve million people. During the past year 179,000 English, 37,000 Scotch and about 46,000 Irish left for abroad, a total of 232,000 British who found it advantageous to leave their native land. In addition to these, about 190,000 foreigners sailed from English ports as the most convenient points of embarkation. If all of these native-born English, Scotch and Irish

had gone to British Colonies the movement might be viewed with more equanimity, but three-fifths of them went to foreign countries and were there welcomed as the best class of immigrants received from any source. If it might be considered that owing to overcrowded conditions it was necessary or desirable that the population of the British Isles be lessened by this number, little consolation can be derived from the facts in the case, for it can almost be said that as soon as a native-born left the country an alien landed to fill his place.

It is not the purpose here to enter into a discussion of the evils which have arisen from the alien invasion of London. They are now matters of general comment and knowledge. The mere fact that an Alien Bill proposing to restrict this movement and control the element of foreign population after its arrival has been introduced in Parliament and received generous support, is sufficient evidence to the effect that the British people are fully alive to the dangers presented and to the responsibilities of Government.

The United Kingdom is also largely concerned in emigration matters from a Colonial point of view. Last year about 50,000 emigrants went to South Africa, about the same number went to Australia, and 75,000 were added to the population of Canada. While each of the Colonies enforces more or less restrictive laws governing those who seek to enter, it is only necessary to note the experience of the United States to reach the conclusion that should the popular tide of emigration turn towards these British Colonies, attracted by prosperous conditions or deftly directed that way by transportation interests, it would be equally impossible, under present conditions, for South Africa, Australia or Canada to wholly exclude the undesirables. The United States added nearly a million to

her population by immigration last year, receiving the bulk of the movement from Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia, and, notwithstanding the drastic police power exercised over those who seek permission to land, thousands entered that country who were not only undesirable, but whose presence is an actual detriment to the welfare of that nation.

These million emigrants did not go to the United States because of great areas of land offered for their occupation, or to scatter themselves throughout the smaller industrial communities of the west, where labor is insufficient. They congregated largely in the overcrowded and congested centres of population, where they complicate the living problem for those already on the ground and increase the difficulties of municipal administration. The United States immigration laws and restrictions are severe, and they are thoroughly and intelligently enforced. With all this, however, they fall short of their purpose, for the simple reason that there is little or no control, actual or moral, over the source of supply. It is an effort to beat back the tide after it has rolled upon the shore, and in the vast multitude of arrivals many gain entrance legally whom the country would be better off without.

The emigration from France has been barely a quarter of a million people in fifty years, and the annual exodus is now less than 6,000. These people go to the United States or to Argentina. France is deeply concerned, however, in emigration matters, owing to the fact that her territory is a great highway for those coming from countries to the east and to the south. Russia, Austria, Italy, and the Levant send their thousands of emigrants each year to French ports, and the French people are thereby exposed to all the evils which follow attendant upon this movement.

Germany is largely in the same category as France, and her interest in emigration as an international question is along much the same lines. Last year Germany lost less than 25,000 of her native-born through emigration, but a quarter of a million people from countries to the east and south of her crossed her territory and embarked from German ports for other lands. There is no immigration into Spain, but 60,000 of her citizens left that country last year to take up their residence elsewhere. Most of these people went to Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina, and by their going created a dearth of labor in many agricultural districts to the end that production was checked or made unprofitable. Last year Italy recorded a movement of 530,000 people from her territory, and while perhaps forty per cent. of these returned after a short absence, the net loss to her population represents a serious blow to her commerce and industry. Nearly half a million people moved out of Russia last year, and from this movement has arisen the serious problem with which England is now confronted in immigration matters, and which is shared to a certain extent by the United States.

The evils attendant upon unrestricted immigration are not theoretical but actual, and no discussion of the subject need be purely academic. It is a practical, homely problem, engrossing the attention of Governments, puzzling the intelligent native-born, and suggesting possibilities for the future before which present results appear almost insignificant. Twenty years ago the movement was largely of people with a purpose and able to carry it out. Intelligent and industrious home-seekers and home-builders were looking for an outlet. They found it readily in the newer countries, and soon the movement decreased owing to exhaustion of supply.

Then followed the beginning of the exodus from Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russia. This developed rapidly from an emigration due to natural causes into a stampede, gathering headway with every passing month, and dragging into its current thousands of human beings who only know that they are fleeing from a harsh environment to something they have heard is better. This stampede has now reached such proportions as to occupy all the energies of a score of steamship lines in handling the travel, to warrant the establishment of new and more direct routes and the building of new ships especially designed for the carrying of this cargo. The business is profitable. There are comparatively few restrictions upon it, and in central and southern Europe there is apparently a vast amount of human freight needing only the initiative push to make a start, and thus keep up for an indefinite term of years this gigantic industry. There is no demand for all these people in the countries to which they are going. The countries where they might possibly be of some advantage are getting only a comparatively few.

There is no hope of an exhaustion of supply, for the most prolific races are now contributing their millions, and yet increasing the population of their own countries. There is no hope of an improvement in quality, for the best come first, and the dregs follow. Regardless of consequences to themselves or others, this irresponsible horde dumps itself, or is dumped, into communities already strained to maintain a high level of individual life for the native-born and the large foreign element already on the ground. The result is not a matter of conjecture. The strain becomes too great, and existing social and economic standards give way under pressure. The labor market is glutted, and the shrewd and avaricious make possible a form of slavery worse

than that from which the negro was freed at cost of great wars. Cities divide into colonies of aliens of different races, and the municipal authorities of highly civilized communities are confronted with new and perplexing problems. The demands upon charity and police surveillance are increased in consequence of these changed conditions, and a readjustment of life to fit the new order of things is made necessary for all, regardless of prior occupation, implied or real rights.

There is the danger of disease, one not to be lightly regarded. There are many afflictions of the body common to the people of southern Europe and the Levant, which are comparatively unknown to other and cleaner peoples. One of them is trachoma, that dread and disabling disease of the eyes. "Egyptian ophthalmia," as it was formerly known when introduced into Italy by Napoleon's army, is prevalent in that part of the world from which a large number of people are now emigrating. Much is done to prevent its introduction and spread elsewhere, but not enough to guarantee entire safety. Should this disease become general, it would lower the value of the public educational system in any country. There could be no democracy where contagion was possible, and only the poorest would send their children to schools subject to the taint. That this is really a serious danger, and not a chimera of the imagination, is shown by the fact that hundreds of cases are now treated by the hospitals in New York, whereas but a few years ago the disease was practically unknown in America.

Serious plagues of disease are always a possibility in countries to which large numbers of emigrants are flocking, for those now on the move come from parts of the world where great plagues are always latent, only awaiting favorable opportunity for development. In the

great rush of people to new lands, the criminal, the pauper and the deficient escape close scrutiny, and bring their evil intentions or afflictions with them to fresh fields. The nation of their origin escapes its responsibility. Upon the people to whom they go is thrust the burden which rightly belongs elsewhere.

Many of these objections to large immigration might be overlooked, or the evils so administered as to deprive them of much of their threatening character, if the communities receiving these people had extended an invitation and needed this new population. They do not, however, for even the conscientious and worthy advocates of asylum for the oppressed of all lands are beginning to realize that charity begins at home, that the oppressed alien can crowd the labor market equally with the freeman, that the political refugee, afflicted with disease, is as dangerous to the community as the man who leaves his own country without cause.

The emigration movement from one country is the immigration movement into another, or perhaps a dozen others. The evils, political or economic, which drive a quarter of a million people from a country each year most certainly concern the countries which receive these people. The steamer which brings this freight to a foreign shore operates under two or more flags. All countries are concerned with keeping their own useful citizens at home. All countries are concerned in preventing the ingress of foreign criminals, deficients or diseased. Emigration has unquestionably become an international affair, and, until it is so treated, complications and evils resulting therefrom can only be partially and quite ineffectually controlled by each nation acting for itself, independently of all others.

All countries have laws and regula-

tions governing the admission of aliens. These laws are of wide variety, however, and range from mere enumeration to prohibition. Nearly all of the civilized peoples have recognized the dangers of imported disease and the undesirability of foreign criminals. Restraining laws are generally in force providing for inspection by medical authorities and forbidding the ingress of notorious criminals. With the exception of some international exchange of courtesies in the matter of criminals, there is up to the present time little or no co-operation among nations to help each other to secure desired results. The United States has taken the lead in imposing restrictions upon immigration, and by a roundabout method has inaugurated a system of inspection at several of the larger foreign ports of embarkation which, while necessarily not entirely effective, is working satisfactorily as far as it has gone.

The Government of Italy maintains a close supervision over departing emigrants, attempts to restrain the soliciting of transportation business, and will not allow the conduct of emigrant traffic to countries not desirable as places of residence for Italian citizens. While avowedly restrictive in its intent, the Italian law is far from effective in keeping people at home, for the cause of the emigration lies deeper in the economics of the country. When these shall be readjusted—which happy event is a possibility of the future—and the conditions under which the people of southern Italy live shall become more bearable, the depopulation now in progress will subside, if not cease altogether.

Barring such beneficial effect as the emigration restrictions of countries like Italy and Austria-Hungary may have in checking the exodus, the American law presents the only feature directly bearing upon international co-operation. No alien is allowed to land in the

United States if he or she comes within the prohibited classifications, whether such alien is intending to remain in the United States or to proceed at once to some foreign country. In this manner the United States protects Canada and Mexico, and any other country reached *via* American territory, from the dangers of imported disease and the addition of criminals or deficients to their populations.

To carry out the idea of international co-operation in matters of emigration, let it be supposed that an international conference of all the Powers was held, to exchange ideas and, if possible, reach some mutually satisfactory basis for an agreement. There would be many conflicting interests at work, and many differences of opinion to be adjusted. It might, and probably would, take much time and several meetings before an understanding could be reached, but there would be some important points upon which, in spite of possible differences as to the best methods, all would promptly agree as to the principles involved. No country desires to lose its useful citizens. To minimize this evil, a general agreement could be reached to enact laws forbidding undue effort on the part of those interested, to secure passenger business. Severe penalties could be provided for violations of this restriction, and still greater penalties for inducing people to leave their homes through false representations as to prospects for employment, opportunity, or wealth elsewhere. Italy already has such a law, but the operations of the promoters are carried on just beyond her borders, and the effectiveness of the law greatly lessened.

To secure harmony in establishing a standard of admission would be more difficult, but the United States and the great nations of western Europe would probably agree, except in some minor matters regulated by local needs or

conditions. If aliens are to be admitted to a country not calling for them, it is a self-evident truth that the better the character of these aliens the better for all concerned. An international agreement to guard against the spread of disease could meet with no serious objection. To exercise sanitary and discriminating supervision over all public carriers is already a part of each nation's business, but this could be so enlarged and extended as to include special reference to emigration and immigration. An international exchange of police information is now carried on to a certain extent, but it is devoid of system, and a bureau of intelligence could be organized which would make an offender against the laws of his native land an object of watchfulness throughout the civilized world.

The free movement of deficient persons having been checked, each country would be forced to assume its full responsibility in the care of its own. The greater and most highly civilized nations are doing this now, and their intentions are honorable and humane, but there are countries where the Governments and the people are prone to evade the burden, and, if possible, shift it to the shoulders of others.

One of the greatest benefits which might come to the world from such co-operation among nations would be the power for good in the correcting of notorious evils of government. The moral force of such an alliance would be tremendous, and the physical force, should it become necessary to exercise it, overwhelming and decisive. Oppression in any part of the world which had the effect of driving multitudes of people from one country to another would become the concern of all. Wrongs would be righted on demand, either willingly or through policy, for the principle would have been established that the countries into which people are moving are directly and

justly interested in the affairs of the countries from which these people come. Emigration from one place becomes immigration into another. It

is an international affair of gravest importance, and should be speedily recognized as such.

James Davenport Whelpley.

The Fortnightly Review.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

Once again I behold the blue hills of beautiful Jamaica. Is it any wonder that I feel strangely as I see them? My mind flies so swiftly back to the thirty odd years ago, when, a child full of wonder and unsatisfied longings, I sailed these blue waters, first saw these lovely shores. How keenly, vividly do all the circumstances recur which I have recorded in "The Log of a Sea Waif." But most clearly I remember, as emphasizing the whirligig of fortune, the changes of a few brief years, my lying bound upon the schooner's deck, bidden to pray, as I was about to be drowned as a sacrifice to the ignorant superstitions of that brutal gang of barbarous men; and now, to revisit the scene of so much suffering under the very pleasantest conditions, able to enjoy to the full all the varied beauties of the sea and shore, seemed almost too great a change to be really true. The morning was delightful, with that splendid freshness only felt on tropical shores near dawn, but I regret to say there were few on deck to share the joy with me. It really is a very great mistake, which is continually made by voyagers in search of pleasure, especially ladies, that they do not seem able to tear themselves from their beds until the first bloom is off the day; and the loss is much greater when, as at this time, the ship is coasting along such a beautiful shore.

Presently the low-lying spit upon which famous or infamous old Port Royal stands, known as the Palisades,

is seen stretching out like an attenuated arm into the sea, its extremity pointing out to the first group of coral islets and reefs we have seen this voyage. We steer almost directly for the point, and soon discern the pilot awaiting us in a canoe, as used to be the case thirty years ago—no change here; and the men who handled that canoe were just as clumsy as usual. One would think that long practice would have made them expert at coming alongside of a ship, especially one moving as slowly as the *Tagus* is now. But no, before they are able to tranship their pilot to us our jolly captain's patience is sorely tried, and he calls sharply from the bridge: "Are you going to keep the ship here all day?" That, however, is but the beginning of his annoyance, for upon reaching the end of the spit upon which Port Royal stands the ship is stopped, and lies for nearly half an hour awaiting the coming of the health officer, customs officials, etc., who all seem to be quite unaware of the fact that by their dilatoriness they are keeping his Majesty's mails and his Majesty's lieges from England waiting an unconscionable time.

Now while I sympathize fully with the captain's most justifiable impatience, I feel a secret delight in being able to have a thorough survey of this most interesting spot, where over thirty years ago I used to come out at night from Kingston and fish with friendly negroes. I recall, too, the stories I was then told of the buried town of Port

Royal, and the belfry of the submerged cathedral, which, so the legend says, reverberates during hurricanes with the clangor of its bells swinging far beneath the sea. Of all this blood-stained history of Port Royal, its shelter to the buccaneers and pirates, its horrible licence and curious law, at such a time as this, and under such circumstances, one can do little more than catch occasional mental glimpses. The gory old days, with their splendid halo of romance, are clean gone, and in their place remain to my Philistine and bourgeois satisfaction the trim, clean, and punctual steamship, with her crowd of eager curious tourists and her comforts so nearly approximating to those of a well-appointed hotel ashore. I cannot help feeling like this; perhaps it is the effect of middle age, but having experienced some of the miseries of the romantic life of the sea, the glamour of that time long past is discounted, and beneath it I see poor human flesh groaning and travailing under its awful burden. No wonder men dared and did so much when life was a possession hardly worth the keeping, when death meant, at any rate, surcease from known woes, release from unnameable tortures, and the future, dark, unknown, and dreadful, promised at least a change from the intolerable agonies of the present.

Hurrah, we are free to depart for Kingston. The engine-room bell clangs viciously as if the officer of the watch had been able to impress it with his strong sentiments. Obedient, the good ship swings round the point and speeds towards the city of Kingston—a place of so many vicissitudes of fortune.

As we steam slowly along the sea-front of the city, with its bright-looking houses embowered in tropical vegetation, it looks a very pleasant and picturesque place, but awakens no memories in my mind. It has changed so much in thirty years. I note with

great satisfaction how well, solidly, and neatly the wharves are built and kept, and mentally contrast them with the ramshackle piles of lumber which do duty for wharves in the mighty city of New York. It is one of the mysterious anomalies which Americans seem to delight in, this of having side by side public works and buildings of equal importance, one set of which will seem built for eternity, and the other apparently ready to fall to pieces at a touch. It lends an air of instability and want of permanence to some of America's greatest cities. There has not been a single port out here which I have visited, not even those on the Spanish Main—such as Limon, Savanna, La Guayra, or Colon, where the ship lies at a wharf—where her wharfage has not been incomparably superior to that given to ships of four times the tonnage in New York; and I am sure I cannot tell why.

Our big ship comes gently, certainly, into her berth, with hardly a sound heard except the occasional clang of the engine-room bell and the shrilling of the boatswain's pipe at intervals. Without delay she is moored, and a gangway laid so that whosoever will may walk ashore; and here I felt my first desire to complain. For ladies in summer dresses and gentlemen in light clothing to have to run the gauntlet of a host of coal-carrying or cargo-handling negroes, in an atmosphere of coal-dust, and amid all the varying unpleasant odors of a tropical cargo warehouse, is annoying, to say the least of it, especially after the extreme cleanliness of the ship; and if there be any wind blowing the place where the cabs stand in the company's yard, and where passengers must needs board them, is a place of horror, for clouds of coal-dust, sweltering heat, noise, and smells. Worse still, although I would not say it is always the case, the wharf on sailing days, for a hundred feet

from the gangway, is thronged, packed with negroes of both sexes, clean and unclean, through which crowd it is necessary to bore one's way, subjected to ribald remarks in volleys, and in absolute danger of personal violence from lewd negroes of the baser sort. It was really the first time that I saw anything to complain of during the trip, but it was, and is, a very serious grievance, which is why I set it down here, for I feel sure that it has only to be known to the heads of the company to be promptly remedied. They will, at any rate, be assured that I have not exaggerated in the least.

Here I landed at once, and with the majority of the passengers who were going on with the ship, drove out to the beautiful Constant Spring Hotel, about three miles distant from the town. Kingston itself was full of interest, but at that time of the day intensely hot and dusty, and crowded with busy traffic. In fact, its general air of bustle and activity gave us a most favorable impression of its prosperity, and the many fine shops, full of buyers, did much to deepen that impression; but the condition of the streets and sidewalks was very bad. It seemed as if the American custom of neglected thoroughfares had full hold of the municipal authorities, although I gladly admit that I saw no streets as bad as I have seen in Chicago, Boston, and New York, to place them in their order of demerit. There is also a very fine service of electric cars, run on the trolley or overhead wire principle, and the track, as well as the standards supporting the wires, was kept in English fashion—that is to say, incomparably better than I have ever seen in America. The speed at which the cars travel, however, is almost as great as it is in the United States—that is to say, about double what is allowed in England.

The ride up to Constant Spring is a

charming one, and the crowds of negresses in spotless white, bearing burdens on their heads, with an easy swinging gait, are an interesting study, but they lead to a deepening of the impression that in these islands the women do most of the heavy labor. It is natural, I suppose, and without it the labor problem out here would become very acute, but it grates unpleasantly upon our senses as a kind of topsy-turvy idea—a remnant of savagery. And so along a wide, pleasant road, lined by houses large and small, standing in their own richly wooded grounds, and in many cases bounded by living fences of pillared cacti, we reach the lovely grounds of Constant Spring, and catch our first view of the fine tropical-looking building nestling at the foot of the hills, which stretch away upward, fold upon fold, until their richly clothed summits are lost in the rolling mists. Here, through a long trellised corridor, resplendent with the glorious flowers of the Bougainvillea, we emerge upon the front stoop of the hotel, commanding a beautiful view over the adjacent country. What a contrast everything presents to the dear sober tints of home! Under the white-hot sunshine the glaring colors glow again; they smite the eye with a sense of vividness never gained at home except under the artificial conditions and intense light of a well-managed pantomime. Indeed I have repeatedly remarked to friends, upon coming out into the morning glow at Constant Spring, that it reminded me of a scene at Drury Lane, so brilliant and blazing were the colors. Oh, it is an intense land, and one that would appeal, must appeal, to the artist and philosopher equally, for it opens up new problems and pictures at every turn with unstinting hand.

I do not pretend to understand the situation out here at all, but I confess that it seems to me that something must be radically wrong with the man-

agement of an island like this when it is in financial difficulties. Everything the tropics can produce that we need in England, and are willing to pay for at remunerative rates, will grow here in abundance—coffee, cotton, cocoa, spice, dyewoods, to mention only a few of the highly valued products; while fruit, as we know well, is demanded from Jamaica in ever increasing volume. The labor problem is not present here as in Barbados. Under any intelligent system of cultivation and management the island would support many times its present population, yet I fear very much that it is gradually slipping back into a semi-barbarous condition. The system of peasant proprietorship, so valuable in most temperate countries, is fatal here to any development of great industries. If the black man can produce from his plot of land with machine-like regularity year by year sufficient for his family's simple needs, why should he seek to accumulate? He lives an ideal life—one that would appeal with great force, I suppose, to such a man as John Ruskin. Primitive, care-free, and picturesque, but bearing no relation to the pressing, breathless desires of modern Europe. And even while I write I feel that, after all, the black man who, with the minimum of labor and thought, produces an ample sufficiency for all his simple needs may be far happier—nay, most probably is happier—than a multimillionaire who, in his gorgeous Park Lane or Fifth Avenue mansion, sighs for a tin plate full of pork and beans, or some such coarse food, and the healthy appetite he used to bring to it. His dress clothes irk him, the velvet-footed flunkies annoy him, he wants to be about in open-breasted shirt and pants, feeling the primitive joy of mastery over circumstances, only tasted by those who do. What, then, is a poor scribe to say with all the problems of twentieth-century existence confronting

each other in his mind? The eternal “what advantageth it?” will arise and rend him between duty and inclination. I confess that I have looked upon the “nigger” proprietor taking his siesta outside his cottage door, and mentally compared him with the Lancashire mill-hand, to the immense disadvantage of the latter. Within the space of a few fleeting years both will be dust, and who shall decide which of the twain has been of most service to his kind? I certainly shall not hesitate to decide which has been the happier, if personal happiness were the *summum bonum*. But between the senseless waste, the useless extravagance of modern society and primitive savagery there are infinite degrees, and it is exceedingly difficult to say where, in that vast interval, lies the golden mean. However, of one thing I feel assured, which is that the spread of small holdings in the British West Indies, under our mild paternal rule, means inevitably a return to primitive conditions and a gradual but certain falling off of trade; and in this opinion I am borne out by men on the spot, who have the very best means of judging.

Up here the traveller will feel, if he has not done so before, that his trip is a great success. There are exceptions, of course—poor wretches who have brought their cares with them, and still more unfortunate beings who go through life grumbling and scowling, apparently grieved more when there is naught to grumble at than when there is really ground for complaint. Such folks are a curse to themselves and everybody else, and it is hard to see why they ever come on a pleasure trip at all. But they do, worse luck, and often by their persistent fault-finding infect good-natured but weak-minded people to such an extent that the latter will follow, albeit at some distance, in their gloomy path. Often purely imaginary grievances

have been formulated and exaggerated until some quite innocent man or set of men have been ruined, their life careers closed as far as concerned that particular occupation in which they were then employed. This outburst is entirely due to my remembering my first morning at Constant Spring. Rising as usual at 5.30, I went downstairs, got a cup of coffee, and took it out on the verandah. The sun rose in indescribable glory over a scene that made me think it comparable with Paradise. The light was so perfect, the air so sweet, the colors so lovely, the varied greens of foliage and turf alone affording a study in tints to make an artist despair. It was a time to make the heart swell and almost make the dumb to sing. But into the scene there came certain persons who, blind and deaf to its influences, began a conversation full of fault-finding, calumny, and bitterness. They spoilt everything, like a stripe of mud across a bridal dress, and I fled to recover my peace in the sumptuous swimming-bath, fed continually from the Constant Spring with cold, sparkling, fresh water, and large enough to afford a dozen people swimming and diving room at once. The extreme physical delight of a cool swim in the tropics, under shelter from the sun's burning rays, is something never to be forgotten, and—I hope I am not ungrateful to my beloved sea—it is enhanced by being in fresh water.

That morning swim set the keynote for the whole day, but really after breakfast I was like a book-lover turned loose in a huge library—I did not know where to begin the banquet of pleasures that lay before me. So for two hours I sat in a long chair on the verandah bathed in beauty, not caring to move or think, just to feel how good it was to be alive; and a line or two of Longfellow's surged melodiously through my basking mind:

Oh gift of God, oh perfect day,
Whereon shall no man work, but play,
Wherein it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be.

Suddenly I started guiltily, being abruptly aroused by some of my more energetic shipmates, and bidden peremptorily to shake off such shameful sloth and come and see things. So I went, though I confess I had been well content to sit still, so sweet was the place of my sojourn. Boarding the tramcar at the hotel gate, we sped swiftly down to what is called the "Halfway Tree," where we changed cars and were carried to the Hope Botanical Gardens. Then I was glad I came; for although Hope Garden has none of the conventional parterres or carpet gardening of similar places at home, it has a wild beauty entirely its own, and the sensation of walking amid trees and shrubs bearing products familiar before only in their prepared state was an entirely novel and delightful one to most of our party. There was a queer feeling of being at the source of things, of having skipped the intermediate stages of preparation and carriage between the English counter and the tropical tree, which I, for one, most thoroughly enjoyed, although my first experience of the kind goes back to 1869, when I first saw sugar-cane and cocoanuts growing in Demerara. Here we saw cocoa, coffee, spice of all kinds, cotton of all kinds, pepper, fruit of every imaginable kind that needs a tropical climate for its full development, and flowers—oh, I cannot begin to talk about the splendor of form and color displayed by those floral miracles. But I must say a word about the Flamboyant tree. Imagine an immense tree with spreading branches shading an area of, say, two thousand square feet, the dark green of its foliage almost concealed beneath a veritable mass of blazing crimson blossoms. They are so bright and pure in their intense color that they

strike upon the eye almost as does the sudden blast of a trumpet upon the ear. And all over the branches of other trees, themselves beautiful beyond the power of language to describe, climb parasitical plants such as orchids, climbing cacti, lianas, and so forth, each and all of which may only be reared with the greatest care in hot-houses at home. Pretty perky little lizards dart about, their bright beady eyes peering from among the green leaves inquisitively. Occasionally one may be seen motionless upon a leaf-stalk or a tree-trunk, except for a slow inflation and deflation of its neck-pouch. The color of this curious appendage, in almost startling contrast to the vivid green of the lizard's body, was a pure purple—that exquisite tint obtained from the murex by the ancient Syrians, the imperial purple of the Roman emperors.

So beautiful and interesting was this place that although the sun poured down his fervent rays almost vertically upon us, we found it hard to take the warnings of prudence and seek shade. Sit down we could not, for the ladies of the party had a strange horror of ants, and of these busy but aimless insects there were so many that it was impossible to glance at the ground anywhere without seeing them rushing about. Except for them, however, insect life did not appear more plentiful than at home, but that, I suppose, was owing to the fact that the ground was well cleared between the trees and shrubs. So we returned to the hotel, which, so quickly does the mind assimilate novel surroundings, seemed as if we had known it a long time—quite homelike, in fact. Luncheon was ready, and, for the tropics, fairly good, but—I really don't wish to grumble—the negro waiter is an infernal nuisance. The one who attended upon me was as perfectly hideous as one of

Max Beerbohm's caricatures, but a good, amiable soul, as willing to please as those we are used to at home. But the rest! Without exception they behaved as if it was gall and wormwood to their haughty souls to have to wait upon the white person, insolence was in every look and gesture, and the only thing which seemed to afford them any satisfaction was to stand and contemplate their beauty in the mirrors made by darkened windows and such reflectors. I believe I am one of the most patient men alive, but I admit that my blood got very hot as I saw elderly English ladies being scorned, really insulted, by these black fellows in a way unmistakably denoting that they were revenging themselves for the indignity of having to accept such service. White men doing the same work would have done it cheerfully and well. I have done waiters' work before now, and certainly felt no shame in it, and I see no reason why the occupation should not be as honorable as any other. But I am told that what I saw was so usual that people had grown to accept it as an unavoidable evil not to be cured but endured. What becomes, then, of the elevation of the negro? I am so sorry, but my experience is that except in rare cases—most beautiful exceptions, I gladly admit—the elevation of the negro is a myth. And this I say deliberately, well knowing what a storm of indignation I am raising.

During the great heat of the afternoon, no matter what the hurry may be, visitors to the tropics will be well advised to keep in the shade. There are many ills lying in wait for us denizens of colder climes who neglect such elementary precautions as this of keeping out of the sun when he is at his greatest strength. I am glad to say that all my shipmates were thus sensible, retiring to the cool shade of their own rooms and enjoying the siesta, so refreshing and necessary. Upon awak-

ening, a cup of really good tea, and then another drive. There is no difficulty in finding a number of most interesting drives around Kingston, and if one has the time to penetrate the interior of the lovely island, he will certainly be surfeited with beauty.

Then came sudden night. Flaming billows of crimson flooded the sky, shot through and through with bars of other tints from deepest emerald to orange and amethyst; and then, while yet we gazed entranced upon the amazing spectacle, we became conscious that the sombre hills were fading from vision into the deepening violet behind them, a star or two peeped shyly out, the light of the day darkened—was gone; and all the host of heaven glowed forth in scintillating squadrons. No birds, as with us on summer evenings, heralded the coming rest-time with their sweet songs, but in their stead are to be heard the incessant shrill notes of the cicadas, or tree crickets, the melancholy voices of the frogs, and curious sounds made by extraordinary-looking beetles. What the scientific denomination of these latter may be I do not know, but few things have surprised me more than my first sudden acquaintance with one. I was standing in a garden at Caracas one afternoon at about five o'clock, with a dear companion, when we were both startled by a long, piercing whistle, followed by some extraordinary combination of chords such as I should have thought could be produced only by a bird or a fiddle. We immediately began to scan the branches above for a bird, but we could see none except the ordinary perky little black starling of these regions, which is incapable of emitting any melody whatever. We were entirely at a loss to account for the sound, when my companion suddenly said: "Why, there it is!" pointing at the same time to a gray moth-like beetle upon the trunk of a gigantic ceiba, or

cotton-tree, just in front of us. Upon its back was a device curiously like a human face, and as it gave utterance to its wonderful notes, it just bent its body upwards and then straightened out again. I stared incredulously at the creature, wondering where in the world its voice came from, if it really could be the source of the almost deafening sounds we were hearing. Suddenly it became aware of me, and departed with a whirring of wings just like any ordinary beetle indulging in flight. I stared after it stupidly, as if I had just seen a ghost.

The smell of the night was heavy, luscious, entrancing, full of strange suggestions and reminiscences, but I remember vividly comparing it with the scent of the sweet June nights at home to its disadvantage, only because of its richness, though; and then the fireflies, like myriads of fairies bearing tiny electric lights over the dark sward and among the shrubs. It seems almost banal just to say "They were very beautiful," but I feel it impossible to describe the wonderful charm they gave to the night. At one time—something must have disturbed them—they all appeared to rise a few feet from the ground simultaneously, and all the air was full of fairy fire. How I pitied the bridge players who sat within, oblivious of all the beauty without! How crushingly superior I felt myself to be to them in my choice of pleasures, and wondered how men and women could be so stupid! And then I blushed hotly in the darkness as I realized how contemptible was such a frame of mind. The revulsion was salutary, no doubt, but it drove me off to bed, although I felt quite loath to leave. Still, even going to bed under such circumstances was delightful—to be able to throw one's windows wide open to the delicious freshness of the night, and to lie sleepily counting the bright stars shining placidly down on one's face.

Daylight. Dear me, have I overslept? No; but the feeling of having done so was very strong, and I tumbled up with all speed. Blessings on the people who run hotels in these countries for their habit of early rising, making coffee attainable as early as 5.30. That was the time by the hall clock as I strolled downstairs, and out again, with that sense of virtue common to all voluntary early risers. And I thought regretfully that this was, although only my second morning, my last for some time in this beautiful place; for the ship was due to sail at noon, and I must do some visiting in town. So immediately after breakfast we boarded the tram, and were whirled into Kingston, where I spent a couple of hours going from one house to another making calls, and all the time feeling as if I were moving on the stage of a theatre. But I had an intensely interesting interview with the editor of the best newspaper in the West Indies (I quote common report). He was a native, very dark, and evidently of Portuguese extraction, small, lean, and a bundle of nerves. His assistant was much darker, but better featured, also a martyr to neurasthenia, and just then on the verge of collapse. They interviewed me cautiously, curiously, with a strange air of mingled defiance and deference which was most amusing; and all the while I was taking in the details of my surroundings—the dirt, the dust, the litter, the squalor, feeling what, I suspect, was close to the truth—that colonial journalism meant a severe struggle with the proverbial wolf. Every part of the offices gave me the impression of the staff having moved in, in a very great hurry, some years ago, and having begun work while only tentatively straight. Thus they had gone on from day to day, and never found time to reduce the chaos to order. But how they produced the paper was a mystery to me.

This state of things, however, I also found obtaining in the private houses of fairly wealthy natives of foreign extraction—as if they had given up in despair trying to make their servants keep things tidy, and for the same reason had never bought any decent furniture. If any of them see this, I do hope they won't think it set down in malice; I merely record my recollection of it, and believe I trace it to the right source when I say that it is the doing of the negro servant, to whom order is disagreeable folly.

The company which owns the Constant Spring Hotel have also one in Kingston, the Myrtle Bank, which is most pleasantly situated on the verge of the bay; indeed, there is a small covered-in jetty at the end of the grounds, upon which guests sit and read out over the surf. It is also exceedingly comfortable, having in contrast to the beautiful environs of Constant Spring, the wide sweep of the harbor and the busy water traffic to interest and amuse. Here I met and took leave of several of my newly found friends, somewhat pathetically impressed by their earnest desire that I should represent the condition of things Jamaican to the authorities at home, and quite unwilling to believe that I was not meditating any such thing as interference in matters political or financial, even had I the slightest right to do so. But I did try, as I always do, to impress upon them the necessity of guarding against the insidious approaches of England's two most bitter and unscrupulous foes in a business sense—the Americans and Germans; for I found that the United Fruit Company had already succeeded, with the usual conscienceless ability of the American millionaire, in reaping a great deal of the benefit paid for in hard cash by the taxpayer at home to help the West Indies out of their difficulties. Also, I learned that the Ger-

mans were doing, for the purpose of obtaining freight for their vast fleet, what the Royal Mail Company were forbidden to do—that is, lending money to the planters on the security of their crops and their promise to ship all their produce in German vessels. I cannot trust myself to comment upon this fresh instance of the way in which Britain treats her enemies, to their huge delight and scorn at her folly.

I pass over the disagreeable process of embarking and come to a much pleasanter theme. Punctually at the appointed time the lines were cast off, and the screw revolved. The *Tagus* went majestically astern, turned with as much docility as if she were going ahead, and in less than five minutes was steaming swiftly down the bay *en route* for the Spanish Main, having started with as little fuss as if she were a penny steamer leaving Westminster Bridge Pier. It is a never-ending source of delight to me, the way she is handled.

After a fortnight's absence, about which I have recorded my impressions in a previous article, I revisited Kingston, and it seemed good to be in British territorial waters again; but mine was a pale shadow of joy compared with that shown by the poor "deckers," as the deck passengers are termed officially. Many of them were astir before the first streak of dawn, and all were ready, with their small belongings lashed up, to spring ashore before ever we had reached the long sandspit of Port Royal. The usual bungling wait took place, although on this occasion both the pilot and his canoeemen were far smarter than on our last arrival. But the wait troubled me not, for I had writing to do below, and that grand passer away of time served me so well, as usual, that I had to rush on deck somewhat hurriedly, after what seemed a very short interval, lest I should miss what is a never failing joy to me—the

sight of the *Tagus* coming alongside the wharf. But now, as that very necessary but entirely disagreeable operation of "coaling ship" had to be performed, the word was "Go if you would be comfortable, and go at once." For although everything was done that deft-handed stewards and keen, clever officers could do to isolate the passengers' portion of the ship from the universal grime obtaining elsewhere, it must be realized that there are feats impossible of achievement even at sea, and one of them is the keeping out of coal-dust, in blazing tropical weather, from even apparently hermetically sealed cabins. Under such conditions the penetrative quality of coal-dust can only be compared with that of the sand in Adelaide during a brickfielder, when, I have been told, and am not inclined to disbelieve it, that sand has been upon the documents in cash-boxes locked within a safe in a banker's strong-room.

Therefore we fled precipitately to the comfort and beauty of Constant Spring, with a sense, too, of having returned home after a long absence. We were all welcomed as old acquaintances, and found to our delight some of our outward passengers. But as our stay here was only to be three days in length, and as I had engaged myself to pay several visits, I found little time for loafing, though I could have done so with all my heart. The genial editor of the "Gleaner" had booked me on the outward visit to take a long drive with him into the country, and see for myself what the real Jamaica was like. So, nothing loath, I boarded the trolley car and hied me back to Kingston, finding him quite anxious for my reappearance. A smart buggy and pair was waiting, and without loss of time we commenced our journey. His hospitable intention was to take me away up into the hills to the mansion of a friend of his, Mr. Feurtado, from

whose verandah a perfect panorama of Kingston Harbor might be obtained. That was one of the principal recommendations of the trip; but, as the negro man says solemnly, "wee-att" (Anglice, "wait"). Our lively ponies rattled along the good road from Kingston to Halfway Tree at a great pace, seeming, despite the heat, to be really delighted to get a chance to let themselves out; and, much to my no doubt ignorant surprise, they did not seem to be nearly as much distressed or lose nearly as much sweat in that terrible heat as I have seen our home horses do on quite a cool day after a smart run. In fact, wherever I have been on this trip I have noticed that the horses stand the heat amazingly well, and as for sun-bonnets, the thing is unthinkable; anybody suggesting it would be looked upon as an amiable lunatic, well-intentioned, doubtless, but entirely ignorant of a horse's requirements. Yet the heat of the sun, say, between 10 and 4 P. M. during the summer months all over the West Indies is such that if we had one day of it in London I have no doubt that the newspapers would be full the next morning of casualties to men and animals arising from heat. And I do not think it is sufficient explanation to say that the animals are used to it.

That was a memorable drive to me for many reasons. First of all, as it should be, by reason of the extreme beauty of the scenery, which I had so much more leisure to admire than on the railway journeys in Costa Rica and Venezuela; also, I had a highly intelligent guide with me, my friend Mr. de Lisser being a perfect well of information, into which I had only to dip the bucket of inquiry to have my thirst immediately and gratefully quenched. Upward, ever upward, we drove through gigantic gorges, where mighty trees were moored to apparently barren rocks, and all the intervening spaces

between them were thickly woven over by climbing plants of many species, whose stems, like vast snakes, hung dangling down nakedly to sometimes a distance of 150 feet. There were not many flowers—it was not the time for them, apparently—but the glorious variety of greenery in all imaginable shades was enough to drive an artist to despair. Wherever a little patch of ground seemed level enough for the purpose, it was cultivated (and I have before noted that the ideal coffee plantation seems to need an angle of about forty-five degrees)—"provision grounds," as they are termed, where such eatables as yams, sweet potatoes, cocos, cassava, maize, etc., are grown, predominating, of course, as was only to be expected so near a large town as we were. But there was also a fair sprinkling of banana trees, pimento and cocoa plantations, and also some patches of coffee and cotton, although not nearly so much of the latter as I should like to have seen. Every little while we passed a tiny hut with an exiguous area of cultivation around it, where "provision kind" was growing luxuriantly, the beautiful vine of the sweet potato being especially noticeable. Truth compels me to state that the owners of these plots were usually reclining in more or less easy positions within sight of the road, looking like men who had no cares, and but few wants unsatisfied. But we never saw the female part of the establishment so reposing. If she was not washing (and the amount of washing that these colored women do ought to be sole and sufficient answer to any charges of deliberate uncleanness that may be brought against them), she was absent on her long trudge to town with produce from the plot to be sold. Some of these squatters, the aristocrats of the race, I presume, owned a donkey—a diminutive but wonderfully useful beast of burden, lightening the lady of

the house's labors immensely. Most of them possessed some livestock, such as a long-nosed, clipper-built pig, a diabolically cunning-looking goat, and some spindle-shanked fowls. The pig and the fowls I can understand; but why these goats, except as queer pets? A female goat will, if properly handled, produce considerable milk—look at the Maltese milk supply—but as far as my observation goes the majority of these small-holding goats were of the masculine gender, fit only to do mischief and keep the household wondering what they would do next. Perhaps the squatters eat them occasionally, although I was assured that they did not. The children—happy care-free little ebony creatures, innocent of garb except an occasional brief shirt—seemed to have generally a delightful time, and I could not help contrasting their lot with that of the children of our slums at home. No F.A.F. needed for them, or special collections to provide them with meals. Surely if any children should be happy these were. Their little round bellies and sleek skins bore eloquent testimony to their being well fed, and their movements were, as far as one could see, absolutely uncontrolled. In the oriental home of their ancestors they would have been liable at any moment to be borne off as slaves or slaughtered by the raiders as being unmarketable. Here their prospect in life would have been deemed enviable by any child in our own favored land until he had learned that to eat and drink, play in the warm air unembarrassed by clothes, and sleep when and where he listed, were not the highest aims in life or the highest good for man.

But we are mounting upward rapidly now, and I begin to feel less comfortable than I did; for it must be admitted that whoever made and graded these roads had but scant consideration for the nerves of folks who, all unaccus-

tomed to such travelling, might have to use them. A sudden climb, requiring all the energy of the horses to accomplish, would appear to terminate on the verge of a precipice whose bottom was lost in mist; but upon reaching that jumping-off place there would be a sudden twist of the horses' heads so sharply round that they appeared to be meditating a plunge into the interior of the carriage, and this, with a most menacing creaking and groaning of the whole equipage, would turn upon its axis, its hind wheels sending fragments of the road hurtling into the dimness below, while a new road would open up in front with as steep a descent as the former ascent had been. Several times, indeed, I respectfully declined to remain in the carriage, not at all liking the view into infinity I was favored with at the bottom of the extremely slanting way we were descending, but I was constantly assured by my genial host that there was an entire immunity from accidents—that these drivers constantly made the journey by night and by day without mishap. I made a mental reservation immediately that I would not give them the opportunity of testing their skill upon me by night; the journey down even by day loomed before me fraught with gigantic possibilities of disaster.

However, the occasional thrills induced by my anticipations of a sudden descent of us all in an indistinguishable heap into one of the gorges beneath did not prevent my very great enjoyment of the whole of that superb drive. As we rose into another climate I saw that cultivation increased and became more systematic. Here were large plantations of pimento and cocoa, but, alas! through several of them the wide swaths mown by the last hurricane were painfully apparent. Nature, aided by the efforts of the planters, was doing her best to repair the damage done in a few minutes by that

awful meteor to the results of the labors of years, but it was evident that several seasons must pass yet before the young trees were in full bearing. Then suddenly by way of a steeper road than we had yet traversed, with turns in it almost doubling back upon it, we emerged on a plateau where stood the picturesque old house of the gentleman we had come to visit—Mr. Feurtado.

It may perhaps be accounted to me for cowardice, but I was really relieved when we arrived at Mr. Feurtado's hospitable home, feeling that for the present, at any rate, I was free from the incubus of that journey, interesting and delightful, on the whole, as it had been. And I was now in a society totally different from any that I had ever before mingled with. My host, his charming wife, and his friends were of a type that I had never had an opportunity of studying. Well-bred and kindly, handsome and genial, they were as far removed from the English type of people as anything could well be—in fact, my host was black but comely, and a perfect gentleman if ever there was one; and all the people present, except myself, were of the swarthy hue spoken of in "Othello," but none the less I felt with them perfectly at ease. Everything that they could do to show me how much they appreciated my visit they did, and I enjoyed their company as much as it was possible for me to do. But I had not been there very long before an incident occurred which explained to me something that I had long wondered at. In common with many of my countrymen, I have often been surprised at the continental strictures upon the behavior of English folk abroad—their disregard of all the *convenances* of life, to say nothing of the people among whom they were sojourning; and I was very much annoyed, feeling that the remarks were not only

exaggerated, but that they were not even remotely true—because I could not imagine my country men and women behaving so rudely and blatantly.

Now, however, I was to be disagreeably enlightened. A party of men and women—I will not call them gentlemen and ladies—appeared in front of the house. We, the party within, were at afternoon tea. Mr. Feurtado rose and, apologizing for leaving us, went to meet the new-comers. They came right up the front steps and into the house, strolled round the drawing-room, and took stock of us, who were sitting at tea, as if we were some curious specimens of humanity that they had never seen before. At last they seated themselves, and Mr. Feurtado rang for tea for them, I wondering all the time why he did not introduce his just arrived friends to us. After a somewhat lengthy stay they departed, and our host, after accompanying them to their carriages, rejoined us. Some time after I ventured to say to him, for I admit that my curiosity was very great, "Your friends did not make a long stay, sir." "My friends," said he, with some surprise, "I never saw them or heard of them before. They are tourists visiting the island, and have come up here to see the view. Incidentally they came into my house, and I showed them round. It is only common politeness on my part, but I often think that they do not seem to appreciate it very much." And then he changed the subject.

But think of it, ladies and gentlemen. Imagine, if you can, a party of Frenchmen or Germans walking into your house uninvited, unannounced, as if it were a museum and you the hired custodian thereof. Even then it would hardly be thinkable that they should invade your private apartments and—But I must not say any more upon the subject, for I feel so indignant that

I should certainly say something that I could wish recalled by-and-by.

As evening drew on I became quite uneasy, and even the prospect of watching the glorious tropical sunset from that great elevation, and with that mighty panorama spread before me, could not lessen my dread of the downward journey in the dark. But really I was grieved to leave that wonderful scene. On either side of us were the mighty ramparts of verdure-clad mountains; before us, in one splendid sweep, their slopes descended to the level plain of Kingston, which was looking like a toy town or an architect's rough plan. Beyond it lay the shining waters of the harbor, just taking on the first of the wondrous succession of shades of color that would reach their climax in the sunset time. Dotted about that beautiful level were tiny cockboats, as they appeared—really great ocean-going steamers, and our own beautiful *Tagus*, easily distinguishable among them all, with her double cream-colored funnels, looked as if I could take her up in my arms like a child's toy. Far beyond appeared the dim outlines of Port Royal bounding the harbor, and grimly suggesting the myriads of good British men who had succumbed to its deadly climate in bygone days, before sanitation and the malaria-disseminating habits of the mosquito were understood, and consequently could not be guarded against; and, beyond all, the eternal sea.

Nevertheless, I could not face the prospect of a night journey down even with the promise of all that transcendent beauty when the sunset rays should glorify everything around me as even I could hardly imagine it, and so I insisted upon leaving at once, much to the dismay of my newly found friends, who I verily believe had made up their minds that I should stay until midnight; but I was inexorable, and in a very few minutes the farewells, as

sincere and voluminous as if we had been friends for years, had been said, and the thoroughly rested ponies were plunging down the steep descent at what seemed to me to be breakneck speed.

If the journey up had been exciting, the return fully answered all my anticipations of its being more so; but I continually discounted the thrills I should have experienced by getting out of the buggy at peculiarly diabolical-looking turns of precipitous descent and walking, while the ponies slid and squattered amid the flying pebbles. Still, I had time to admire the minor beauties of the way, especially the wonderful buttress-like stems of gigantic ceibas or silk-cotton trees that rose majestically at short intervals at either side of the road. As I noted before, there was but little change in the colors, owing to the absence of flowers, but as we came to openings across the ravines, and the sun's declining rays lit up the great intervening spaces, the changeful beauty of the view was intensely satisfying; and about half-way down—we came by a different route—a sudden turn in the road brought into view a little hamlet where a small concourse of villagers were congregated about an unfinished building. They were sitting in easy, unconventional attitudes, as if they were discussing the progress of the work, and as we halted the principal man among them hailed my friend with great courtesy. An animated conversation ensued, of which I understood perhaps one word in ten, and I thought I understood polyglot English fairly well. So I do, but I confess that the quaint patois used by the West Indian negro gives me pause. However, when we resumed our journey my friend gave me to understand that the gentleman of color who had spoken to him was extending his premises, and had been informing him of the progress of affairs. Quite un-

conscious that I was asking anything, I inquired how long the work had been progressing, and was told *two years*. Ah me! it is a leisurely land. And why not? Why should the stress and worry of modern civilization penetrate into their lotus-eating nooks? As long as the workers are happy and contented to do a day's work and discuss it for a week, being well fed, sufficiently clothed, and having no care, I cannot understand for the life of me why they should be converted to the gospel, if gospel it be, of "git up and git." I know that this is sad heresy, but I do not see how one is to avoid thinking it if he does not say it, when he sees how entirely satisfied and happy these children of the sun appear to be.

After leaving the hamlet our road down was fairly easy, and we arrived at the hotel in good time for dinner, the willing little horses not at all distressed, and our sable driver as full of glee over the satisfactory termination of his drive as we were. Altogether it had been a most pleasant day, and now under the verandah we enjoyed our evening meal, looking out upon the glories of the tropic night, and rejoicing in the never-ceasing chorus of the cicadas and the myriad antics of the fairy light-bearers that filled the air with luminous streaks. My friend and I discussed many matters which I do not dwell upon here, having made up my mind to eschew all political subjects in print. Yet it is very difficult, since politics in some form or another will enter into every phase of our lives, and it is almost impossible to avoid

them. One thing I must say, and that is that I find a growing feeling out here that, in spite of the undoubted loyalty of these island populations to Great Britain, it is impossible for them to avoid the conclusion that they are fated sooner or later to become an appanage of the great Republic. You see, they are so near to America, and her markets are so omnivorous, her representatives are so strenuous, while our people are so apt to consider that there is no need to alter their *laissez faire* attitude, that no other conclusion seems possible. I hate the idea, but when every man you meet has the notion that the West Indies are not worth the fight that Britain will have to wage to retain them, and that they are worth any effort on the part of the United States to capture them, what is an unbiassed outsider to say if he wishes to record his impressions honestly? Well, I should say he had better face the facts, state them, and take the consequences. At any rate, I have one comforting thought in connection with my present mission, and that is that, no matter what flag they are under, the West Indies will always be interesting to visit, and can never be other than an ideal winter resort for people who can afford the moderate inclusive fare demanded by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company for a tour round them. Also, I have little fear of the Americans ousting us from our shipping trade thither, judging from their handling of the International Shipping Combine.

Frank T. Bullen.

The Cornhill Magazine.

A SONG.

Lovely is good news told;
 But good news guessed
 Hath yet more zest—
 Then, flower, do not unfold.

Happy is love expressed;
 But love untold
 Is purer gold—
 Lock fast the treasure-chest.

Mary Scott.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF HIGHER CRITICISM.

Despite all the great debt which we owe to the Renaissance, we must admit that it has foisted one great incubus upon us, and that is, the blind admiration of words. The Renaissance was undoubtedly due in very great measure to the humanists, and it was their superior knowledge of Greek and Latin which at all events aided in bringing about the vast change which at that time came over the whole mental life of Europe. What the Renaissance would have been without Greek, I do not intend here to debate. It would probably have been irreparably crippled, and Europe would perhaps never have succeeded in its present career had it not been able to walk in the footsteps of Greece. All that I would here say is that the reverence which has been paid to the mere externals of humanism has been greatly exaggerated. The words, which were the mere instruments through which the new inspiration was conveyed, have been worshipped as much, if not more, than the inspiration itself. The dicta of the philologist, without any further qualification, have been accepted with even greater admiration and adulation than have the great words of the great pioneers of human thought.

Who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the great receivers of rewards? Not Copernicus, not the in-

comparable Kepler, not Descartes, not Giordano Bruno, not Spinoza, persecuted by every synod of the Seven Provinces, denied by father, mother, sister, and dying as an outcast pariah, when still in the heyday of manhood. But Scaliger, who, admirable as may be his philological *δικτία*, cannot claim to have advanced humanity, was invited to the newly-founded University of Leyden; he was appointed professor at a handsome salary; no obligation was required of him in return; he was not to lecture unless he graciously felt so disposed; his mere presence was deemed to shed lustre enough upon the great Dutch University. Compare the position of poor Pascal in France with that of Casaubon, king of commentators, adulated by Henry IV., perhaps the greatest monarch of France, who tried to wheedle and coax him into Catholicism, who patted him literally on the cheek and metaphorically on the back; thinking, as the King did, that if Casaubon, whom the world regarded as the mirror of all wisdom, could be gained as a convert, Protestantism in France might be extinguished much more easily. And when Casaubon was weary of France, was there not a warm welcome for him in England? James I., who could never see what he had in Bacon, was too delighted to have a Casaubon and

to pay him well for the interchange of philological gabble. Meanwhile James left Shakespeare without recognition, so that to-day, there being little known about the great poet, Shakespeare bids fair to be treated as a myth by latter-day historians. Why should we speak of Bentley, whose acute scholarship, expended in ingenious emendations of Horace, won him honor and renown, although to-day, as we are told by M. Salomon Reinach, out of his hundreds of emendations of Horace only half-a-dozen meet with the acceptance of scholars? Heyne, the great critic of texts, was made an oracle and listened to with awe by the whole of Europe, was envied by Goethe, who burned to become a Heyne II., whereas Lessing was left to languish in obscurity on the miserable pittance of an eighteenth-century librarian. But the *Laokoon* will live for ever, while the hair-splitting textual refinements of Heyne are mostly long discredited and forgotten. But in the nineteenth century the worship of the philologists became even more exaggerated. If they did not find themselves placed invariably in high political positions, like Wilhelm von Humboldt, they were, at all events, allowed to assume undisputed dictatorship in everything pertaining to antiquity. Without any other recommendation save a linguistic smattering, they were permitted to lay down the law even on Roman legislation, and to impose their ideas or lack of ideas concerning ancient art, history and religion. How many of those bold philologists has the last century seen, who have embarked in the nutshell of a word and set forth merrily to explore, like retrospective Columbus, the ocean of the prehistoric past! That so many of them have undergone shipwreck is no matter for excessive lamentation. For a long time the unsolved enigmas of hieroglyph and cuneiform preserved us from the nightmare of an-

cient Oriental philology. The discovery of that unfortunate Rosetta stone, seeing all the philological misery that it has entailed, can hardly be viewed as an unmitigated blessing to mankind. Still more doubtful is our gratitude towards Grotewald and other ingenious contrivers who have enabled us to decipher Assyrian and Babylonian tablets. Hitherto the ravings of philologists had been comparatively harmless. They had been compelled to limit themselves to the demolition of the classics. Out of a missing digamma they were able, first, to rob Homer of his character, to pillory him as an impudent plunderer of other men's wits, and finally to prove most conclusively that, with or without character, he never existed at all. But, after all, this was a more or less innocuous amusement. It was no doubt a pity to see the figure-head of Greek and Roman history robbed of all credit and turned into mere mythical figments of the primitive brain.

But to this we might have been reconciled. To-day, however, the philologists have pushed forward their linguistic parallels against far more serious objects. They are seeking to batter down the foundations of all that we believe and hold most in reverence. They have disturbed the minds and troubled the consciences of thousands of people who have been too simple to grasp the absolute emptiness of the philologists' methods in history. But assuredly the world lacks a sense of humor. How comes it that it does not see the incongruity of allowing itself to be lectured upon ancient history, upon the origin of religions, and upon subjects even more sacred, by some little German philological pedant in some obscure German town? How comes it that there is so little inquiry into his qualifications? Why, because by dint of plodding insistence he has succeeded in spelling out some obscure

Himiaritic inscription and in fitting it with some hypothetical meaning, should he be considered a luminous exponent of ancient history? On the same grounds we might admit any little school-teacher of French or German as a capable historian of France or Germany. Here the absurdity strikes one at once. Why in the case of ancient history should it be less apparent? The man who is incapable of appreciating contemporary history is not likely to make any startling discovery in ancient history. Historical events at all times have been made by the human heart, by human passions, by the clash of will upon will, by personality. If we are unable to grasp the action of these elements to-day, when the process is going on under our very eyes, how shall we discover them in their obscure lurking-places in inscriptions and papyrus, where they are as often as not wilfully disguised? For those makers of history who have left records have seldom done so with the disinterested motive of informing posterity of the truth. If we are to interpret those records to any account, we must first have studied men in the living generation, we must know something of actual politics and their motives, we must have rubbed shoulders with many nations, felt their ambitions and learned to know their men and women. Finally we may light upon some illuminating analogy which will enable us to see clearly into the dim records of the past.

There is certainly no single German professor of ancient history who can claim to have undergone such a training. But, necessary as it is to the advancement of truth, a preparation of the kind is not essential to his own advancement. Life in these dreamy University towns has little of the savor of reality. The professor is generally yet further isolated from reality. His training in ancient languages has cast

his mind in a mould little suited to historical investigation. It is quite true that in linguistics the phenomena are of a slow and natural growth: doubtless, syntactical contrivances such as the ablative absolute have been produced by gradual evolution. No man has created a construction like this *de toutes pièces*. But in history it is far otherwise. We cannot there apply methods of philology. Yet this is what has been done, and what characterizes almost every work on ancient history for the last seventy years.

The results have been disastrous. The philologist who in all his days has never seen a personality, cannot bring himself to believe that institutions like the Spartan state are of the making of a single man. Thus Lycurgus has been dissolved into a myth. Theseus and Romulus have survived through more than five-and-twenty centuries only to be ruthlessly murdered by a pack of philologists. And now, not satisfied with these crimes, they are moving forward to attack yet greater and more sacred personalities, those of Moses and even of Jesus Himself. We cannot well be angry with the perpetrators of these deeds. They have used what means they had ready to hand. They have availed themselves of a weakness common to all mankind. They have made up for their ignorance and insufficiency by incantations of high-sounding names. Some of the latest samples of philological jugglery with which the public has been duped are too amusing to be omitted. If only read from the humorous standpoint, it is doubtful whether any book could afford a merrier half-hour than one of the latest achievements of Professor Hugo Winckler—two volumes in which he finally dissolves into myth the small portion of Jewish history which had been mercifully left to us. Listen awhile, and you shall hear how Jewish tradition is a mere flimsy plagiarism of Babylonian

myths. Among the general massacre of Biblical personalities we can only mention a few of the victims. What person has hitherto been more historical than Joseph? But to Professor Winckler he is an obvious astral myth, for in the 43rd chapter of Genesis, verse 5, does he not come at noon? And is not this clear enough proof that he is a mere personification of the sun? Besides, if we are disposed to doubt, we must recollect that Joseph dreamed that the sun, moon and eleven stars bowed down to him; and who should they bow to save the sun? Joshua, too, is the sun. For he is the son of Nûn, and does not Nûn, being interpreted, mean fish? and does not the sun at the spring equinox issue from the constellation of *Pisces*? What could be more conclusive? Besides, does it not amply explain why Joshua's companion is Caleb? Now Caleb is Kaleb, and Kaleb is Kelb, and Kelb is a dog. So of course Caleb is clearly put for the dog-star Sirius.

This is indeed philology run mad. But so seriously is it taken in scientific circles that Jensen, another Assyrologist of highest repute, thought it necessary to raise his mighty voice in the *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift*, and to thunder confutation against the Wincklerian utterances. But in the midst of his thunder Jensen suddenly realizes the hideous crime he is about to perpetrate in demolishing Winckler. He evidently grasps that he is telling tales out of school, and with due contrition sets about giving us even more startling hypotheses. He discovers that Biblical history is a mere perversion of Chaldaean legends, just as was the *Odyssey* of Homer. He finds the story of the two Chaldaean Dioscures, Gilgamish and Ebani, running through the whole thing. Gilgamish is of course hidden under various names. He is in turn Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Simeon, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, and

Saul. Then evidence is adduced in proof. Did not Gilgamish slay the heavenly bull? So did Moses destroy the Golden Calf. Israel was vexed in the desert by scorpions, but so was Gilgamish. As for the trek of Israel into the Promised Land, all stuff and nonsense. That is merely the land of the blessed which Gilgamish went to visit, and which Homer filched to put it in the *Odyssey* as the island of the Phaeacians. How delightfully simple it all becomes!

Yet the philological school of historians have met with astounding success. The effect they have had on the public has been enormous. They have had in their favor all the paraphernalia of erudition, eminently imposing to the naïve public. The admiration which the every-day man has for the knowledge of languages is a curious psychological problem. There is probably no talent which secures for its fortunate possessors such inordinate prestige. The more unknown the language is to the hearer the more profound are the depths of wisdom for which the speaker secures credit. What wonder that when the learned historian is able to cram his foot-notes with portentous vocables gleamed from Assyrian tablets, or copied from hieroglyphic steles, that his reader casts up his hands in ecstasy and marvels at the profundity of the man. Herein we have the secret of that wondrous success of the astral myth, which permits the would-be historian to drag into his service all the ponderous lore of Babylonian and later constellations and zodiac; which allows him to sit comfortably ensconced in his professional chair, to pull down volume after volume of long-forgotten wisdom, and to demolish national, religious, and other historians, without once coming into rough contact with the realities of life and passion. This method certainly offers the most abundant advantages. By a certain knack of erudition

and with a minimum of thought it is possible for the most mediocre genius to pile up a volume upon practically any given subject. All that one wonders is, where will the process end? It is really surprising that any of the great personalities of history have been left intact. Why have the philologists not yet sought to undermine Mahomet? Surely it could not be so very difficult to prove that he, too, is but another alias of the sun? But his day will come, and the day of the historians will also come. In a thousand years, perhaps far sooner, one will arise who, by the most *gründlich* philological refining upon the name of Professor Winckler, will find that he too is a mere masquerader in the dress of the sun, that he is an astral myth, a clear plagiarism taken from some Babylonian baked clay record.

Why has the school of Higher Criticism hitherto met with no really serious opponents? The question is after all not so very difficult to answer. The works of the higher critics abound in erudition, and to refute them by exposing the nullity of their evidence all along the line would entail an amount of barren labor which serious thinkers scarcely care to undertake. The complete wrongheadedness of the whole method of Higher Criticism cannot fail to be manifest to anybody who bases his judgments upon the true essence of the matter in dispute, and not upon mere externals. With this clear knowledge of the futility of the arguments of Higher Criticism, those who have been wise enough to see through its specious array of evidence remained contented with their wisdom. They have not thought it worth their while to enter upon a laborious point-to-point refutation, which, as it would never interest the general public, who are interested only in broad results, would inevitably prove ineffectual.

The fault of the Higher Critics lies

in an utter misconception of the matter at issue. They imagine, because they have been able to trace similarities, or even identities, between the purely external phenomena of Judaism or of Christianity and the religious ceremonials of ancient Babylon, that they have thereby proved that Christianity and Judaism are nothing but cribs of what the Babylonians long before possessed. Many of the Higher Critics upon the strength of such evidence have even gone so far as to deny the existence of Israelitic history at all. Such, in fact, are the precise words used by Professor Winckler in a letter to the present writer. Many readers will remember the violent effect produced in the "seventies" of the last century by the appearance of "*Supernatural Religion*," three thick volumes which have done more to upset people's consciences than has anything else during the last hundred years. It embodies precisely the futile methods to which we have above referred, and its subversive force has been little impaired by such rejoinders as those of Sandys and Lightfoot.

Within the last few weeks matter has been published which should finally turn the Higher Critics out of the position in which they have been so long comfortably entrenched. If we can show a people living in a region of the world where there is no reason to suppose that they can ever have come into contact with Babylonianism or even with Judaism; if we can demonstrate that these people possess precisely the same tradition which we have read in the Old Testament and which we were glad to suppose was Jewish, until Professor Delitzsch and his followers tried to show it to have been purloined from Babylon; if we show all this, shall we not have made it clear even to the man in the street that there is something radically false in the methods of argument used by the Higher

Critics? For, by the same line of argument by which they have led us to believe that the whole fabric of Judaism is an impudent theft from Babylon, we can equally well prove that Judaism must have been stolen from an obscure tribe of East African negroes.

Such a nation are the Masai, a negro-tribe in German East Africa. Our information we owe to a German officer stationed in German East Africa, whose carefully collected evidence it is impossible to doubt. Captain Merker has spent some eight years in the neighborhood of Mt. Kilimanjaro, and his leisure time has been devoted to the gathering together of most interesting ethnological data, which he has published in an elaborate monograph printed with the support of the German *Kolonialgesellschaft*.

It is good to hear of the scrupulous care with which Captain Merker has endeavored to avoid any kind of bias in getting together his records. He was early conscious of the remarkable coincidences between many of the native traditions and those which we find in Genesis. Such a discovery might have thrown a less conscientious and circumspect investigator off his guard. He might very well have used precipitate haste in following up his evidence. To begin with, it was no easy task to win sufficiently the confidence of the natives, who seemed to be exceedingly reticent about their traditions. It was only with infinite trouble that they could be brought to talk at all upon the subject. But even when Captain Merker had sufficiently ingratiated himself with them to obtain their confidence, he studiously avoided putting any questions. He was anxious in no way to suggest or bias the answers, and he therefore waited patiently until the natives came of their own free will to him. In taking down their records, he observed the same scrupulous precau-

tions. He purposely abstained, during these investigations, from referring to the Old Testament, or from making any comparisons which might cause him to falsify, even innocently and unconsciously, his observations. We cannot therefore fail to accord the most complete credence to evidence accumulated with such scientific thoroughness and in so hyper-conscientious a manner.

The legendary traditions of the Masai are, not the common property of the whole tribe. It is only a few privileged families which possess their secret, and among these families the stories are handed down from father to son. Like all traditions thus preserved, there is imminent danger of their dying out.

Captain Merker in his interesting description of Masai religion informs us that the people possess no distinct priesthood. They generally pray alone, but upon certain rare occasions the entire population of a kraal will meet together for devotional purposes. Even in such cases there is an almost entire absence of any description of ceremonial, but it is then that the aged depositaries of Masai legends will come forward and recite the ancient myths which they have learned from their forefathers.

The Masai are, however, exceedingly loth that their legends should be overheard by any one who is not a member of the community. Captain Merker tells us that though for more than four years he had been thoroughly cognizant of the main features of the Masai religion, it was not until the fifth year of his sojourn in the Kilimanjaro region that he became aware of the existence of this store of legendary beliefs. To get a comprehensive idea of these took him another eighteen months, and he encountered constant difficulties in the reticence of the natives.

I give a very brief summary of the Masai myths, which will, however, suffice to convince the reader of the

astonishing similarity existing between them and our own Biblical tradition.

In the beginning the earth was a waste and barren wilderness in which there dwelt a dragon alone. Then God came down from heaven, fought with the dragon and vanquished it. From the dragon's blood, which was water, the barren rocky wilderness was made fertile, and the spot where the struggle between God and the dragon took place became Paradise. Thereafter God created all things—sun, moon, stars, plants and beasts, and finally two human beings. The man was sent down from heaven and was called *Maitumbe*, and the woman *Naitergorob* sprang from the bosom of the earth. God led them into Paradise where they lived an untroubled existence. Of all the fruits therein they might eat by God's permission; of one tree alone they might not taste: this was the *ol oilai*. Often God came down to see them, when he climbed down a ladder from heaven. But one day he was unable for a long time to find them, but finally he discovered them crouching among the bushes. On being asked the meaning of his conduct Maitumbe replied that they were ashamed because they had eaten of the forbidden fruit. "Naitergorob gave me of the fruit," he said, "and persuaded me to eat of it, after she had eaten of it herself." Naitergorob sought to excuse herself by saying: "The three-headed serpent came to me and said that by tasting the fruit we should become like unto thee and almighty." Then was Ngai (God) wrath and banished the two first human beings from Paradise. He sent *Rigelen*, the Morning Star, to drive Man out of Paradise, and to keep watch thereover.

This sample should give a fair idea of the astounding similarity to which we have referred. We can only briefly mention one or two of the more striking parallelisms. The Masai have a

story of the first murder which reminds us forcibly of the Bible account of Cain and Abel. But even more remarkable is the Masai legend of the flood, sent as a chastisement for human iniquity. The Masai have their Noah, the holy man who is excepted from the general disaster, and so succeeds in carrying on the human race. His name is *Tumbainot*, and he, too, builds him an ark, wherein his six sons and two wives are saved together with certain chosen animals. When the Masai Noah desires to find out whether the waters are subsiding, he, too, conceives the happy notion of sending forth a dove. Four rainbows are the sign which tells the Masai Noah that the wrath of God has passed away.

The whole story of the decalogue finds its place in Masai tradition. It might have been translated almost literally from the Bible. The circumstances of the Divine Law-giving are close akin to the Hebrew version. Upon the summit of *ol donjo geri* the thunder peals and the storm rages as the voice of God proclaims his law from a cloud. Nothing could be more like Moses upon Sinai. But hearken to the words of the Masai commandments. The first is as follows: "There is one God alone, who hath sent me unto you. Heretofore ye have called him the Forgiver (*E'majan*), or the Almighty (*E'magelani*), but henceforth ye shall call him *'Ngai*. Of him ye shall make no image. If ye follow his commands, it will be well with you; but if ye obey him not, famine and pestilence shall chastise you." Captain Merker gives just as striking resemblances between the Masai decalogue and the third, fifth, seventh, ninth and tenth commandments.

It would of course be very natural to suppose that these Masai legends were due to the half-forgotten teachings of some Christian missionary. But Captain Merker completely disposes of any

possibility of Christian influence. There is, to begin with, no trace of New Testament doctrine or history. The Masai tradition stops short with the Divine law-giving. It is, moreover, quite certain that no foreign missionaries have at any time carried their propaganda into the Masai country.

That the Masai should at any time have come into contact with Babylonian culture is also quite out of the question. The assumption that the Masai at any period migrated into Africa from Egypt seems quite hypothetical. We may, at all events, thinks Captain Merker, be quite certain that the immigration did not take place subsequently to the fourth millennium B.C. Had the Masai passed through Egypt later than that date we might look to find some written record in Egypt itself. Of the traditions which the Masai possess we find no trace among Egyptian beliefs, so that there is no likelihood whatever of their having been brought thence. Even if we admit that the Masai came south, but before the fourth millennium B.C., we must recollect that at this early period the Babylonians were still plunged in Shamanistic superstitions.

A full consideration of the authentic story of Masai legends and myths, doctrine and dogma, forces us to lay down the following alternatives:—

1. Either the Masai have received their legends at the hands of the Hebrews; or
2. The Masai have received them from the Babylonians; or
3. They have invented them—that is, they have been revealed to them independently; or
4. Both the Babylonians, Hebrews, and the Masai, coming, as they all did, from Arabia, had those legends in common before the Chaldeans went, from Arabia, north-eastward to Babylonia; the Hebrews, northward to Palestine; and the Masai, southward to what is now German East Africa.

There is no fifth alternative. For the first alternative, the Hebrew origin of the Masai legends, there is not a shadow of evidence; nor is there any for the Babylonian origin of those legends—that is, the second alternative. The third alternative, a separate revelation to the Masai nation, is completely irrelevant, either for the orthodox, who believe in revelation only as regards the Hebrews; or for the "higher critics," who do not believe in revelation at all, whether to the Hebrews or to any other nation.

Remains the fourth alternative, or the common origin of the Hebrew, Babylonian and Masai legends in the legends of Arabia.

There is little doubt that this, the fourth alternative, is the right one. Arabia, at all times the "store-chamber of nations," was never able to feed her untold thousands of hardy, beautiful, gifted people. Accordingly, they emigrated in all directions, as they did in the times of Mahomet and at other times. Thousands of years before Christ a stock of religious and other legends had grown up amongst them about the great riddles of the world. This they carried into their new countries; and thus the Babylonians, the Hebrews, the Masai, and very probably many another now unknown tribe from Arabia, whether in Persia, Afghanistan, Beluchistan or India, preserved, and still preserves, the legends about Creation, the Deluge, the Decalogue, etc., in their aboriginal form. It is just as possible, with purely philological arguments, to deduce the Masai legends from Hebrew stories as it is to deduce Hebrew legends from Babylonian myths. Or, to put it in a different fashion, the same philological arguments that have served to declare the Hebrew legends as mere copies of Babylonian myths, may now be employed in proving that all the Hebrew legends are of Masai origin, or vice-

verd. This absolute inability of the philological method of "Higher Criticism" to decide definitely which is the parent and which the child, at once condemns it. Already in the question as to where was the original seat of the "Aryans," philologists have, in the last eighty years, given solutions locating that seat from the Pamir, through South Russia, to Sweden. Such Cook-tours are not permissible in Science. If philological arguments are sufficient to persuade one set of scholars that the original home of the Aryans was in Central Asia, while another set of philologists is firmly convinced that it was in Scandinavia; common sense will tell any one who cares to listen to it that philology is unable to settle that question at all. It is even so with the original home of the legends common to the Hebrews, Babylonians and Masai negroes: If it should be found out that the Cossaeans, Elamites, Scythians, or any other Central Asiatic tribe had legends similar to those of the Hebrews, their philologists will drop the "Babylonian" theory with contempt, and deduce all the Old Testament from Cossæan, Elamite or Scythian origins.

This may be very erudite, it is at the same time most preposterous. The possession of certain legends does not prove much. A multitude of nations may have had legends similar to those of the Hebrews, or to those of the New Testament. What no nation other than the Hebrews ever had were Moses, David, the Prophets, Jesus. These personalities, in whom the greatest forces of history became focussed and intensified; these personalities, that really made Hebrew history, if on the basis of national tendencies and national opportunities; these personalities are the distinctive feature of Hebrew history. They stand to the persons of Babylonian history, or Masai history, as does Shakespeare's *Hamlet* to the Hamlet in the dry chronicle of the Dane Saxo

Grammaticus. If Lord Bacon had written a thousand lines in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, he would not have written Hamlet. What makes Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is the immortal and inexhaustible typical personality of Hamlet himself, which must necessarily be the product of one vast poetic imagination, and is by no means the arithmetical sum of this sentence or that in the piece called *Hamlet*. Even so the personality of Moses, David, the Prophets, or Jesus, is not an arithmetical sum of a number of sayings; but the integration of forces, national and hyper-national. One may prove that this saying of Jesus is Buddhistic, and the other is taken from the Zendavesta. What can never be deduced is the transcendental personality of Jesus. The marble slabs of the Parthenon came from the Pentelicus or other mounts; the Parthenon came from the Athenians of the Fifth Century B.C. Says Poet to Dives: "The land is yours; the landscape is mine."

It is evident that philological reasoning which brings us to results which are so little permanent, results which are absolutely overturned by the first chance discovery, must have something fundamentally wrong in it. This fundamental and initial vice, *quod tractu temporis convalescere nequit*, which can be cured neither by the moderation and soberness of Hommel, who together with a few other historians has not yet given in to the claims of the "higher critics," nor by a still greater refinement of philological methods; this initial fault has vitiated and will vitiate all modern hyper-criticism of ancient records. Nor is there any particular difficulty in finding out the true nature of this fault. It is this: The history of the ancient nations must be constructed not on the basis of the philological study of their records, but mainly on the basis of considerations of geography, or, as the present writer

has ventured to call it, of geo-politics. What made the few tribes, "Semitic" or other, in Palestine, Syria and Phœnicia, so important a factor in history was neither their language nor their "race." The Hebrews and the Phœnicians have indeed played in history a rôle of the first magnitude. So have, even in a greater measure, the Hellenes. All the three were—and this is the capital point—border-nations proper. They lived on the great line of friction between the powerful and civilized inland empires of Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, the Hittites, the Phrygians, the Lydians, etc. All these inland empires necessarily, and as a matter of history, gravitated towards the "Great Sea," or the Mediterranean; all the peoples on the "line" between the Mediterranean and the territories of the conflicting Empires were then necessarily exposed to the maximum of friction, danger and deeply-agitated activity. Those nations were called the Hellenes, the Phœnicians, the Hebrews, the Edomites, etc. Being in imminent danger of absorption at the hands of the Empires, those nations could not but see, and did see, that they could protect themselves with success only by having recourse either to the immense leverage of sea-power, which the Empires did not possess; or by energizing themselves both intellectually and politically to a degree much more intense than the Empires had ever done. Accordingly some of them were forced to lay extraordinary premiums on higher intellect and spiritual growth, by means of which they resisted the more massive onslaught of the intellectually inferior Empires. What the sea was to the Hellenes and the Phœnicians, the desert was to the Hebrews: both sets of border-nations were aided by Nature in their Titanic struggle against fearful odds. What Monotheism was to the Hebrews, greater political, artistic and philosophic achievements were to

the Hellenes and the Phœnicians. The real leaven of ancient History is represented, not by the huge Empires of Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, etc.; but by the small border-nations called the Hebrews, Phœnicians, and Hellenes. These small, but ever-memorable, people did, by higher intellect, on the western coast of Asia, what in our times the Japanese, another border-nation, have done on the eastern shores of Asia, thanks to a deliberate Europeanization of their intellect. Nearly suffocated by two huge Empires, Russia and China, and not less jeopardized by several more European great Powers, the Japanese have, by conscious self-education and Europeanization, succeeded in securing, at any rate, their existence as a great Power, and perhaps more. Whoever the Greeks originally may have been, whether "Celtic," or "Aryan," "Pelasgic," or "Hittite," they were unable to do anything remarkable before they arrived at an historical *locus*, where geo-political circumstances compelled them to mature indefinitely their mental and physical endowment. To search laboriously into the problem of the "race" of the Hellenes is infinitely less important than to point out and to investigate the working of those geo-political circumstances in the second millennium B.C. Higher Criticism stands therefore condemned from the outset. It is based on purely philological considerations in a matter that is almost exclusively founded on considerations geo-political. Several more "Masai"-peoples may yet be discovered, with several more striking similarities to the myths, legends, dogmas of the Hebrews. But what can never be discovered are other cases of the peculiar geo-political circumstances of the second millennium B.C. in Western Asia. Nor can it be discovered that a series of leading Personalities, such as the border-nations in Western Asia, and they alone, then needed, were

found in Central Africa, or can be dispensed with in Palestine, Phoenicia, and the Hellenic Islands. That gigantic intellectual struggles, such as those border-nations were forced to undertake or else perish, cannot be conducted without Personalities of the first order, only a mere text-critic can doubt. One may deny the existence of the Jews; but once their existence is conceded

one cannot deny the existence of Moses. One may deny the existence of the Carthusians; but once their existence, i.e., their secular spiritual struggle with all the forces of life is admitted, one cannot possibly deny the historic existence of St. Bruno. One may minimize, or doubt the Reformation; but certainly not Luther. "Higher Criticism" has arrived at its final term: bankruptcy.

Emil Reich.

The Contemporary Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A new monthly magazine has appeared at Bombay, called *The Parsi*, and especially devoted to the interests of the flourishing Parsi community in that city.

The Kipling "Jungle Books" may be included among the classics of juvenile lore. They have been printed thirty-two times, and their regular yearly sale averages more than 7,000 copies. So the Century Company, which publishes them, reports.

The spring announcement list of the Macmillans promises eleven additions this summer to their very popular series of recent fiction in paper covers at twenty-five cents. "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" and "The Four Feathers" are in the list.

Among the spring announcements of John Lane are these books of fiction: "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" by William J. Locke; "A Prince to Order" by Charles Stokes Wayne; "Constance West" by E. Punshon; and "Peterkins" a dog-story which Mrs. Lane has translated from the German.

Of "The Man Without a Country" of

which Little, Brown & Co. have printed a new, popular edition, Dr. Hale says:

This story was written in the summer of 1863. It was meant for the Americans of that day. I wrote this book to show to boys and girls, to men and women, what it is to have a country. For this purpose I invented a history of the life of a young man who in a frenzy of excitement expressed a wish to live without a country, and had that wish granted.

A delightful volume is that in which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. present a complete account of the anniversary proceedings on the occasion of the celebration of the Hawthorne Centenary last July at Hawthorne's Concord home "The Wayside." The addresses and papers which were delivered or read upon that occasion were of more than ordinary interest, for they were largely reminiscent in character and embodied the affectionate recollections of those who knew Hawthorne intimately. To those who participated in the observances and to the multitude of Hawthorne-lovers who could not, this volume will be very welcome, the more so because of the fine portrait, and the views of Hawthorne's Concord haunts with which it is illustrated.